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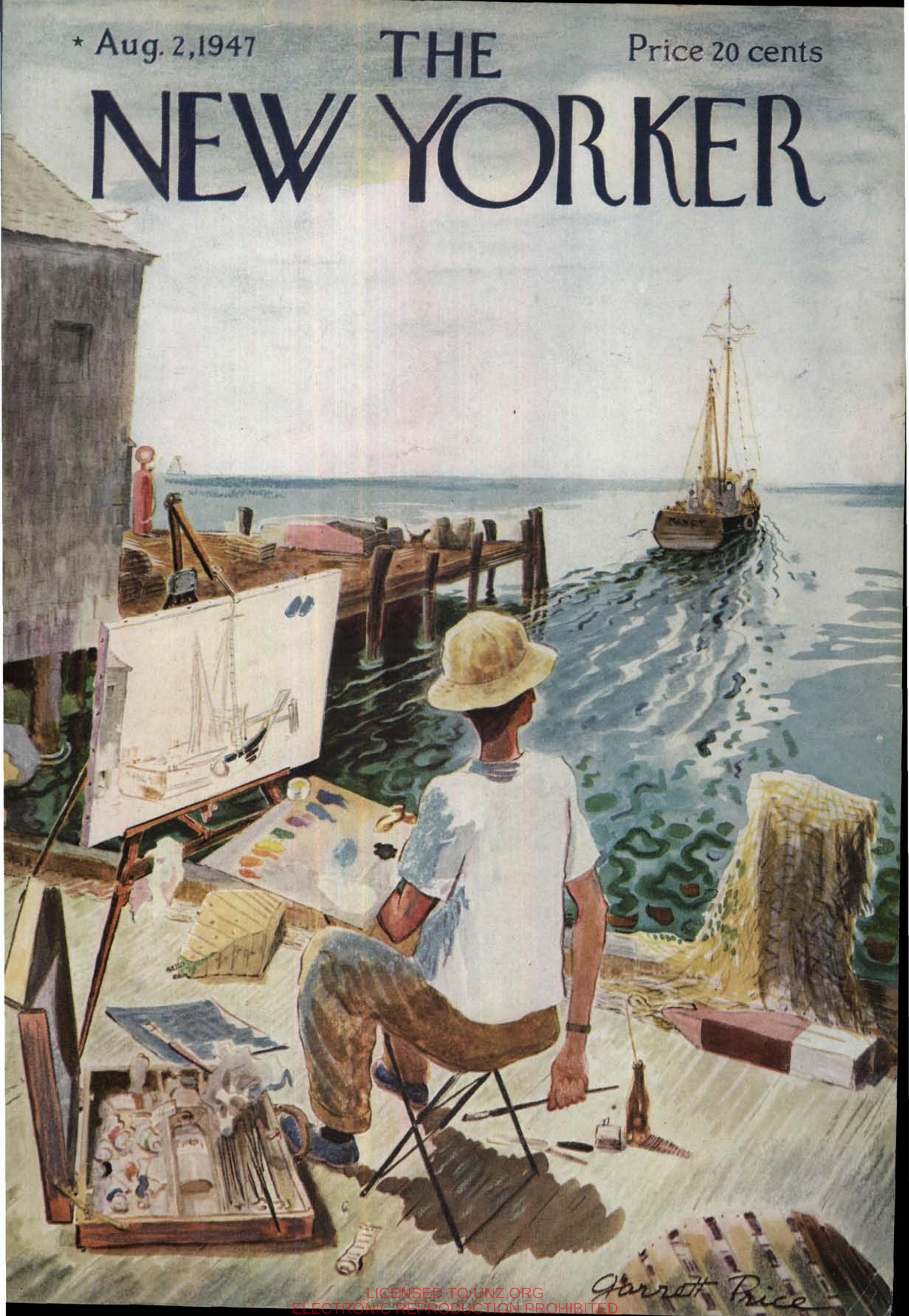
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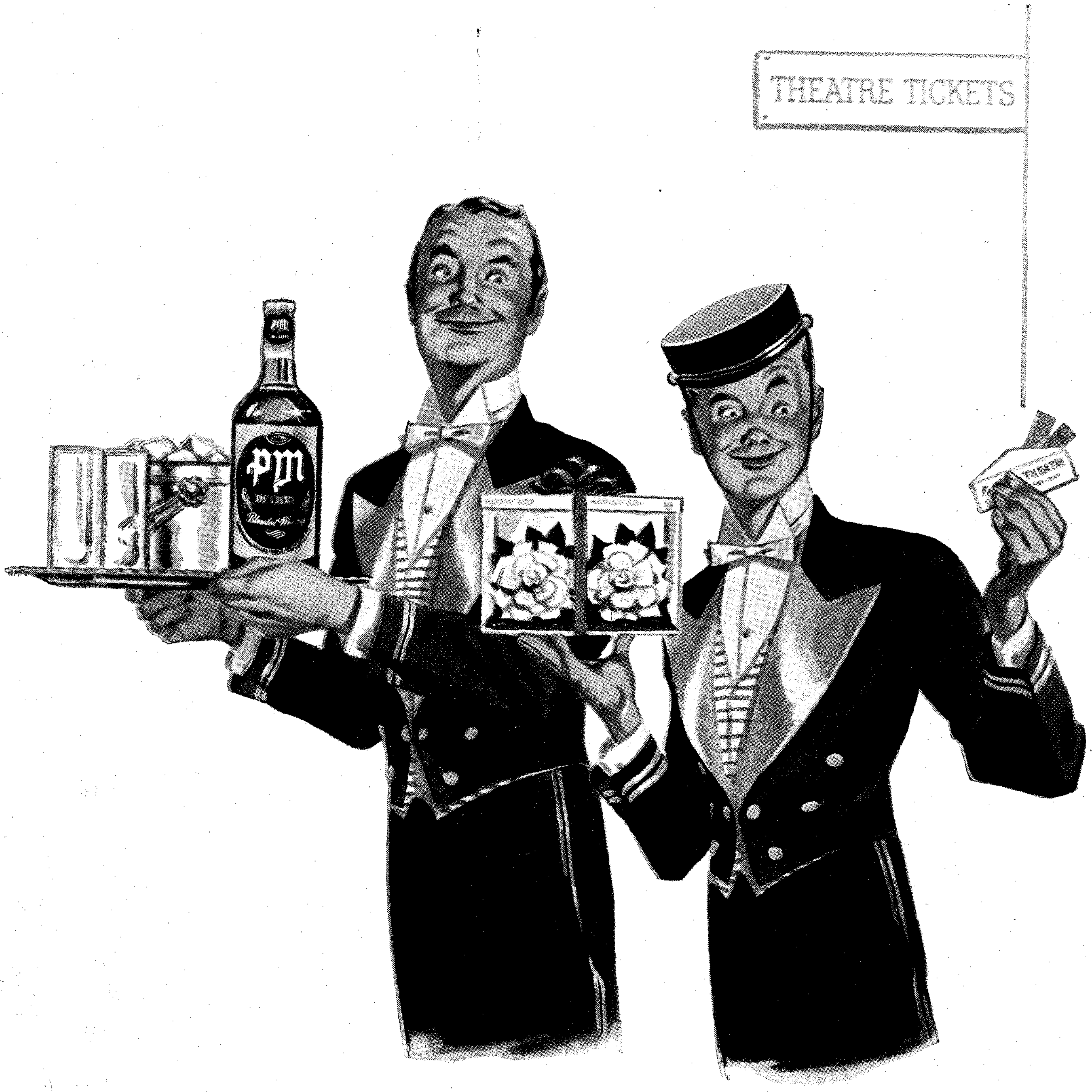
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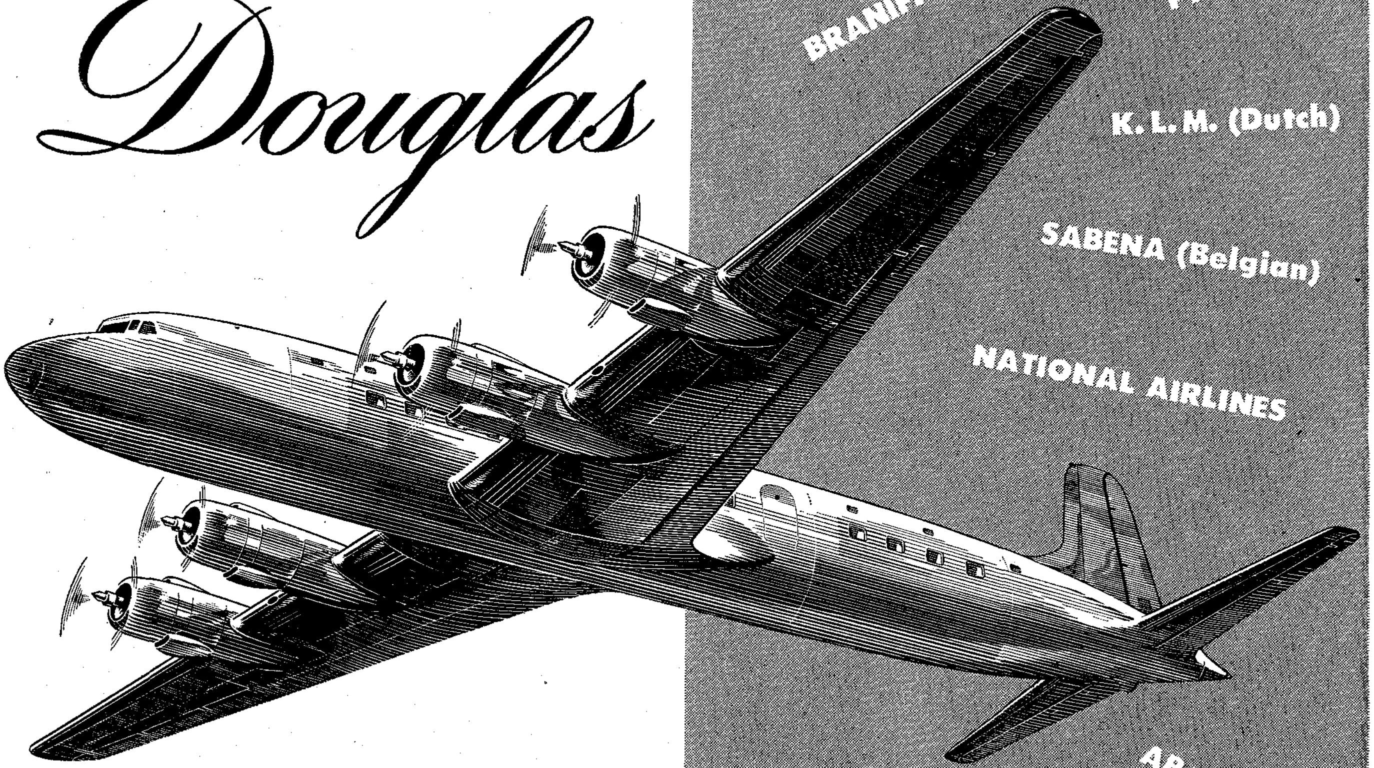
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

All My Sons—This play by Arthur Miller concerning a war profiteer and his family suffers from plot trouble and a superabundance of rhetoric, but its intensity may interest you. Winner of this year's Drama Critics Circle Award. (Coronet, 49th St., W. CI 6-8870. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Burlesque—A funny and touching revival of the 1927 play dealing with a comedian who can't stand success. Bert Lahr does a fine, characteristic piece of work. (Belasco, 44th St., E. BR 9-2067. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays at 2:40 and Sundays at 3.)

John Loves Mary—A smooth, waxy dish of hokum having to do with a soldier's postwar difficulties, aided no little by smart direction and an expert cast. Loring Smith, Nina Foch, and William Prince. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

A Young Man's Fancy—Something about the reformation of a sissy at a boys' summer camp. You may as well skip it. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Long Runs—**BORN YESTERDAY:** Paul Douglas, as a scheming junk dealer, is crossed up by Judy Holliday, who plays an enlightened tramp. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. CH 4-4256. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.) . . . **HAPPY BIRTHDAY:** The testimonial to Helen Hayes. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.) . . . **HARVEY:** James Stewart has replaced Frank Fay as the pal of that rabbit. He is very engaging, but Mr. Fay's performance had more bite. Josephine Hull is still superb. (48th Street Theatre, 48th St., E. CI 5-4396. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.) . . . **STATE OF THE UNION:** Republican politics and principles. With Ralph Bellamy and Kay Francis. (Hudson, 44th St., E. BR 9-5641. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:35. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:35.) . . . **THE VOICE OF THE TURTLE:** The one about a sergeant and his two girls. Louisa Horton, Peggy French, and Boyd Crawford are the cast these days. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:35. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:35.)

MUSICALS

Brigadoon—A good-looking and tuneful show, of Scottish persuasion. It is full of nice people, among them David Brooks and Pamela Britton, but its laughs are too widely spaced. (Ziegfeld, Sixth Ave. at 54th St. CI 5-5200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Finian's Rainbow—A bright, dancing musical, which is hindered rather than helped by a plot that turns a leprechaun loose in a Tobacco Road state. With Dorothy Claire and Donald Richards. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-6075. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Medium and **The Telephone**—Two short plays by Gian-Carlo Menotti, in which the actors sing Mr. Menotti's lines to Mr. Menotti's music and do a sharp job of it. Marie Powers, Evelyn Keller, Frank Rogier, and Marilyn Cotlow head the troupe. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Sweethearts—Bobby Clark tears this ancient and anemic Victor Herbert operetta to shreds and remakes it into something nearer his own heart's desire and the public's. A very funny show when the star is on the stage, as he is almost constantly. June Knight, Mark Dawson, and Marjorie Gateson help fill in the gaps. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Long Runs—**ANNIE GET YOUR GUN:** The celebrated Miss Oakley, polished to a shine by Irving Berlin. Ethel Merman is going on a two-week vacation starting Monday, Aug. 4, and will be replaced by Mary Jane Walsh. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **CALL ME MISTER:** Life as it never was in the Army—or on the outside, either. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:35. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:35.) . . . **OKLAHOMA!:** Now and apparently forevermore. (St. James, 44th St., W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

MISCELLANY

Icetime of 1948—Produced by Sonja Henie and Arthur M. Wirtz. (Center, Sixth Ave. at 49th St. CO 5-5474. Sunday evenings at 8:15; other evenings, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40 and Sundays at 3.)

THE SUMMER CIRCUIT

(In this listing, you may come across a summer theatre within a reasonable distance of where you happen to be in the country. Dates and program schedules are often subject to revision.)

Abingdon—Thursday, July 31: "Years Ago." Friday and Saturday, Aug. 1-2: "State of the Union." Monday and Tuesday, Aug. 4-5: "The Barretts of Wimpole Street." Wednesday and Thursday, Aug. 6-7: "Years Ago." Friday and Saturday, Aug. 8-9: "The Hasty Heart." (Barter Theatre, Abingdon, Va. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30.)

Bar Harbor—Through Saturday, Aug. 2: Jean Parker in "Dream Girl." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 4-9: Elissa Landi in "Theatre." (Bar Harbor Playhouse, Bar Harbor, Maine. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Fridays at 2:30.)

Bennington—Through Saturday, Aug. 2: "The Trial of Mary Dugan." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 4-9: "The Show-Off." (Bennington Drama Festival, Bennington, Vt. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30.)

Brattleboro—Through Saturday, Aug. 2: Lois Wilson and Eddie Nugent in "Kiss and Tell." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 4-9: "George Washington Slept Here." (Brattleboro Summer Theatre, Brattleboro, Vt. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40.)

Bridgehampton—Through Saturday, Aug. 2: "Streets of New York." Wednesday through Saturday, Aug. 6-9: "Love from a Stranger." (Hampton Playhouse, Bridgehampton, N.Y. Nightly, except Sundays, Mondays, and Tuesdays, at 8:40.)

Burlington—Through Sunday, Aug. 3: Julie Haydon in "The Time of Your Life." Tuesday through Sunday, Aug. 5-10: Mickey Walker in "Is Zat So." (St. Michael's Playhouse, Burlington, Vt. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30.)

Cape May—Through Saturday, Aug. 2: Ilka Chase in Lynn Riggs' new play, "Laughter from a Cloud." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 4-9: Edward Everett Horton in "Springtime for Henry." (Cape Theatre, Cape May, N.J. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:45. Matinées Saturdays at 3.)

Clinton—Through Saturday, Aug. 2: Uta Hagen and Paula Laurence in "Dark Eyes." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 4-9: Eddie Nugent and Lois Wilson in "Dear Ruth." (Clinton Playhouse, Clinton, Conn. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30.)

Cohasset—Through Saturday, Aug. 2: Elissa Landi in "Theatre." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 4-9: Jane Cowl in "The First Mrs. Fraser." (South Shore Players, Cohasset, Mass. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30.)

Cragsmoor—Through Sunday, Aug. 3: "The Man Who Came to Dinner." Tuesday through Sunday, Aug. 5-10: "Home of the Brave." (Cragsmoor Theatre, Cragsmoor, N.Y. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:45. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Dennis—Through Saturday, Aug. 2: Luise Rainer in "Joan of Lorraine." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 4-9: Gertrude Lawrence in the première of "The Lady Maria." (Cape Playhouse, Dennis, Mass. Nightly, except

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THE NEW YORKER, published weekly by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 25 W. 43rd St., New York 18, N. Y. R. H. Fleischmann, president; E. R. Spaulding, vice-president; R. H. Truax, treasurer; M. L. Fries, secretary; R. B. Bowen, advertising director. Vol. XXIII, No. 24, August 2, 1947. Entered as second-class matter, February 16, 1925, at the post office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1947, by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. Printed in U. S. A. Subscription prices: United States and possessions, 1 year $7.00; Pan-America and Spain, $7.50; Canada, $8.00; Other Foreign, $10.00.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Sundays, at 8:35. Matinées Wednesdays and Fridays at 2:35.)

East Hampton—Through Saturday, Aug. 2: "The Shape of Things," a musical-comedy tryout. Monday through Saturday, Aug. 4-9: The American première of a London play, "Pink String and Sealing Wax." (John Drew Theatre, East Hampton, L.I. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:45.)

Falmouth—Through Saturday, Aug. 2: "The Late George Apley." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 4-9: Ilka Chase in Lynn Riggs' new play, "Laughter from a Cloud." (Tanglewood Theatre, Falmouth, Mass. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Fitchburg—Through Saturday, Aug. 2: Arthur Treacher in "The Ghost Train." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 4-9: To be announced. (Lake Whalom Playhouse, Fitchburg, Mass. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:20. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:20.)

Gloucester—Through Saturday, Aug. 2: "Personal Appearance." Tuesday through Saturday, Aug. 5-9: To be announced. (Bass Rocks Theatre, Gloucester, Mass. Nightly, except Sundays and Mondays, at 8:45.)

Greenwich—Through Saturday, Aug. 2: Robert Alda in "The Male Animal." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 4-9 (tentative): "The Merry Widow." (Greenwich Playhouse, Greenwich, Conn. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Fridays at 2:40.)

Guilford—Through Saturday, Aug. 2: Diana Barrymore in "Joan of Lorraine." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 4-9: "The Man Who Came to Dinner." (Chapel Playhouse, Guilford, Conn. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Fridays at 2:40.)

Ithaca—Through Sunday, Aug. 3: "Joan of Lorraine." Tuesday through Sunday, Aug. 5-10: Roger Pryor in "Goodbye Again." (Finger Lakes Drama Festival, Ithaca, N.Y. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30.)

Ivoryton—Through Saturday, Aug. 2: Zasu Pitts in "The Late Christopher Bean." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 4-9: Jean Parker in "Dream Girl." (Ivoryton Playhouse, Ivoryton, Conn. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:45. Matinées Wednesdays and Fridays at 2:30.)

Kennebunkport—Through Saturday, Aug. 2: "Ah, Wilderness." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 4-9: "Alice Adams." (Kennebunkport Playhouse, Kennebunkport, Maine. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Thursdays at 2:15.)

Marblehead—Through Saturday, Aug. 2: The Hartmans in a musical-comedy tryout, "Heaven Help the Angels." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 4-9: Paul Muni in "Counselor-at-Law." (North Shore Players, Marblehead, Mass. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:45. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:45.)

Matunuck—Through Saturday, Aug. 2: "Joan of Lorraine." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 4-9: "Years Ago." (Theatre-by-the-Sea, Matunuck, R.I. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 3.)

Middlebury—Through Saturday, Aug. 2: "George and Margaret." Tuesday through Saturday, Aug. 5-9: "Ghosts." (Green Mountain Playhouse, Middlebury, Vt. Nightly, except Sundays and Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30.)

Millburn—"The Desert Song." (Paper Mill Playhouse, Millburn, N.J. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Mount Kisco—Through Saturday, Aug. 2: Frank McHugh in "Ah, Wilderness." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 4-9: Martha Sleeper in "The Little Foxes." (Westchester Playhouse, Mount Kisco, N.Y. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30.)

Moylan—Thursday, July 31: "The Emperor Jones." Friday, Aug. 1: "Among Ourselves." Saturday, Aug. 2: "Uncle Vanya." Wednesday, Aug. 6: "The Inheritors." Thursday, Aug. 7: "Among Ourselves." Friday, Aug. 8: "Androcles and the Lion." Saturday, Aug. 9: "An American Tragedy." (Hedgerow Theatre, Moylan, Pa. Nightly, except Sundays, Mondays, and Tuesdays, at 8:30.)

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New Hope—Through Saturday, Aug. 2: "The Barretts of Wimpole Street." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 4-9: "Christopher Blake." (Bucks County Playhouse, New Hope, Pa. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

New Milford—Through Sunday, Aug. 3: "Johnny Belinda." Wednesday through Sunday, Aug. 6-10: "The Demon Barber of Fleet Street." (Theatre-in-the-Dale, New Milford, Conn. Nightly, except Mondays and Tuesdays, at 8:45.)

Newport—Through Saturday, Aug. 2: "Wallflower." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 4-9: "Arms and the Man." (Newport Casino Theatre, Newport, R.I. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Thursdays at 2:30.)

Ogunquit—Through Saturday, Aug. 2: Judith Evelyn in "Joan of Lorraine." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 4-9: Margaret Wycherly in "Dear Judas." (Ogunquit Playhouse, Ogunquit, Maine. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Fridays at 2:40.)

Pawling—Through Sunday, Aug. 3: "Invitation to a Murder." Tuesday through Sunday, Aug. 5-10: "George Washington Slept Here." (Starlight Theatre, Pawling, N.Y. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Thursdays at 2:30.)

Peterborough—Through Saturday, Aug. 2: "Claudia." Starting Wednesday, Aug. 6: "Dear Ruth." (Playhouse, Stearns Farm, Peterborough, N.H. Nightly, except Sundays, Mondays, and Tuesdays, at 8:40.)

Plymouth—Through Saturday, Aug. 2: Gloria Swanson in "A Goose for the Gander." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 4-9: A new play, "A Message for Charon." (Priscilla Beach Theatre, Plymouth, Mass. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:35. Matinées Saturdays at 2:35.)

Princeton—Through Saturday, Aug. 2: Nancy Carroll and Neil Hamilton in "State of the Union." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 4-9: "The Front Page." (Princeton Drama Festival, McCarter Theatre, Princeton, N.J. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Fridays at 2:30.)

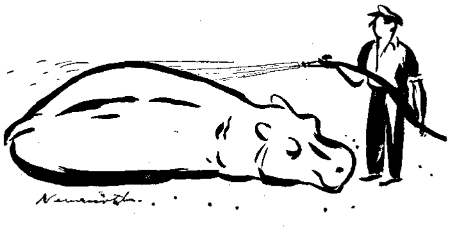
Provincetown—Through Saturday, Aug. 2: "The Plough and the Stars." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 4-9: "Desire Under the Elms." (Provincetown Playhouse, Provincetown, Mass. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30.)

Saratoga Springs—Through Sunday, Aug. 3: Miriam Hopkins in "There's Always Juliet." Tuesday through Sunday, Aug. 5-10: Bela Lugosi in "Dracula." (Spa Summer Theatre, Saratoga Springs, N.Y. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:35. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:35.)

Skowhegan—Through Saturday, Aug. 2: "State of the Union." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 4-9: "Years Ago." (Lakewood Theatre, Skowhegan, Maine. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30.)

Stockbridge—Through Saturday, Aug. 2: Jane Cowl in "The First Mrs. Fraser." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 4-9: Philip Ober and Edith Atwater in "State of the Union." (Berkshire Playhouse, Stockbridge, Mass. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:45. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Suffern—Through Saturday, Aug. 2: Louella Gear in "Yes, My Darling Daughter." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 4-9: To be announced. (County Theatre, Suffern, N.Y. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30.)



Westport—Through Saturday, Aug. 2: Henry Morgan in "The Man Who Came to Dinner." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 4-9: Fritzi Scheff and Estelle Winwood in "Ladies in Retirement." (Westport Country Playhouse, Westport, Conn. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Woodstock—Through Sunday, Aug. 3: "Primrose Path." Tuesday through Sunday, Aug. 5-10: "The Hasty Heart." (Woodstock Playhouse, Woodstock, N.Y. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:45.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places at which you'll find dance music and/or other entertainment. Several of them are closed or have fill-in entertainers on Sundays, Mondays, or Tuesdays, so you'd better phone ahead before starting out on those nights.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

Ambassador Garden, Park Ave. at 51st St. (WI 2-1000)—An underground spa, with soothing greenery to look at and Basil Fomeen's gentle music to dance to.

Biltmore, Madison Ave. at 43rd St. (MU 7-7000)—The Cascades, at the salubrious altitude of nineteen floors, offers Rosario and Antonio, the dancers, at dinner and supper, and dancing to Ray Heatherton's orchestra.

Monte Carlo, Madison Ave. at 54th St. (PL 5-3400)—Interior decoration that some people don't believe when they *do* see it. Piano music during dinner, and Joel Shaw's dance orchestra afterward.

El Morocco, 154 E. 54th St. (EL 5-8769)—Chauncey Gray's orchestra and Chiquito's rumba band.

St. Regis Roof, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—There are no rocking chairs on this summer porch, but it's well back from the street and in a nice location. Paul Sparr's orchestra and the Maisonette Quintet for dancing.

Savoy-Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (VO 5-2600)—Irving Conn's orchestra and Clemente's marimba band supply dance music in the Café Lounge for a glossy clientele. Tea dancing daily.

Stork Club, 3 E. 53rd St. (PL 3-1940)—Payson Ré's orchestra and a rumba band alternate for dancing.

Versailles, 151 E. 50th St. (PL 8-0310)—Carl Ravazza, a familiar face at this establishment, backed up by Bob Grant's orchestra and Panchito's rumba band.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—The Starlight Roof has dinner and supper dancing to Guy Lombardo's orchestra. Starting on Monday, Aug. 4, Jack Fina's orchestra will take over, and Ginny Simms will sing at supper. Mischa Borr's rumba band will continue to help out around midnight.... ¶ Michael Zarin's orchestra is in the Flamingo Room.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

DRAKE, 71 E. 56th St. (WI 2-0600): Piano by Cy Walter after nine o'clock, and by Les Crosley at cocktails and dinner.... **COQ ROUGE**, 65 E. 56th St. (PL 3-8887): Dick Wilson's orchestra and Ralph Rotgers' rumba band, playing jauntily for dancing in a well-groomed setting.... **BARBERRY ROOM**, 19 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-5800): Earl Fox at the piano after ten-thirty.... **1-2-3 CLUB**, 123 E. 54th St. (PL 3-9131): Roger Stearns' piano music. (Closed Saturdays and Sundays during the summer.) ... **LITTLE CLUB**, 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-9425): Walter Gross at the piano after ten.... **CAFÉ TROUVILLE**, 112 E. 52nd St. (EL 5-9234): Piano music.... **MADISON**, Madison Ave. at 58th St. (VO 5-5000): George Kent at the piano until nine.... **CAFÉ PIERRE**, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (RE 4-5900): A casual corner, where a small orchestra plays for tea dancing and during dinner and supper.... **ARMANDO'S**, 54 E. 55th St. (PL 3-0760): Jacques Thaler at the piano after nine-thirty. ... **DORSET BAR**, 30 W. 54th St. (CI 7-7300): Les Crosley's piano music after nine.... **EL CHICO**, 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): Fiesta time in Sheridan Square

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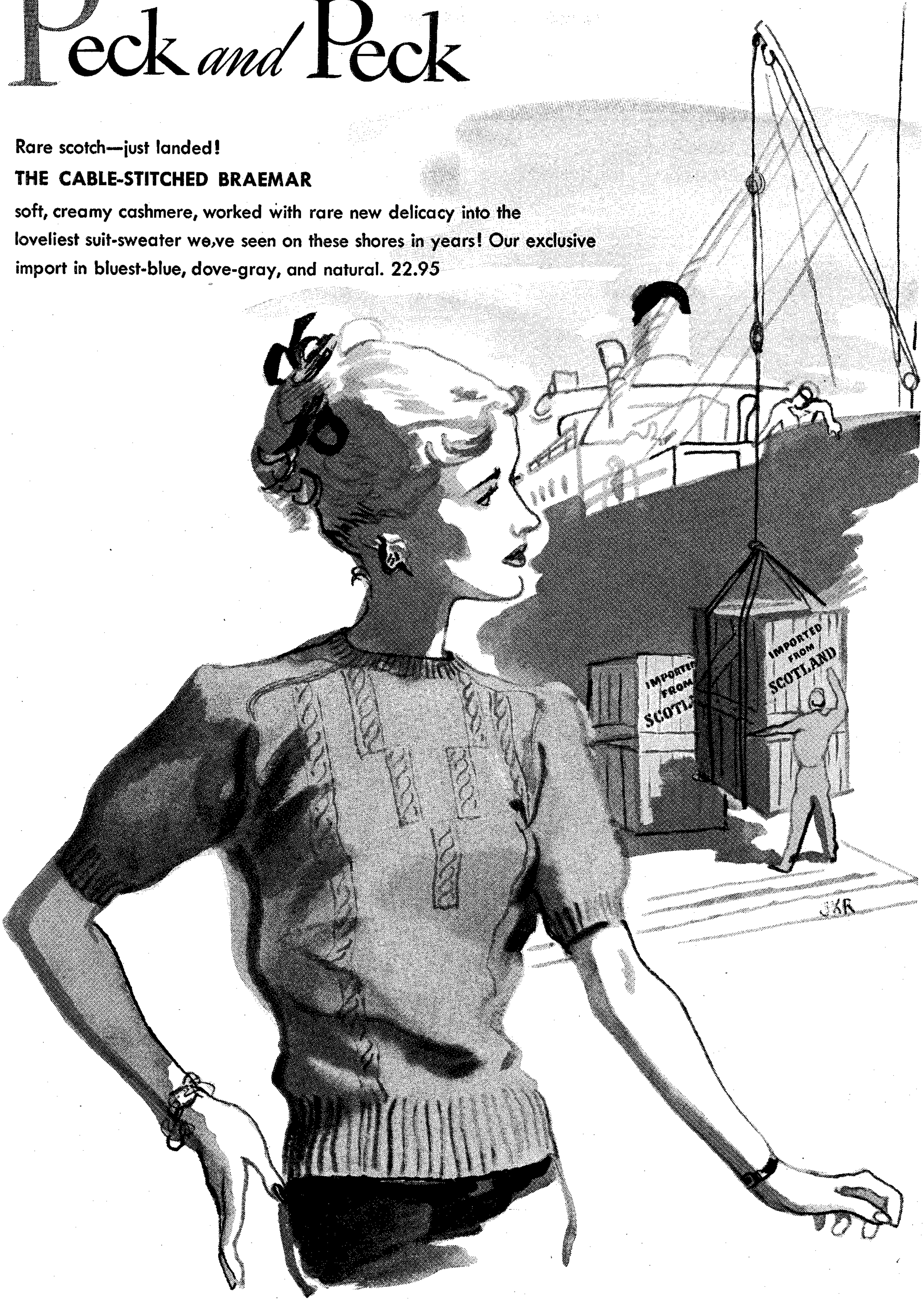
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TRACK 3
TRACK 4

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

includes a fast-moving Spanish show and plenty of ardent rumbas for the amateur Latin.... **CAFÉ SOCIETY DOWNTOWN**, 2 Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-2737): Rose Murphy, playing the piano and humming to herself; Dave Martin's orchestra.

BIG AND BRASSY

CARNIVAL, Eighth Ave. at 51st St. (CI 6-4122): Lou Holtz, Bert Wheeler, Barry Wood, Patsy Kelly, and Diosa Costello; or Something for Everybody.... **COPACABANA**, 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-1060): Lena Horne, an ornamental singer who succeeds in stopping nearly all the customers from chattering for a while. Michael Durso's orchestra and a rumba band for dancing.... **LATIN QUARTER**, Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1737): Willie Howard, making it worth your while to brave this vast pink satin roundhouse.

SUPPER CLUBS

(Entertainment but no dancing, unless noted.)

RUBAN BLEU, 4 E. 56th St. (EL 5-9787): A summer collection of not much consequence. ... **VILLAGE VANGUARD**, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): This familiar basement offers Maxine Sullivan, Jay Marshall, and the Three Flames; dancing. Closes after Saturday, Aug. 2, for four weeks.... **SPIVY'S ROOF**, 139 E. 57th St. (EL 5-9215): A weatherbeaten belfry, presided over by Spivy herself, warming her wits at the piano. There's also some cheerful fooling around by Louise Howard.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

EDDIE CONDON'S, 47 W. 3rd St. (GR 3-8736): Music to inflame the savage breast by such performers as Georg Brunis, Wild Bill Davison, Pee Wee Russell, and Joe Sullivan. Tuesday nights are uninhibited free-for-alls, with other students of the art dropping in to take a hand.... **NICK'S**, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): Muggsy Spanier, Freddie Ohms, Ernie Caceres, and their colleagues, all blowing hot and blue.... **JIMMY RYAN'S**, 53 W. 52nd St. (EL 5-9600): Albert Nicholas's trio; a jam session every Monday evening.... **DOWNBEAT**, 66 W. 52nd St. (EL 5-8773): Dizzy Gillespie's band.... **THREE DEUCES**, 72 W. 52nd St. (EL 5-9861): Coleman Hawkins' band.

MOSTLY FOR DANCING

ASTOR ROOF, Broadway at 44th St. (CI 6-6000): Sammy Kaye's orchestra.... **PENNSYLVANIA**, Seventh Ave. at 33rd St. (PE 6-5000): Skitch Henderson's orchestra.

SUMMER SPOTS

ST. MORITZ ROOF, 50 Central Park S. (WI 2-5800): This airy retreat has all Central Park for a front yard. Alfred Menconi's orchestra and a small show.... **TAVERN-ON-THE-GREEN**, Central Park W. at 67th St. (RH 4-4700): A breezy vacation lodge in the trampled wilds of Central Park; dancing.... **CLAREMONT INN**, Riverside Dr. at 124th St. (MO 2-8600): A Riverside Drive landmark, like Grant's Tomb, but equipped with a kitchen and a dance floor.... **BOSSERT**, Montague and Hicks Sts. (MA 4-8100): The view of where you came from compensates for the long taxi ride from Manhattan; dancing.

OUT OF TOWN

Dancing at Nearby Places—**GLEN ISLAND CASINO**, New Rochelle, N.Y. (New Rochelle 6-6500): Victor Lombardo's orchestra.... **CHANTICLER**, Millburn, N.J. (Millburn 6-1454): Maximillian Bergere's orchestra.

Dinner in the Country—Some comfortable places to dine within motoring distance of the city—**BETHPAGE, L.I.**: Beau Sejour (Hicksville 91).... **SMITHTOWN, L.I.**: Riverside Inn (Smithtown 1016).... **HAMPTON BAYS, L.I.**: Canoe Place Inn (Hampton Bays 150); dancing on weekends.... **MANHASSET, L.I.**: Mori (Manhasset 1842).... **WESTBURY, L.I.**: Westbury Manor (Westbury 839).... **EAST NORWICH, L.I.**: Rothmann's (Oyster Bay 266).... **ROSLYN, L.I.**: Blue Spruce Inn (Roslyn 253). ... **CENTERPORT, L.I.**: Old Water Mill Inn (Northport 844); dancing on weekends.... **GARRISON, N.Y.**: Bird and Bottle (Garrison 342).... **DOVER PLAINS, N.Y.**: Old Drovers' Inn (Dover Plains 2781).... **FISHKILL, N.Y.**: Boni's Inn (Beacon 167).... **WAPPINGERS FALLS, N.Y.**: Wendover Farms (Wappingers Falls 451). ... **TARRYTOWN, N.Y.**: Tappan Hill (Tarrytown 4-3031).... **DANBURY, CONN.**: White Turkey Inn (Danbury 4548).... **RIDGEFIELD, CONN.**: Outpost Inn (Ridgefield 932), and Stonehenge (Ridgefield 232).... **WESTON, CONN.**: Cobb's Mill Inn (Westport 2-4330); dancing on Saturday evenings.... **WESTPORT, CONN.**: Red Barn (Westport 2-3971).... **NORWALK, CONN.**: Silvermine Tavern (Norwalk 6-2588).

ART

(Most galleries open around 10 A.M. and close between 5:30 and 6 P.M. Mondays through Fridays.)

All-Summer Shows—At the **BABCOCK**, 38 E. 57th St.: Works by Ryder, Blakelock, and other nineteenth-century Americans, as well as by some moderns.... **CHINESE**, 38 E. 57th St.: An exhibition of paintings by Ralph Rosenborg, George Constant, and other artists affiliated with this gallery.... **CONTEMPORARY ARTS**, 106 E. 57th St.: The gallery's home team of exhibitors.... **FERARGIL**, 63 E. 57th St.: Contemporary and Early American oils and water colors.... **KNOEDLER**, 14 E. 57th St.: Nineteenth- and twentieth-century French paintings.... **PERLS**, 32 E. 58th St.: Darrel Austin, Nahum Tschacbasov, and others of this gallery's artists.... **ROSENBERG**, 16 E. 57th St.: Oils by Max Weber, Milton Avery, and other present-day painters, and some nineteenth-century French work.... **WILDENSTEIN**, 19 E. 64th St.: Paintings by French and American nineteenth-century artists, including Degas, Pissarro, Cézanne, and Homer.... **BERTHA SCHAEFER**, 32 E. 57th St.: Works, ranging from the representational to the abstract, by fifteen painters and three sculptors.

Paul Klee—A set of exquisite little drawings, dating mostly from the early nineteen-twenties and recently arrived in this country. (Nierendorf, 53 E. 57th St.; through July 31.)

Groups—At the **DOWNTOWN**, 32 E. 51st St.: A summer survey of this house's activities in the fields of both contemporary painting and folk art; through Aug. 8.... **DURAND-RUEL**, 12 E. 57th St.: Nineteenth-century French paintings, and some American moderns; through July 31.... **MACBETH**, 11 E. 57th St.: The gallery's group, including Joseph de Martini, Ogden Pleissner, and Carl Gaertner; through July 31.... **MIDTOWN**, 605 Madison Ave., at 58th St.: Paintings by Doris Rosenthal, Waldo Peirce, and others, selected from last season's shows; through

Aug. 26.... **Passedoit,** 121 E. 57th St.: The gallery's roster, including B. J. O. Nordfeldt, Amédée Ozenfant, and others; through July 31.... **Levitt,** 16 W. 57th St.: Water colors by Virginia Berresford, Isaac Lane Muse and others; 12 noon to 5 P.M.; through July 31.

Out of Town—Mystic Art Association, Mystic, Conn. (Weekdays, 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sundays, 1:30 to 5 P.M.) ... ¶ Lyme Art Association, Old Lyme, Conn. (Weekdays, 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sundays, 1 to 6 P.M.) ... ¶ Silvermine Guild of Artists, Silvermine, Conn. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 6 P.M.) ... ¶ Woodstock Artists Association, Woodstock, N.Y. (Daily, except Mondays, 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.) ... ¶ Rockport Art Association, Rockport, Mass. (Weekdays, 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sundays, 2 to 6 P.M.) ... ¶ North Shore Arts Association, Gloucester, Mass. (Weekdays, 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; Sundays, 2:30 to 5:30 P.M.) ... ¶ Ogunquit Art Association, Ogunquit, Maine. (Weekdays, except Mondays, 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sundays, 2 to 5 P.M.) ... ¶ Ogunquit Art Center, Ogunquit, Maine. (Daily, 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.) ... ¶ Guild Hall, East Hampton, N.Y. (Weekdays, 9 A.M. to 11 P.M.; Sundays, 3 to 6 P.M.) ... ¶ Addison Gallery, Andover, Mass. (Weekdays, 9 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sundays, 2:30 to 5 P.M.) ... ¶ Berkshire Museum, Pittsfield, Mass. (Weekdays, except Mondays, 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sundays, 2 to 5 P.M.) ... ¶ Provincetown Art Association, Provincetown, Mass. (Weekdays, 10 A.M. to 10 P.M.; Sundays, 2 to 6 P.M.) ... ¶ George Baer Gallery, Salisbury, Conn. (Daily, 2 to 6 P.M.)

MUSEUMS

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—Part of the Museum's collection of stone portrait sculpture, from ancient Egyptian pieces to present-day ones.... ¶ An exhibition of figurines, seals, snuffboxes, and all sorts of other small things, arranged so that you can look at them without squinting. (Weekdays, 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sundays, 1 to 5 P.M.; through the summer.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—A loan show of modern Jewish paintings, in addition to an interesting display of ceremonial objects. (Sundays, Mondays, and Wednesdays, 11 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Tuesdays and Thursdays, 2 to 9 P.M.; through the summer.)

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—Dutch paintings of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, looted from Holland by the Nazis, recovered by the U.S. Army, and now here on loan from the Netherlands government; through July 31.... ¶ An exhibition of sculptures by nineteenth- and twentieth-century Americans; through the summer. (Weekdays, 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sundays, 1 to 5 P.M.)

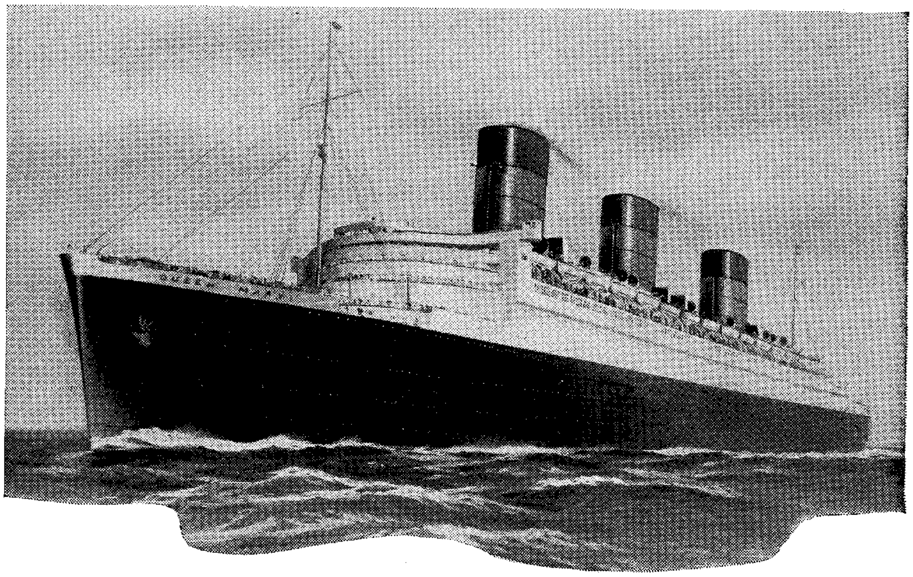
Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—Fifty-eight paintings in oil and other media, commissioned by Nathan M. Ohrbach, in an ambitious but rather unfruitful attempt to picture New York. (Weekdays, except Mondays, 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sundays, 1 to 5 P.M.; through the summer.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—An Alfred Stieglitz memorial exhibition, covering his career both as photographer and as art patron and dealer. (Weekdays, 12 noon to 7 P.M.; Thursdays, until 10 P.M.; Sundays, 1 to 7 P.M.; through Aug. 31.)

Museum of Non-Objective Painting, 24 E. 54th St.—A loan show, including paintings by Hilla Rebay, Jean Xceron, and Lloyd Ney. (Weekdays, except Mondays, 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sundays, 12 noon to 6 P.M.; through Aug. 31.)

MUSIC

Stadium Concerts—Philharmonic-Symphony concerts at Lewisohn Stadium are held on most clear evenings at 8:30. The schedule for this week and next follows. Thursday, July 31: Richard Korn conducting, with Sidney Foster, piano.... ¶ Saturday, Aug. 2: Richard Korn conducting, with Arthur Whittemore and Jack Lowe, two pianos.... ¶ Monday, Aug. 4: Alexander Smallens conducting, with Zino Francescatti, violin.... ¶ Tuesday, Aug. 5: Alexander Smallens conducting.... ¶ Wednesday and Thursday, Aug. 6-7: Robert Zeller conducting, with Alicia Markova, Anton Dolin, and a ballet group.... ¶ Saturday, Aug. 9 (final program): Alexander Smallens conducting, with Eugene Istomin, piano, and Joseph Fuchs, violin. (Tickets at Lewisohn Stadium, Amsterdam Ave. at 138th



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QUEEN ELIZABETH to Southampton, Aug. 1, 16, Sept. 3, 18, Oct. 3, 18
MAURETANIA to Southampton via Cobh & Cherbourg, Aug. 22, Sept. 12, Oct. 2

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

St., AU 3-3400; and in the lobby of the Steinway Bldg., 113 W. 57th St., CI 7-5534. In case of rain, last-minute plans will be broadcast at 5, 6, and 7 P.M. over WNYC.)

VATICAN CHOIR—Fifty-four male singers from churches in Rome, in an *a cappella* concert, directed by Msgr. Licinio Refice. (At the Polo Grounds, Saturday evening, Aug. 2, at 8, and at Ebbets Field, Thursday, Aug. 7, at 8. For information about tickets, call CO 5-7460.)

OPERA—Friday through Sunday evenings, Aug. 1-3, at 8:40: "Don Giovanni," in English.... ¶ Friday through Sunday evenings, Aug. 8-10, at 8:40: "Hänsel and Gretel" and "La Serva Padrona," both in English. (Lemonade Opera, Greenwich Mews Playhouse, 141 W. 13th St. CH 2-9360 or WA 9-4868.)

JUILLIARD CONCERTS—Thursday, July 31: Josef Raieff, piano.... ¶ Friday, Aug. 1: Lonny Epstein, piano.... ¶ Tuesday, Aug. 5: Peter Wilhousky conducting the school orchestra and chorus.... ¶ Wednesday, Aug. 6: Richard Franko Goldman conducting the band.... ¶ Thursday and Friday, Aug. 7-8: A program by the Juilliard Opera Workshop, directed by Fritz Mahler. (Juilliard Concert Hall, 130 Claremont Ave., at 122nd St. Afternoons at 4. No tickets necessary.)

CENTRAL PARK MALL CONCERTS—Edwin Franko Goldman conducting the annual series of Guggenheim Memorial Concerts. (Sunday, Monday, Wednesday, and Friday evenings at 8:30.) ... ¶ Naumburg Memorial Concert, Leonardo Pavone conducting. (Thursday evening, July 31, at 8:15.)

OUT OF TOWN—The Boston Symphony Orchestra at the Berkshire Music Festival. Serge Koussevitzky conducting: Thursday evening, July 31, at 8:15, no soloists; Saturday evening, Aug. 2, at 8:15, with Jacob Lateiner, piano; Sunday afternoon, Aug. 3, at 3:30, with Joseph Battista, piano; and Tuesday evening, Aug. 5, at 7:30. Leonard Bernstein conducting: Thursday evening, Aug. 7, at 8:15, with Ruth Posselt, violin. Robert Shaw conducting: Saturday evening, Aug. 9, at 8:15. (Tanglewood, at Lenox, Mass.) ... ¶ Jacob's Pillow Dance Festival. Friday evening, Aug. 1, at 6:15: A complete performance, in English, of "Tristan and Isolde." (Jacob's Pillow, Lee, Mass.) ... ¶ Chamber-music concert by the Gordon String Quartet. (Music Mountain, Falls Village, Conn. Sunday afternoon, Aug. 3, at 4, and Friday afternoons, Aug. 1 and 8, at 3.) ... ¶ The Colony Opera Guild presenting "Carmen." (Schroon Lake, N.Y. Friday evening, Aug. 8, at 8:15.)

SPORTS

BASEBALL—At **YANKEE STADIUM**: Thursday, July 31, at 2 P.M., Yankees vs. Detroit.... ¶ Friday and Sunday, Aug. 1 and 3, at 2 P.M., and Saturday, Aug. 2, at 1:30 P.M. (doubleheader), Yankees vs. Cleveland.... ¶ Monday, Aug. 4, at 8:45 P.M., Yankees vs. Philadelphia.... **POLO GROUNDS**: Tuesday, Aug. 5, at 8:45 P.M., and Wednesday and Thursday, Aug. 6-7, at 2:30 P.M., Giants vs. Philadelphia.... ¶ Friday, Aug. 8, at 8:45 P.M., and Saturday, Aug. 9, at 2:30 P.M., Giants vs. Boston.... **EBBETS FIELD**: Friday, Aug. 8, at 8:30 P.M., and Saturday, Aug. 9, at 2 P.M., Dodgers vs. Philadelphia.

BOXING—Friday, Aug. 1: Anton Raadik vs. Sonny Horne, middleweights, 10 rounds.... ¶ Friday, Aug. 8: Lavern Roach vs. Artie Levine, middleweights, 10 rounds. (Madison Square Garden. CO 5-6811. Preliminaries at 8:30 P.M.; main bouts at 10.)

DOG SHOWS—Lake Mohawk Kennel Club. (Sparta, N.J. Sunday, Aug. 3.) ... ¶ Farmington Valley Kennel Club. (New Britain, Conn. Saturday, Aug. 9.)

GOLF—Metropolitan Golf Association Amateur Championship. (Meadow Brook Club, Westbury, L.I.; through Saturday, Aug. 2.) ... ¶ John G. Anderson Memorial Tournament. (Winged Foot Golf Club, Mamaroneck, N.Y. Thursday through Sunday, Aug. 7-10.) ... ¶ Sewane Harbor Club Invitation Tournament. (Hewlett, L.I. Thursday through Sunday, Aug. 7-10.) ... ¶ Long Island Golf Association Annual Mixed Foursomes. (Pi-

ping Rock Club, Locust Valley, L.I. Thursday, Aug. 7.)

HORSE SHOWS—Clarke County Horse Show. (Berryville, Va. Thursday and Friday, July 31-Aug. 1.) . . . ¶ Litchfield Horse Show. (Litchfield, Conn. Saturday, Aug. 9.)

POLO—At BOSTWICK FIELD, Westbury, L.I.: Handicap Polo Championship Tournament, Sundays at 3:30 P.M. . . . MEADOW BROOK CLUB, Westbury, L.I.: Sundays at 3:30 P.M. . . . BLIND BROOK POLO CLUB, Purchase, N.Y.: Sundays at 3:30 P.M. . . . FAIRFIELD COUNTY HUNT CLUB, Westport, Conn.: Sundays at 3:30 P.M.

RACING—At SARATOGA AT JAMAICA: Daily at 1:30 P.M.; through Saturday, Aug. 2. (Frequent trains leave Penn Station Thursday and Friday between 11:10 A.M. and 1:10 P.M., and Saturday between 10:47 A.M. and 1:25 P.M.) . . . SARATOGA: Weekdays at 2:30 P.M.; starting Monday, Aug. 4. The Wilson, Aug. 4; the Flash, Aug. 5; the Test, Aug. 8; the United States Hotel and the Whitney, Aug. 9.

TENNIS—Eastern Grass Court Championships. (Orange Lawn Tennis Club, South Orange, N.J. Saturday through Sunday, Aug. 2-10.)

TROTTING—At ROOSEVELT RACEWAY, Westbury, L.I.: Weekdays, except Aug. 5-7, at 8:40 P.M. (A special train leaves Penn Station weekdays at 7:03 P.M.) . . . SARATOGA SPRINGS, N.Y.: Weekdays at 8:15 P.M.; through Aug. 23. . . . GOSHEN, N.Y.: Tuesday through Friday, Aug. 5-8, at 1:30 P.M. The Hambletonian, Aug. 6.

YACHTING—New York Yacht Club Cruise. (Glen Cove, L.I.; starting Friday, Aug. 1.) . . . ¶ Marblehead Race Week. (Marblehead, Mass.; starting Saturday, Aug. 2.) . . . ¶ Echo Bay Yacht Club Championship Race. (New Rochelle, N.Y. Saturday and Sunday, Aug. 2-3.) . . . ¶ Great South Bay Race Week. (Great River, L.I. Monday through Saturday, Aug. 4-9.)

OTHER EVENTS

UNITED NATIONS—About two hundred visitors may look on during the open meetings of the Security Council, the Economic and Social Council, the Atomic Energy Commission, and the Commission on Conventional Armaments. Other groups convene in smaller rooms, which have simultaneous-interpretation equipment. For tickets, call FIeldstone 7-1100, Ext. 2126, after 3 P.M. on the day before you want to go. Trains to Great Neck are met at frequent intervals by buses to headquarters at Lake Success.

AIR FORCE DAY—A hundred and forty planes of the Army Air Forces Reserve, accompanied by fourteen R.A.F. Lincoln bombers, will cruise over Manhattan, from George Washington Bridge to the Battery, along about noon, Friday, Aug. 1. On Saturday afternoon at 2:30, a demonstration of aerial shenanigans will be held at Mitchell Field.

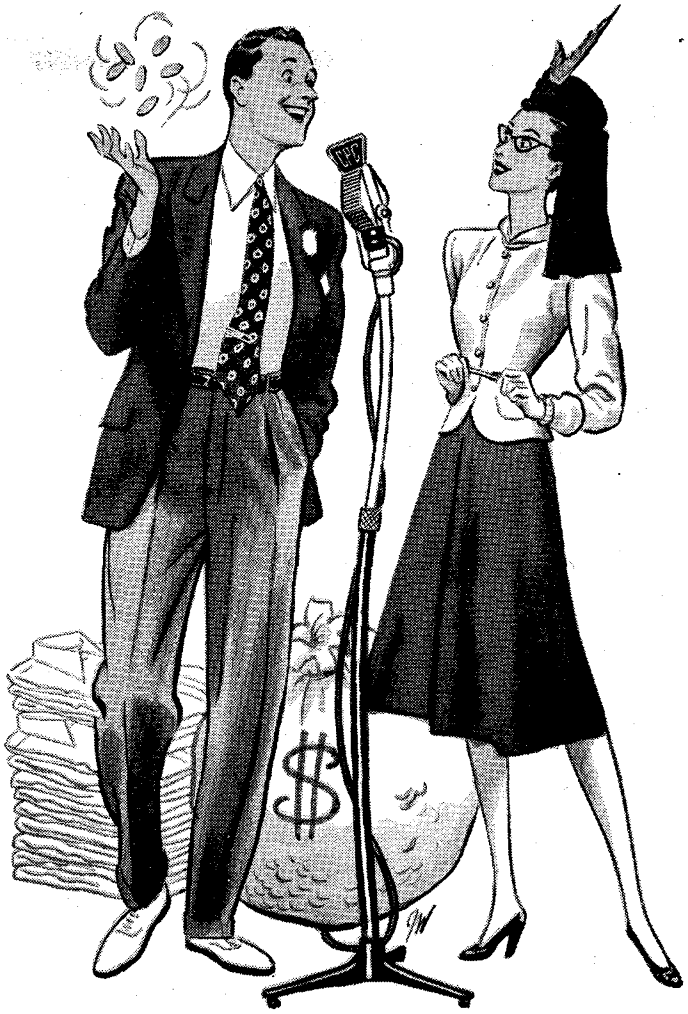
HAYDEN PLANETARIUM, Central Park W. at 81st St.—The current show is called "Science Makes Weather." On Friday, Aug. 1, this will give way to "Drama of the Telescope." (Mondays through Fridays at 2, 3:30, and 8:30 P.M.; Saturdays and Sundays at 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30 P.M.; extra performance Saturdays at 11 A.M.)

MUSEUM OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—Fifty photographs of last-century New York slums, such as five-cent lodging houses, sweatshops, ragpickers' dens, and similar horrors. They were taken by Jacob A. Riis with one of the first flashlight cameras, in his efforts to interest the public in slum clearance. (Weekdays, except Mondays, 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sundays, 1 to 5 P.M.; through the summer.)

ON THE AIR

MUSIC—N.B.C. Symphony, Milton Katims conducting, Sunday, Aug. 3, at 5 P.M., WNBC. . . . ¶ C.B.S. Symphony, Bernard Herrmann conducting, Sunday, Aug. 3, at 3 P.M., WCBS. . . . ¶ Lewisohn Stadium concert, Robert Zeller conducting, Wednesday, Aug. 6, at 8:30 P.M., WNYC. . . . ¶ Berkshire Music Festival, Serge Koussevitzky conducting, Tuesday, Aug. 5, at 8:30 P.M., WJZ. . . . ¶ Ezio Pinza, bass, Monday, Aug. 4, at 9 P.M., WNBC.

NEWS COMMENTATORS—Elmer Davis, Fridays at 7:15 P.M., WJZ. . . . ¶ Raymond Swing, Sundays at 12:45 P.M., WJZ.



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M. C.: Yes, little lady, here's your chance to win 75 SILVER DOLLARS and two dozen handsome shirts! First question, for 25 SILVER DOLLARS: "What make of shirt *is* this?"

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M. C.: GOOD FOR YOU! ANOTHER 25 big, round silver dollars AND two dozen *wonderful* Arrow Shirts! Congratulations to a smart lady!

ANN: Thank you very much, Sir — but you can keep the shirts!

M. C.: Why—why—this is INCREDIBLE! You don't want these fine Arrows for your husband? Why? Why?

ANN: He's too attractive, already! With these new Arrow Shirts I could NEVER hold him!

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION AND APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE IN THE PROGRAM SCHEDULES THAT FOLLOW.

THE BEST YEARS OF OUR LIVES—In spite of all the rapt comments you may have heard about this narrative of the postwar difficulties of three veterans, it is often just slick and pretentious. (Astor, B'way at 45th, CI 6-4642.)

BOOMERANG!—A generally taut and absorbing courtroom melodrama, presented in documentary style. With Dana Andrews, Arthur Kennedy, and Lee Cobb. (Colony, 2nd Ave. at 79th, RH 4-9888; and Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 31.)

CROSSFIRE—The murder of a Jew sets this film off on an exploration of anti-Semitism that is often strongly effective. Robert Ryan is outstanding as a typical American Fascist, and Sam Levene is altogether persuasive as the man who is killed. (Rivoli, B'way at 49th, CI 7-1633.)

DEAD OF NIGHT—An English excursion into the world of dreams that deals excitingly with all kinds of spooky happenings, including the triumph of a ventriloquist's dummy over its master. Michael Redgrave heads the cast. (Granada, 2nd Ave. at 72nd, RH 4-9786; through Aug. 2.... ¶ Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 3-5520; through Aug. 4.... ¶ Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, CH 3-9395; Aug. 2-4.)

GREAT EXPECTATIONS—Charles Dickens' novel gets such loving treatment in this film that it is possible to overlook many of the story's more preposterous aspects. The acting and photography are as skillful as anyone could ask. An English picture. (R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th, VO 5-3577; R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th, AT 9-8900; R.K.O. 23rd St., 8th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-3440; Riverside, B'way at 96th, RI 9-9861; Nemo, B'way at 110th, AC 2-9406; and Coliseum, B'way at 181st, WA 7-7200; starting Aug. 6.)

THE HUCKSTERS—There's a trifle too much of Clark Gable's determined charm in this version of Frederic Wakeman's novel about advertising, but Sydney Greenstreet and Adolphe Menjou turn in fine performances and work up some amusing scenes. (Capitol, B'way at 51st, CO 5-1250.)

THE LATE GEORGE APLEY—An engaging item, which follows the stage play fairly closely. With Ronald Colman, Percy Waram, and Mildred Natwick. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, CH 3-9395; through Aug. 1.... ¶ Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; through Aug. 2.... ¶ Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd, PL 3-2434; and Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; through Aug. 3.... ¶ 68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302; Colony, 2nd Ave. at 79th, RH 4-9888; and Carlton, B'way at 100th, AC 2-3862; starting Aug. 5.)

MIRACLE ON 34TH STREET—A highly entertaining, if unseasonable, Christmas fantasy that spoofs such things as high-pressure merchandising methods and big-league psychiatry. Edmund Gwenn. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; through Aug. 4.... ¶ Loew's 86th St., 3rd Ave. at 86th, AT 9-5566; through Aug. 1.... ¶ Yorktown, B'way at 89th, SC 4-4700; through Aug. 2.... ¶ Plaza, 42 E. 58th, VO 5-3320; through Aug. 3.... ¶ 77th Street, B'way at 77th, TR 4-9382; through Aug. 5.)

ODD MAN OUT—A grim and alarming man hunt makes up the first part of this picture, but the rest of it dissolves abruptly into a morass of mysticism. With James Mason. (Lexington, Lexington at 51st, PL 3-0336; Loew's 72nd St., 3rd Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-7222; Loew's 83rd St., B'way at 83rd, TR 7-3190; Olympia, B'way at 107th, AC 2-1019; and Loew's 175th St., B'way at 175th, WA 7-5200; through Aug. 5.... ¶ Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th, AT 9-4607; and Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, WA 9-2166; starting Aug. 6.)

OPEN CITY—A powerful Italian job concerning the wartime underground in Rome. (World, 153 W. 49th, CI 7-5747.)

PERILS OF PAULINE—Betty Hutton in a loud and funny slapstick interpretation of the life and times of Pearl White. Constance Collier, Billy De Wolfe, and William Demarest help her through the uproar. (Paramount, B'way at 43rd, BR 9-8738.)

THE TWO MRS. CARROLLS—Based on the play about a painter who likes to throttle his wives once he has finished their portraits. Humphrey Bogart and Barbara Stanwyck. (77th Street, B'way at 77th, TR 4-9382; and Yorktown, B'way at 89th, SC 4-4700; starting Aug. 6.)

THE WELL DIGGER'S DAUGHTER—A French film demonstrating that seduction and its consequences are not always as disastrous as they are believed to be. (55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th, CO 5-9438.)

THE YEARLING—Taken from the Marjorie Kinnan Rawlings novel, and a generally good piece of work, too. Claude Jarman, Jr., and Gregory Peck. (Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; through Aug. 1.... ¶ Beacon, B'way at 74th, TR 4-9132; through Aug. 2.... ¶ Colony, 2nd Ave. at 79th, RH 4-9888; Aug. 1-4.... ¶ Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd, PL 3-2434; Aug. 4-6.)

REVIVALS

CHAPAYEV (1935)—Russian melodrama of a minor revolutionary hero. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 2.)

CHAPLIN COMEDIES (1917)—"The Immigrant," "The Adventurer," "The Cure," and "Easy Street." (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 1.)

COLONEL BLIMP (1945)—A British biography of a professional soldier, played by Roger Livesey. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; through Aug. 1.)

FANTASIA (1940)—The Disney film with Bach, Beethoven, and Mickey Mouse. (Avenue Playhouse, 6th Ave. at 47th, BR 9-2659.)

THE GHOST GOES WEST (1935)—Robert Donat in a René Clair film about a Scottish castle moved to America. (68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302; Aug. 1-4.)

THE GRAPES OF WRATH (1940)—John Ford's reworking of the Steinbeck novel, with Henry Fonda and Jane Darwell. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; Aug. 4-6.)

THE INFORMER (1935)—Dublin and the revolution. Victor McLaglen. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 1.)

IT HAPPENED AT THE INN (1945)—Adventures of a bunch of crotchety French individualists who run a rural café. In French. (Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; Aug. 2-4.)

LIFE BEGINS AT 8:30 (1942)—Monty Woolley playing an old actor who has taken to the bottle. Also with Ida Lupino. (Yorktown, B'way at 89th, SC 4-4700; Aug. 3-5.)

THE MOON IS DOWN (1943)—The Steinbeck piece about the Germans in Norway. (Yorktown, B'way at 89th, SC 4-4700; Aug. 3-5.)

MOONTIDE (1942)—Waterfront life on the West Coast. Jean Gabin and Ida Lupino. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; Aug. 2-5.... ¶ Beacon, B'way at 74th, TR 4-9132; Aug. 3-5.)

NOTORIOUS (1946)—Ingrid Bergman and Cary Grant in a Brazilian spy tale, directed by Alfred Hitchcock. (68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302; July 31.)

REBECCA (1940)—Hitchcock's adaptation of Daphne du Maurier's novel. Joan Fontaine and Laurence Olivier. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 3.)

REMBRANDT (1936)—The artist's later days. Charles Laughton, Elsa Lanchester, Gertrude Lawrence. An English picture. (Beacon, B'way at 74th, TR 4-9132; Aug. 3-5.)

SCARFACE (1932)—Early gangster piece, with Paul Muni and George Raft. (Loew's 86th St., 3rd Ave. at 86th, AT 9-5566; Aug. 6.)

THE SEA WOLF (1941)—Jack London's story, revised once more. With Ida Lupino, Edward G. Robinson, and John Garfield. (Carlton, B'way at 100th, AC 2-3862; July 31.)

STORM IN A TEACUP (1938)—A British comedy about a Scottish village and some dogs. Vivien Leigh, Rex Harrison, and Sara Allgood. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; Aug. 2-4.... ¶ Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; Aug. 3-6.)

SUSPICION (1941)—Francis Iles' "Before the Fact," done, as is proper, by Hitchcock. Joan Fontaine and Cary Grant. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 5.)

THE 39 STEPS (1935)—More Hitchcock derring-do. Madeleine Carroll and Robert Donat. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 3.)

WILSON (1944)—Alexander Knox as isolationism's famous victim. With Geraldine Fitzgerald and Charles Coburn. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 4.)

WINTERSET (1936)—Margo and Burgess Meredith in an adaptation of the Anderson play. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 5.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART FILM LIBRARY—The Museum (11 W. 53rd) is presenting movies from its collection on the following schedule. July 31: "The Love of Jeanne Ney" (1927).... ¶ Aug. 1-3: "Rasputin" (1930).... ¶ Starting Aug. 4: "Die Dreigroschenoper" (1930). Showings are held weekdays at 3 and 5:30 P.M., Thursday evenings at 8, and Sundays at 1:30, 3:30, and 5:30 P.M. Reservations can be made at the museum desk.

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THE BIG HOUSES

ASTOR, B'way at 45th. (CI 6-4642)
THE BEST YEARS OF OUR LIVES.

BROADWAY, B'way at 53rd. (CI 7-2887)
July 31: "Copacabana," Carmen Miranda, Groucho Marx.
From Aug. 1: "Lady of Burlesque," revival, Barbara Stanwyck; and "The Great John L.," revival, Greg McClure.

CAPITOL, B'way at 51st. (CO 5-1250)
THE HUCKSTERS.

CRITERION, B'way at 44th. (BR 9-3839)
"Brute Force," Burt Lancaster, Hume Cronyn.

HOLLYWOOD, B'way at 51st. (CI 7-5545)
"Possessed," Joan Crawford, Van Heflin, Raymond Massey.

MUSIC HALL, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
"The Bachelor and the Bobby-Soxer," Shirley Temple, Cary Grant, Myrna Loy.

PALACE, B'way at 47th. (BR 9-4300)
"They Won't Believe Me," Susan Hayward, Robert Young.

PARAMOUNT, B'way at 43rd. (BR 9-8738)
PERILS OF PAULINE.

RIVOLI, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
CROSSFIRE.

ROXY, 7th Ave. at 50th. (CI 7-6000)
"I Wonder Who's Kissing Her Now," Mark Stevens, June Haver.

STATE, B'way at 45th. (BR 9-1957)
Through Aug. 6: "Fiesta," Esther Williams, Ricardo Montalban.

STRAND, B'way at 47th. (CI 7-5900)
"Cry Wolf," Errol Flynn, Barbara Stanwyck.

VICTORIA, B'way at 46th. (CI 6-7429)
"Gunfighters," Randolph Scott.

WINTER GARDEN, B'way at 50th. (CI 5-4878)
Through Aug. 6: "Slave Girl," Yvonne De Carlo, George Brent.

FOREIGN, SPECIAL, ETC.

AVENUE PLAYHOUSE, 6th Ave. at 47th. (BR 9-2659)
FANTASIA, revival.

55TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 154 W. 55th. (CO 5-9438)
THE WELL DIGGER'S DAUGHTER.

GOLDEN, 252 W. 45th. (CI 6-6740)
"The Barber of Seville" (in Italian), Ferruccio Tagliavini.

LITTLE CARNEGIE, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-1365)
"The Great Waltz," revival, Luise Rainer, Fernand Gravet.

STUDIO 65, B'way at 65th. (EN 2-4660)
Through Aug. 1: "We Lived Through Buchenwald."
From Aug. 2 (tentative): "Lydia," revival, Merle Oberon.

WORLD, 153 W. 49th. (CI 7-5747)
OPEN CITY.

Ever wish you were Aladdin?

You remember him . . .

He was the lucky fellow who found a magic lamp. It gave him everything he wished for—from diamond-crusted palaces to a sultan's daughter as his bride.

You've probably wished a lot of times for a miracle like this to happen to you. Maybe not for out-of-this-world treasures, but for something that will take care of the things that are bound to come up.

Like medical expenses, or college for the kids. Or maybe just for the nice, safe feeling it gives you to have some extra money put aside for the future.

Though no magic is involved, there is a way to give you this security. The Payroll Savings Plan. Or, if you're not eligible for the Payroll Plan but have a checking account, the new Bond-a-Month Plan.

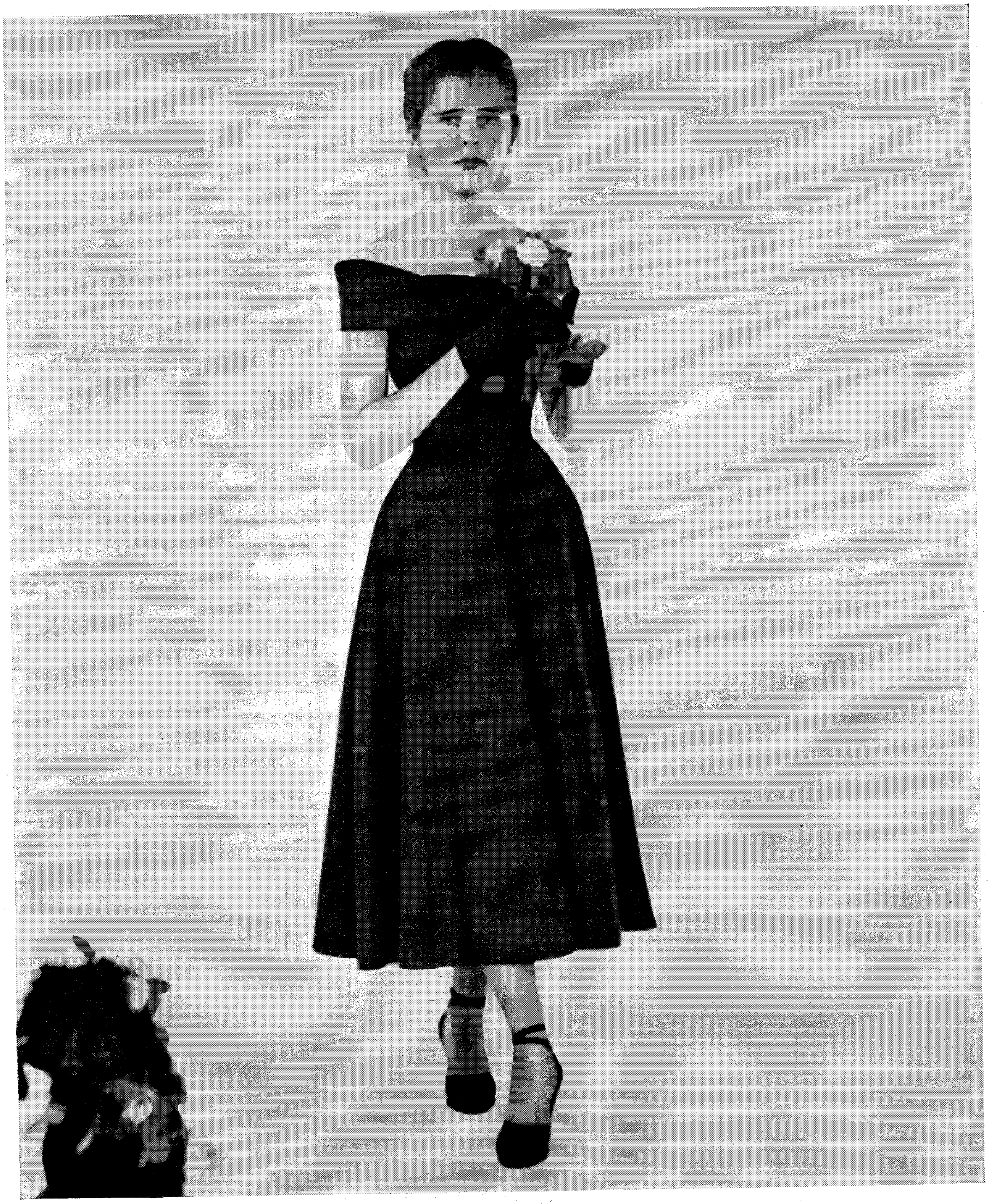
Either way, it's almost unbelievable how quickly your money accumulates.

Where else can you get such a *safe*, generous return on your money ($4 for every $3)? It's so simple—so easy, you hardly miss the money that you're saving.

And don't forget—at the same time, you're *making more!*

Next to a magic lamp, there's no better way than this to make sure your future is secure.

Save the easy, automatic way . . . with U.S. Savings Bonds



YOUNG COLONY DANCES IN A WIDE-SPINNING SKIRT, CUT TO CALF LENGTH . . . NECKLINE SHARPLY OFF-SHOULDER. STIFF RAYON-AND-COTTON MOIRE IN BLACK, BROWN OR GREY. SIZES 9 TO 15, AT 22.95.

YOUNG COLONY SHOP, THIRD FLOOR

B. ALTMAN & CO. FIFTH AVENUE

THE NEW YORKER

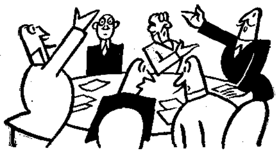
THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

NOTE ON THE RESILIENCY OF MAN: Hiroshima now has an Atom Bookshop and an Atom Café.

A FASCINATING line of thought was suggested by Dr. Lyman Spitzer, Jr., Associate Professor of Astrophysics at Yale, in an interview on the *Times'* science page the other Sunday. Some astronomers believe it is probable that there is intelligent life on Mars, Dr. Spitzer says, and that it may have developed much earlier than ours, in which case Martians may have been civilized for millions of years, as compared to our thousands. He points out that in such an event the Martians' knowledge of science and nature would be enormously greater than ours, and that men from Mars may already have visited the earth. "Unless they had spent some time in a large city or landed sufficiently recently to be photographed," Dr. Spitzer concludes, "we would have no record of their having been here. Any few men who had seen them would probably not be believed by anyone else."

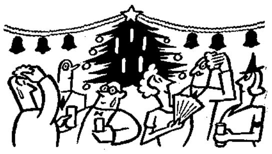
Here, it seems to us, Dr. Spitzer fails to follow through on his own hypotheses. In assuming that men from Mars visiting the earth would look noticeably different, with eyes sticking out of their heads like lollipops, and three-toed, stainless-steel shoes, he is thinking on the plane of the comic books and the fantasy-science pulps. Obviously, if Martian science is advanced enough to get observers to the earth, it is developed enough to give them a three-button blue suit with pin stripes and fix them up so that they don't look like someone who just came down from Mars. They may, in fact, be coming down all the time and mixing with the crowds. That odd man at the ball game who didn't root for either side, the woman at the department-store sale who stood quietly watching instead of scrambling at the counters, the unidentified man in pictures of international conferences, the calm little knot of people who sit in the first row of Congressional galleries—Martians, probably, not talking much but smart as hell.



WE recently ran into an old acquaintance, an introspective and normally glum type, and found him beaming to beat the band. "What's up?" we asked. "Legacy? Your son get into Yale? You been elected to the American Academy of Arts and Letters?" He beamed even more. "You know my mother's family," he said, mentioning a relatively storied old New York name. "Well, they have this mausoleum in Brooklyn, but it got so crowded that for the last thirty or forty years the trustees have had to make a rule admitting only relatives bearing the family name. None of the members on the distaff side, like myself, have been eligible. Even my mother couldn't get in when she died." We clucked sympathetically. "I always thought I'd have to be buried in Westchester," he continued, "but Cousins Walter and Eugene, who run the mausoleum, have just told me that they've decided to make an exception in my case if I'll consent to be cremated. They say they can make room for me if I'm in an urn. Naturally, I've accepted." "How about your wife?" we asked. "I'm told the mausoleum needs repairs and is rather leaky," he said, ignoring our question, "but what difference does it make if you're in an urn?" He smiled a contented smile, and we wished him Godspeed.

IN a promotional frame of mind, the Sylvania Electric Products Company, which has dreams of a fluorescent Christmas, last week invited us, in our professional capacity, to what it called a Summer Christmas Party, in its offices in the building at 500 Fifth Avenue, and, for no better reason than that we'd never been to a summer Christmas party before, we went. Refreshments were served, songs were sung, and practically everybody had a good time. We won't say we were swept off our feet by the Sylvania electric products we were shown, but we did come away with a few firm impressions: (1) that fluorescent Christmas bulbs, be they green, yellow, coral, orchid, or pastel blue, are cooler than the old-fashioned, incandescent lights; (2) that people won't care much; (3) that Christmas decorations look silly in July; and (4) that from now on the Christmas season will be inextricably tangled in our mind with Tom Collinses instead of with eggnog and hot buttered rum.

The Sylvania people gave their party in a four-room model home that occupies a part of their premises, and they were assisted by the Dennison Company, which supplied various cardboard and paper trimmings, including ruffles, pompons, and cutouts of Christmas trees. Among the decorations, all labelled, into which fluorescent lights had been more or less daringly introduced, we noted a Clown centerpiece and a Star Carolers centerpiece, both to grace the Yule dinner or buffet table, and a Mistress Mary centerpiece, designed for use the year around. An energetic young lady led us from these didos to a real Christmas tree, a feature that could not have given the Dennison people much satisfaction. It was heavily laden with fluorescent lights and seemed to be panting, and although someone had put a pail of dry ice and an electric fan at its



base, we had the feeling that it wasn't long for this world. The young lady said that she'd helped to trim the tree the day before. "The angel's hair I put on it gave me a rash," she said, and added indelicately, "I felt as if I had on long underwear." She said she was all right after she'd taken a bath.

We were informed that the model home was going to be air-conditioned but that the machinery hadn't arrived yet. Sylvania's advertising agency had done what it could in the emergency by rushing over a supply of paper fans. Among some fellow-journalists to whom we spoke was a man from the business page of the *Times*, who said crossly that he wouldn't be able to write a word about it—should have asked someone from the women's page; whole thing a waste of time. His feelings were partly assuaged by a Tom Collins and a paper fan. A blond young lady with whom we struck up an acquaintance on the pretext that we believed her to be an authority on insulated electric wire told us that she worked on *True Story* and had heard about the party through a friend on the *Herald Tribune*. We had just got the conversation away from insulated wire when a young man came up and introduced himself to her as an employee of the American Cyanamid Company—as clumsy a gambit as we ever heard—and began a discussion of some objects we couldn't clearly identify. "They have tombstone sockets at the end," he said, "but how can you dramatize that to a housewife?" To our astonishment, the blonde showed quite an interest in the problem, and we decided to lose ourself in our work. We tapped a Sylvania official on the shoulder and in a trice he said that Sylvania has been turning out fluorescent Christmas bulbs for three years now, that they're five-watt bulbs, that they can be used with paper and flowers, because they "burn cool," and that they cost forty-five cents apiece. At that moment, a group of hearty-looking middle-aged advertising men burst into song in one corner of the model kitchen. To an only too familiar air, they sang:

"Super lights,
Super lights,
Lots more light with Super li-ii-ights!"

"They're just having a little fun," the Sylvania official said, doing a cool burn. "Our slogan really is 'The Best Light in Sight.' "

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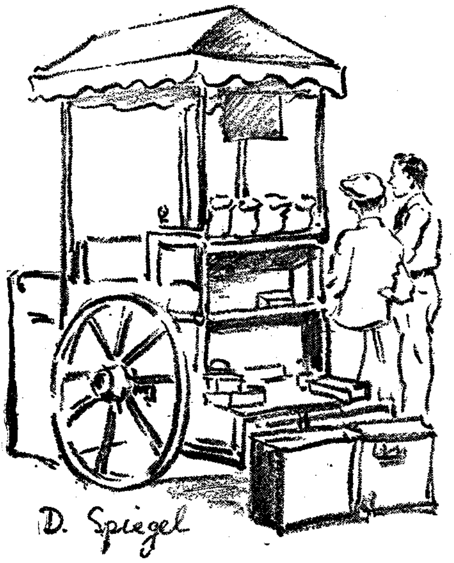
Incidental Intelligence: One item of information requested of candidates for admission to the Metropolitan Club is "Approximate Age."

There's a somewhat ambiguous sign in the window of a beauty shop in the Village: "No Appointments Necessary If Desired."

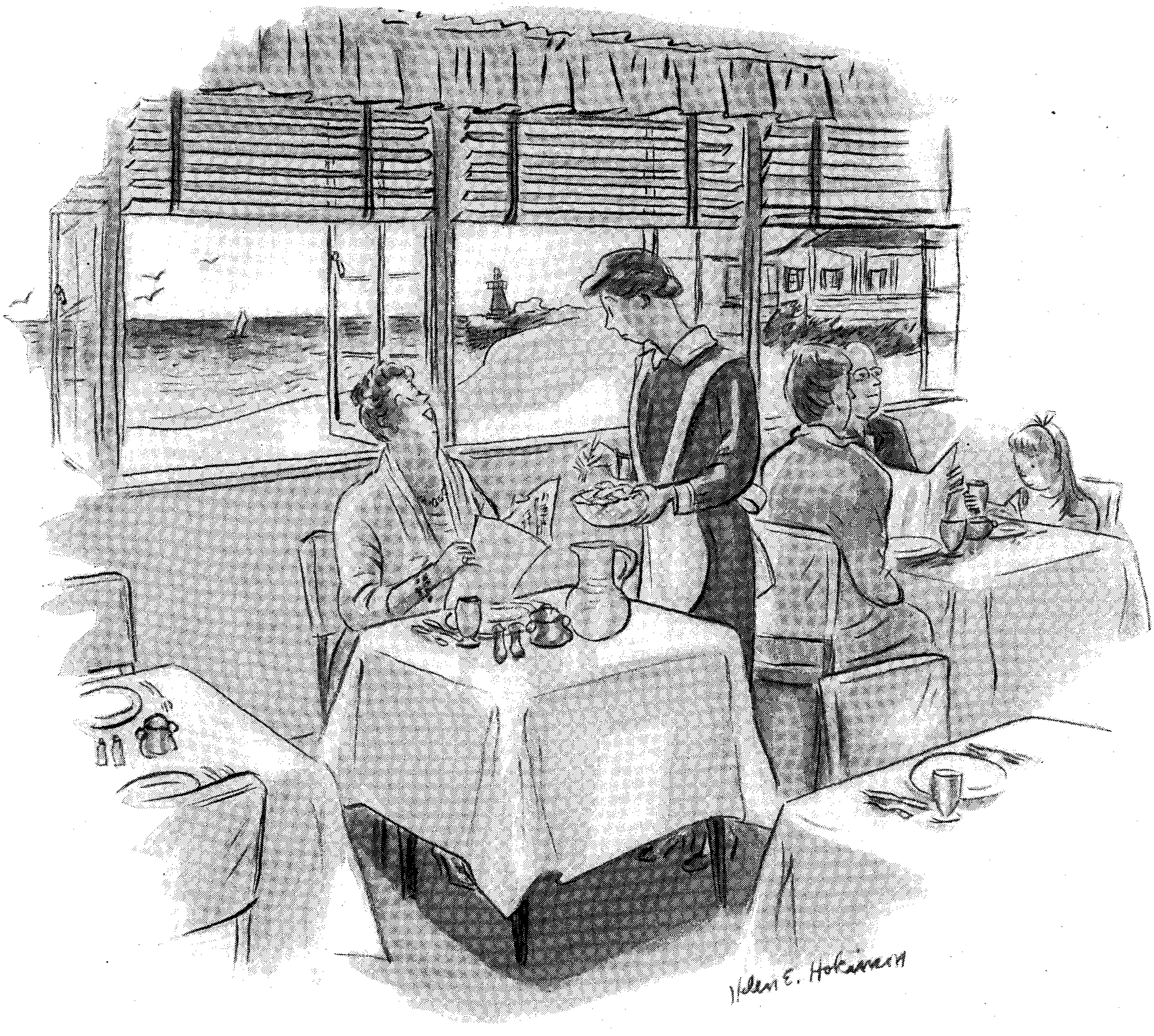
Blueberry Hunter

We observed the height of the blueberry season by calling on Dr. Wendell Holmes Camp, an assistant curator of the New York Botanical Garden, who for fifteen years has been devoting himself extensively to studying North American blueberries. There are twenty-four species of these, six of them commercial, he told us, adding up to an annual fifteen-million-dollar crop and falling into three categories—diploids, which have twenty-four chromosomes; tetraploids, with forty-eight chromosomes; and hexaploids, with seventy-two. In breeding, you can't cross chromosome barriers successfully (if you try, you get a hybrid that is sterile), but you *can* cross species on the same chromosome level, often with splendid results. Domestic breeding is spearheaded by Dr. George M. Darrow, senior pomologist of the Division of Fruit and Vegetable Crops and Diseases of the Bureau of Plant Industry, Soils, and Agricultural Engineering of the Department of Agriculture. His work, carried on at Beltsville, Maryland, is frequently aided by Camp's research. A blueberry is actually almost black; certain varieties *look* quite bluish because of an oil-and-air emulsion that coats them. The more layers of this emulsion, the bluer. "Take the high-bush corymbosum," said Dr. Camp. "It's often black, which consumers don't like, so you cross it for color with, say, australe, which grows wild in the South and is a nice blue. Australe-corymbosum makes a fine commercial berry. The danger with it is that the blue coating sometimes rubs off in shipping." Another psychological factor is size. Perfectly edible hybrids over an inch in diameter have been grown, but no one wants them that big. "Small children can't chew them when they get to be much more than half an inch," said Camp, "and no man likes to look at his wife with her mouth open. You can't cut a blueberry like a strawberry—it slides around in the bowl. Actually, you don't taste blueberries, you smell them. What you call flavor is governed by a series of aromatic compounds. You have to chomp a blueberry. Some are so heavily and unfavorably aromatic that they taste as if a stinkbug had been on them, but you can use them as the parents of hybrids."



Camp is a great, big taxonomist of forty-three with a bright-orange goatee. He was born in Dayton, Ohio, the son of a minister. His mother gave him Oliver as a first name, but he abandoned this in early youth. He went to three colleges beginning with "O"—Oberlin, Otterbein, and Ohio State. He taught botany at the last one for nine years and then joined the Garden staff, in 1936. "I've hunted blueberries in every mountain range in North America," he said, "starting with the Mexican border and working up to the Yukon. In getting together the evolutionary pattern of the group, I've discovered some new species and found it necessary to rename several old ones. I specialize in the whole heath family—azaleas, rhododendrons, mountain laurel, blueberries. I picked on this because I wanted to concentrate on a worldwide family that grows in interesting areas and offers a number of interesting problems I knew I could never finish. There are very few places you can't drop off and study the heath family. Blueberries grow everywhere from swamps to the God-damnedest dry hills, as long as the soil is acid."

Dr. C. took time off from blueberries during the war. In 1943, he went to Haiti on a government rubber-and-sisal-growing project, and, after a few months, to Honduras to promote the growing of luffa sponges, used as a filter for water in boilers. The next year found him in Ecuador, working on cinchona, a plant used in treating malaria. "Lived with the Jivaro headhunters there," he said. "Swell Joes. I sat around a couple of days finding out how their social system works. You have to be sure to enter a house through



"I'm going to be here for only two weeks, and I want clams, clams, clams!"

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the main door, for instance, not the women's door. I knew I was in when the women started bringing me their sick babies to treat. I gave them sulfa for various ailments." Camp lives on Mosholu Parkway, a couple of blocks from the Garden, and is a bachelor. "He travels fastest who travels alone," he said. He looks forward to a big blueberry excursion next February. "Don't expect any new finds," he said, "but there are some blank spots in the Ozarks. The pattern isn't exactly in focus there. By the way, you have to have good bees to get blueberries. They do the pollination. One of the large, black Southern berries has a tight corolla that only carpenter bees can get into, and carpenter bees need old wood to live in. If the territory has been cleared off—no old houses, no old fence posts—the blueberries die off. This has happened in some places. Too bad."

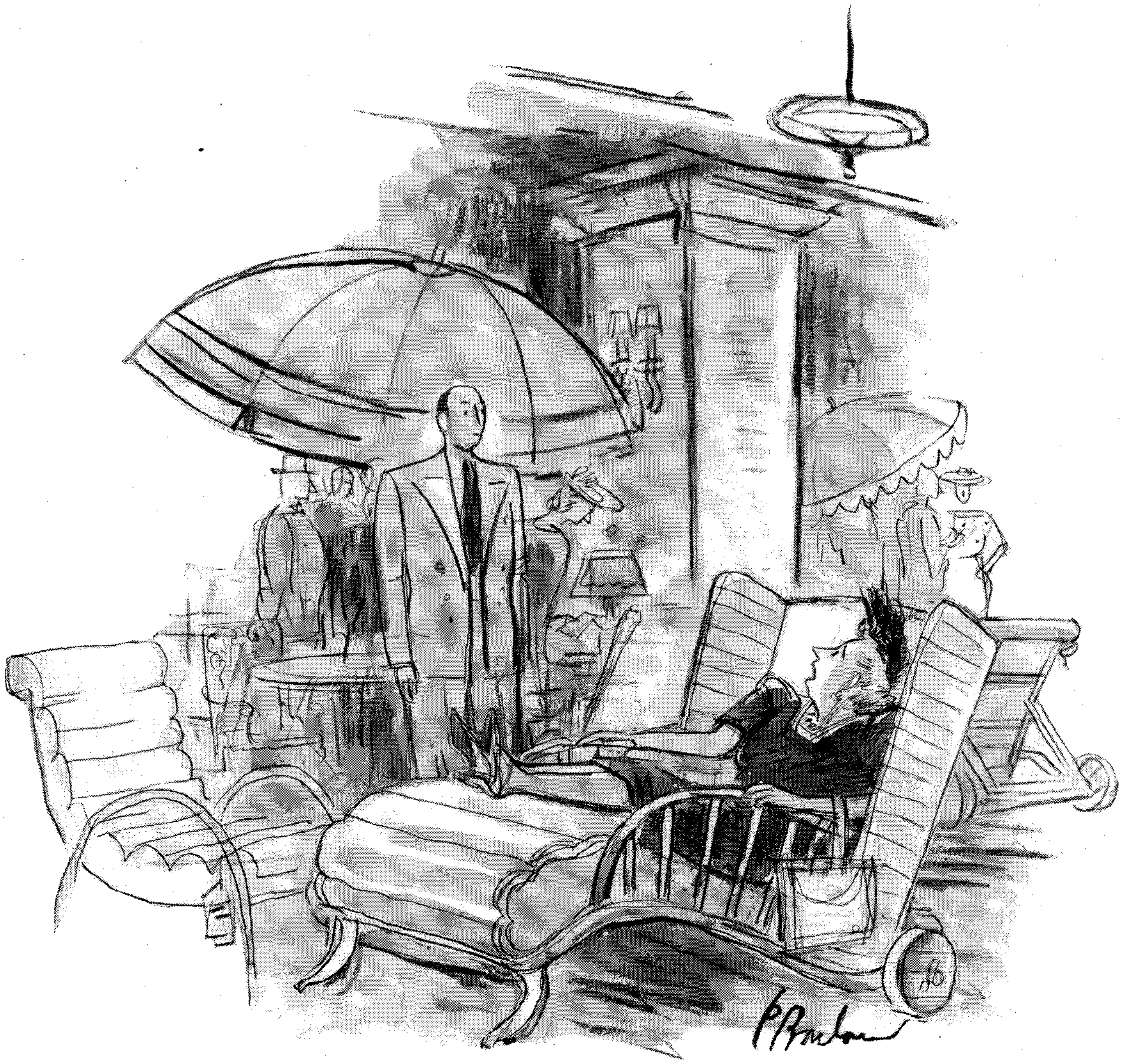
Pursuit of Art

THE august house of Scribner recently received the following self-explanatory missive, which we are happy to reproduce:

DEAR SIRS:
Would you have a sitting-down position in your company that you could offer me at this time?
I am very interested in literature.

Hydraulics

SOME weeks ago, in the course of paying tribute to the doomed Murray Hill Hotel, we told of an elevator there that occasionally went off up the shaft on its own, and how the operator would have to go up the stairs after it. We've since done some investigating, and have learned that such conduct is common among old-fashioned hydraulic elevators, of which this particular Murray Hill one was a notable example, having been, in fact, the oldest functioning elevator of any kind in the city at the time of its retirement. The water that propels hydraulic elevators is kept under a pressure of up to two hundred pounds per square inch, and when a leaky valve permits seepage from the compression chamber into the driving cylinder, the car rises; when water leaks out of the driving cylinder into a discharge chamber, the car sinks. Such activity is known in elevator circles as creeping, or drifting. The leaks that cause it are usually slow ones, and cars



"Don't you have something I could get up out of?"

• •

with an urge to creep can ordinarily be kept in check without difficulty while in operation. At night, however, when operators are off—or, in the case of quiet old hotels, are taking a nap—an elevator is apt to get under way stealthily and travel a few floors. Some hydraulics are frustrated by anti-creeping devices, which enable an operator to lock his car at any floor he pleases.

The Murray Hill's frisky lift was installed in 1883, a few years after hydraulic elevators made their American début. The seniority it held until lately has now passed to three hydraulics installed in 1884 in the apartment building at 34 Gramercy Park, which are controlled by means of a cable that runs through the car from floor to ceiling. In addition to this venerable trio, eleven hundred and forty-two hydraulics are currently functioning in Manhattan below 125th Street, according to our old friends the Otis people, who installed most of them and still keep an eye on them. Anyone can still ascend and descend hydraulically at Altman's, McCreery's, and Lord & Taylor's, the Gotham and Plaza Hotels, and Pennsylvania Station. The Plaza has hydraulic dumbwaiters, too. There are various types of hydraulic lift. To our mind, the most interesting is the direct-plunger type, whose car is set atop a long metal plunger that moves up and down in the driving cylinder, which penetrates the ground to the distance that the car can rise above it. The world's record in this category is held by one of the twenty hydraulics in the building at 165 Broadway, which runs from the sub-basement to the twenty-sixth floor, a distance of three hundred and eighty feet. It and its mates were installed in 1907 by a Worcester, Massachusetts, firm founded by several professors of engineering at the Worcester Institute of Technology and now out of business. These elevators are at the moment being equipped with anti-creeping devices and electric, rather than mechanical, valve controls. We asked Mr. Walter A. Shinn, the chief engineer at 165, about the elevators and he told us they are wonderful—give a marvellous ride and are cheap to maintain. We introduced the subject of creeping and he said, "Of course, if you get careless and don't check your washers often enough, they creep on you. Usually, it's a matter of a floor or two, but over a weekend these babies can work right up to the top story." There's no danger of their going through the roof, though. When the plunger gets that far up, the water leaks out of the cylinder.

There are still many proponents of hydraulic elevators around—men who used to install them and whose activities are now mostly confined to keeping the old ones going. They argue that hydraulics are safer and smoother-riding, and that although their original cost is higher, the cost of operation and maintenance is lower. Some hydraulics are still being installed here and there. Lord & Taylor have a new two-story store in Manhasset, and it has one, run by ordinary city water pressure, which is an economical source of power. City water pressure propels many sidewalk elevators around town. The Navy has hydraulics on its aircraft carriers, to move planes between the hangar and the flight decks. If any of them have ever crept while at sea, the Navy hasn't said anything about it.

Invalid

An elderly lady we know noticed with some alarm the other morning that her canary was crouching, wan and songless, in a corner of his cage. Closer inspection showed that his feet were swollen. She rushed him around to the neighborhood pet shop for a diagnosis. "Nothing to worry about," the birdman told her. "Just a couple of mosquito bites."

Dispossessed

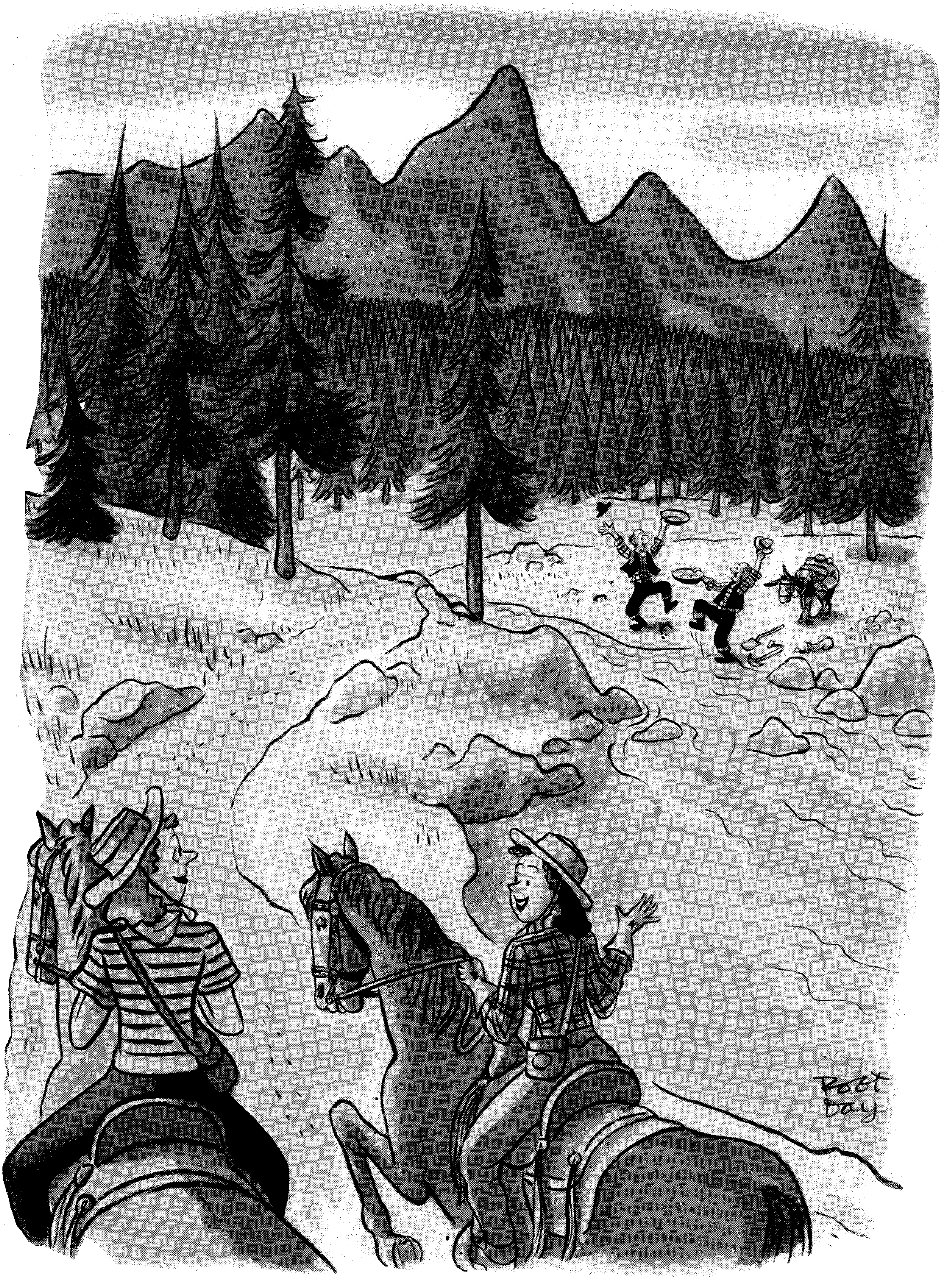
When we heard that the Chinese temple at 5 Mott Street, for a couple of decades a high point in conducted tours of Chinatown, was going out of business, we shook our head in dismay and went down to look into the matter. The temple occupies the second floor of a six-story red brick building just off Chatham Square. A faded sign, hanging out over the sidewalk, bears the inscription, in English, "Chinese Temple." Right inside the second-floor entrance is a dusty ticket booth, which apparently hasn't been used for years, and affixed to its side is a framed City of New York license to operate a "common show of Chinese exhibits." The temple is a large, high room with a stamped-tin ceiling that was originally white but has been touched up with orange and black. Over the years, it has been stripped of much of its Oriental allure. The Chinese altar that used to stand in the rear of the room has been ripped out to make space for a table of cheap souvenirs—costume jewelry, enamelled ashtrays, and back scratchers. The last-named, we're sorry to say, are made of plastic. These souvenirs are displayed not in the glow of paper lanterns but in the glare of naked electric bulbs dangling from drop cords. The draperies that hang from the wall were once red but have now deepened to the color of soot. On one side of the room is a pair of carved and gilded altars, of the kind before which the Chinese worship during the seventh month of their calendar—a period of self-sacrifice roughly equivalent to our Lent. On the opposite wall is a series of paintings on parchment panels. In the front of the room is the temple showpiece—a plaster-of-Paris Buddha six feet across at the bottom and six feet high, whose belly tourists have always been urged to rub for good luck.

We had a rather sad talk with Poy T. Yee, the proprietor of the temple, whom we found polishing a pair of silver earrings in his leisure time between tours. He was wearing a pair of bright-tan moccasins, blue trousers, red-striped suspenders, a blue shirt, and a natty four-in-hand, also striped, and held in place by a gold tie clasp bearing his initials. Mr. Yee told us that, to the best of his memory, he and some partners opened the temple back in 1926. The partners died, and the responsibility of running the temple fell to Mr. Yee and his family, which includes five boys. "Now it is being dismantled," he said. "The troubles we have had with this place! It would, as the saying goes, make a good man sick and a sick man die. Ha!" The building was bought by the Eng Society—a family organization of all people bearing the name Eng—some months ago, and Mr. Yee was notified that he must vacate. At first, they wanted possession in two months, but Mr. Yee got permission to stay until October. "I didn't go to the O.P.A.," he said. "We did business the Chinese way—talk, talk, talk. There isn't another place available in Chinatown for a temple now. Even if I could find one, it would cost me ten thousand dollars to put it in shape. And for what? There was a time when places like this could charge admission, but we had to give that up. We charged a quarter and it was too much." Mr. Yee pursed his lips judicially. "It was only worth fifteen cents," he said. "No matter what we did, I couldn't maintain my family. The money I borrowed! Oh, I can't tell you how much money I borrowed! This place has been in hock for years."

All of Mr. Yee's sons were in the Army during the war, and he was left with a household and a temple staff of women—his wife, his eighty-year-old mother, his daughters-in-law, and his daughter. His sons are back now but are not interested in the temple. Mr. Yee has a simple explanation for the falling off in trade: People who come to New York use up all their money for their hotel and their meals. "I am going to rest for a while," he said, "then go back into court interpreting, which I used to do a long time ago." Mr. Yee was born in San Francisco, and there he studied the Chinese language for seven years. It would have taken him fifteen years to become a good Chinese scholar, he told us, but he knows enough of the language for practical purposes. His greatest problem is what to do with the plaster-of-Paris Buddha. He estimates that the Buddha's belly has been rubbed eight million times and he knows that two inches of girth have been worn away, but the old fellow is still too fat to pick up and carry off. "I may have to chop him up and remove him piece by piece," Mr. Yee said. "Whatever I do, it must be inexpensive. Ha!"

On the House

WE'VE had word from a gentleman who recently moved out to California with his family and household effects. A few days after he got settled in his new home, he received a surprise package from the trucking outfit that had done the heavy work for him. It contained a nice note thanking him for his patronage and, with the compliments of the firm, a large bottle of scratch remover.



"Oh, look! Let's ride over and introduce ourselves."

THE COMMON DAY

WHEN Jim woke at seven in the morning, he got up and made a tour of the bedroom windows. He was so accustomed to the noise and congestion of the city that after six days in New Hampshire he still found the beauty of the country morning violent and alien. The hills seemed to come straight out of the northern sky. From the western windows, he saw the strong sun lighting the trees on the mountains, pouring its light onto the flat water of the lake, and striking at the outbuildings of the big, old-fashioned place as commandingly as the ringing of iron bells.

He dressed and softly drew the blinds, so that the light wouldn't wake his wife. Ellen's days in the country, unlike his, were not limited. She had been here all summer and would remain until the first of September, when she would return to the city with the cook, the ice crusher, and the Persian rug.

The first floor of his mother-in-law's big house was still and clean when he went downstairs. Emma Boulanger, the French housemaid, was dusting the hall. He crossed the gloomy dining room and pushed open the pantry door, but another of the servants, Agnes Shay, was there to keep him from going any farther into her preserves. "You just tell me what you want for breakfast, Mr. Brown," she said unpleasantly. "Greta will make it for you."

He wanted to have his breakfast in the kitchen with his five-year-old son, but Agnes had no intention of letting him pass from the front of the house into those quarters that were reserved for servants and children. He told her what he wanted to eat and went back through the dining room and out onto the terrace. The light there was like a blow, and the air smelled as if many wonderful girls had just wandered across the lawn. It was a splendid summer morning and it seemed as if nothing could go wrong. Jim looked at the terrace, at the gardens, at the house, with a fatuous possessiveness. He could hear Mrs. Garrison—his widowed mother-in-law and the rightful owner of everything he saw—talking animatedly to herself in the distant cutting bed.

While Jim was eating his breakfast, Agnes said that Nils Lund wanted to see him. This information flattered Jim. He was in New Hampshire for only ten days and he was there merely as a guest, but he liked to be consulted by the gardener. Nils Lund had worked for Mrs. Garrison for many years. He lived in a cottage on the place and his wife, who was now dead, had worked in the kitchen. Nils resented the fact that none of Mrs. Garrison's sons interested themselves in the place and he often told Jim how happy he was to have a man around with whom he could discuss his problems.

Nils' gardens no longer bore any relationship to the needs of the house. Each spring he plowed and planted acres of vegetables and flowers. The coming up of the asparagus shoots was the signal for a hopeless race between the vegetables and Mrs. Garrison's table. Nils, embittered by the waste that he himself was the author of, came each evening to the kitchen door to tell the cook that unless they ate more peas, more strawberries, more beans, more lettuce, more cabbages, the magnificent vegetables that he had watered with his sweat would rot.

When Jim had finished his breakfast, he went around to the back of the house and Nils told him, with a long face, that something was eating the corn, which had just begun to ripen. They had discussed the pest in the corn patch before. At first they had thought it was deer. Nils had changed his guess that morning to raccoons. He wanted Jim to come with him and view the damage that had been done.

"Those traps in the tool house ought to do the job for us if it's raccoons," Jim said. "And I think there's a rifle around. I'll set the traps tonight."

They walked along a driveway that ran up the hill to the gardens. The fields at the edge of the drive were eroded with moss and spotted with juniper. From the fields came an indescribable perfume, pungent and soporific. "See," Nils said when they reached the corn patch. "See, see . . ." Leaves, silk, and half-eaten ears were strewn and trampled into the dirt. "I plant it," Nils said, like the husband of a shrew recounting instances of unrewarded patience. "Then there's crows after the seed. I cultivate it. Now there's no corn."

They heard Greta, the cook, singing as she came up the drive, bringing garbage to the chickens. They turned to watch her. She was a big, strong woman with a magnificent voice and the breasts of an operatic contralto. A second after they heard Greta, the wind carried Mrs. Garrison's voice to them from the cutting bed. Mrs. Garrison talked to herself continually. Her cultivated and emphatic words sounded across that clear morning like the notes of a trumpet. "Why does he plant this hideous purple verbena every year? He knows I can't use purple. Why *does* he plant this loathsome purple verbena? . . . And I'm going to have him move the arums again. I'm going to have the lilies down by the pool again . . ."

Nils spat in the dirt. "Goddam that woman!" he said. "Goddam her!" Greta had reminded him of his dead wife and Mrs. Garrison's rich voice had reminded him of that other binding marriage, between mistress and gardener, which would last until death dissolved it. He made no effort to contain his anger, and Jim was caught in the cross fire of his mother-in-law's soliloquy and her gardener's rage. He said he would go and take a look at the traps.

He found the traps in the tool house and a rifle in the cellar. As he was crossing the lawn, he met Mrs. Garrison. She was a thin, white-haired woman, and she was dressed in a torn maid's uniform and a broken straw hat. Her arms were full of flowers. She and her son-in-law wished one another good morning, exclaimed on the beauty of the day, and went on in opposite directions. Jim carried the traps and the rifle behind the house. His son, Timmy, was there, playing hospital with Ingrid, the cook's daughter, a pale, skinny girl of eleven. The children watched him briefly and then went back to their game.

Jim oiled the traps and filed their catches so that they slammed shut at the least touch. While he was testing the traps, Agnes Shay came out, leading Carlotta Bronson, another of Mrs. Garrison's grandchildren. Carlotta was four years old. Her mother had gone West to get a divorce that summer, and Agnes had been elevated from the position of housemaid to that of nurse. She was almost sixty and she made an intense nurse. From morning until dark, she gripped Carlotta's hand in hers.

She peered over Jim's shoulder at the traps and said, "You know you shouldn't put out those traps until after the children have gone to bed, Mr. Brown. . . . Don't you go near those traps, Carlotta. Come here."

"I won't put the traps out until late," Jim said.

"Why, one of the children might get

caught in one of those traps and break a leg," Agnes said. "And you'll be careful of that gun, too, won't you, Mr. Brown? Guns are made to kill with. I've *never* seen one yet where there wasn't an accident. . . . Come along, Carlotta, come along. I'll put on your fresh pinafore and then you can play in the sand before you have your fruit juice and your crackers."

The little girl followed her into the house, and together they climbed the back stairs to the nursery. When they were alone, Agnes kissed the child on the top of the head timidly, as if she were afraid of troubling Carlotta with her affection.

"Don't touch me, Agnes," Carlotta said.

"No, dear, I won't."

Agnes Shay had the true spirit of a maid. Moistened with dishwater and mild eau de cologne, reared in narrow and sunless bedrooms, in back passages, back stairs, laundries, linen closets, and in those servants' halls that remind one of a prison, her soul had grown docile and bleak. The ranks of service appeared to her as just and inflexible as the rings of Hell. She would no more have yielded Mrs. Garrison a place at the servants' table in the kitchen than Mrs. Garrison would have yielded her one in the gloomy dining room. Agnes loved the ceremonies of a big house. She drew the curtains in the living room at dark, lighted the candles on the table, and struck the dinner chimes like an eager altar boy. On fine evenings, when she sat on the back porch between the garbage pails and the woodbins, she liked to recall the faces of all the cooks she had known. It made her life seem rich.

Agnes had never been as happy as she was that summer. She loved the mountains, the lake, and the sky, and she had fallen in love with Carlotta as a youth falls in love. She worried about her own appearance. She worried about her fingernails, her handwriting, her education. Am I worthy? she wondered. The irascible and unhappy child was her only link with the morning, with the sun, with everything beautiful and exciting. To touch Carlotta, to lay her cheek against the child's warm hair, overpowered her with a sense of recaptured youth. Carlotta's mother would return from Reno in September and Agnes had prepared the speech she would make to her: "Let me take care of Carlotta, Mrs. Bronson! While you were away, I read all those articles in the *Daily News* about taking care of children. I love Carlotta. She's used to me. I know what she wants. . . ."

Mrs. Garrison was indifferent to children, and with Mrs. Bronson in Reno, Agnes had no rivals, but she was in continual torment lest something happen to Carlotta. She would not let her wear a scarf around her neck for fear it would catch on a nail or in some door and strangle the child. Every steep staircase, every deep body of water, the distant barking of every watchdog frightened Agnes. She dreamed at night that the house caught fire and, unable to save Carlotta, she threw herself into the flames. Now, added to her other anxieties, were the steel traps and the rifle. She could see Jim from the nursery window. The traps were not set, but that didn't make them any less dangerous, lying there on the ground where anyone could step on them. He had the rifle apart and was cleaning it with a rag, but Agnes felt as if the rifle were loaded and aimed at Carlotta's heart.

JIM heard his wife's voice, and he carried the parts of the rifle around to the terrace, where Ellen was sitting in a deck chair, having her breakfast from a tray. He kissed her, and thought how young, slender, and pretty she looked. They had spent very little of their married life in the country, and to be together on a bright, still morning made them both feel as if they had recaptured the excitement of their first meetings. The warmth of the sun, like a state of continuous and intense desire, blinded them to each other's imperfections.

They had planned to drive up Black Hill and see the Emerson place that morning. Ellen liked to visit abandoned farms with the idea of someday buying a house in the country. Jim humored her in this, although he wasn't really interested; and she, in turn, thought that she was deceiving him and that someday, somewhere, on some dismal hill they would find a farmhouse that would strike directly at his heart.

They drove up Black Hill as soon

as Ellen had finished her breakfast. These excursions to abandoned homesteads had taken them over many neglected back roads, but the one up Black Hill was as bad as anything Jim had seen yet. It would be impassable between October and May.

When they reached the Emerson place, Ellen looked from the modest, weathered farmhouse to Jim's face, to see what his reaction would be. Neither of them spoke. Where she saw charm and security, he saw advanced dilapidation and imprisonment.

The farm lay high on the hill but in a fold of the land, and Jim noticed that while the contour sheltered the house from the lake winds, it also deprived it of any view of the water or the mountains. He noticed, too, that every fair-sized tree within a thousand yards of the granite doorstep had been felled. The sun beat on the tin roof. In one of the front windows, like a talisman, he thought, of the meagre rural life he detested, was a faded Red Cross sticker.

They left the car and walked across the dooryard. The grass there was waist high and filled with sweet clover. Briars tore at Jim's pants. The rusted latch came off in his hands when he tried the door. He followed Ellen impatiently through the dark, smelly rooms as he had followed her through rooms in a similar state of dilapidation in Maine, Massachusetts, Connecticut, and Maryland. Ellen was a woman with many inexpressible fears—of traffic, of poverty, and, particularly, of war—and these remote, improbable houses represented safety and security to her.

"Of course, if we bought the place," she said, "we'd have to put at least ten thousand dollars into it. We'd just be buying the land. I realize that."

"Well, I'll admit six thousand is a good price for that much land," he said tactfully. He lit a cigarette and looked through a broken window at a pile of rusted farm machinery.

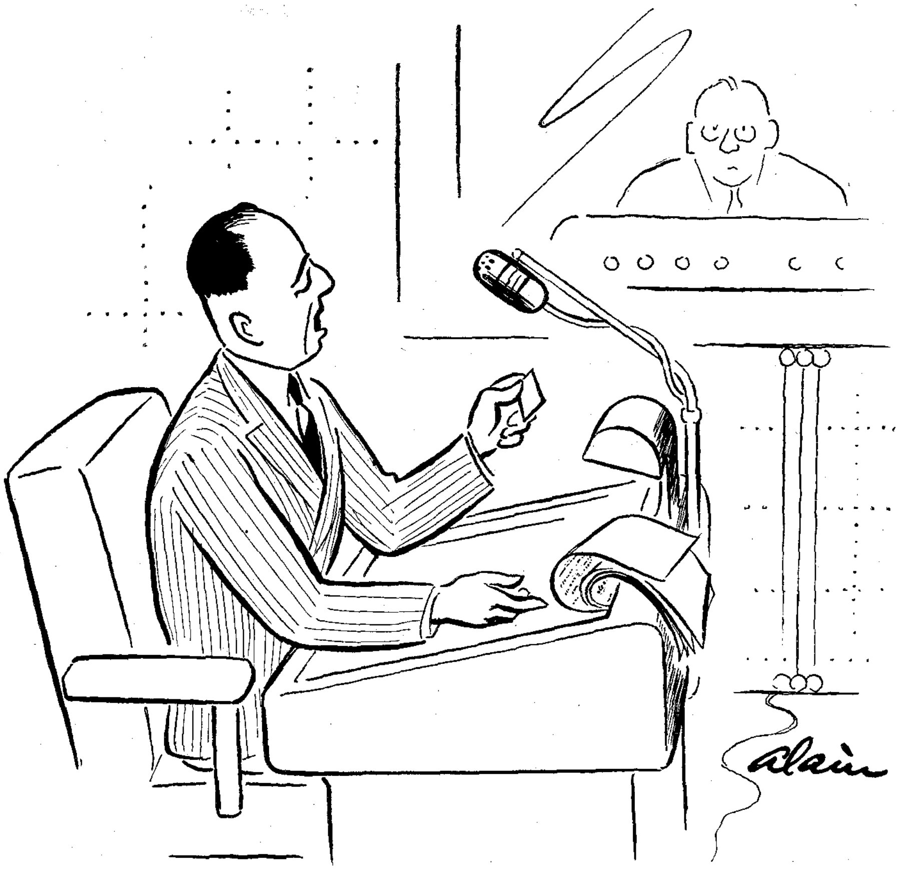
"You see, we could tear down all these partitions," she said.

"Yes," he said.

"I feel more and more that we've got to get some base away from New York," she said. "If there was a war, we'd be caught like rats. Of course, if we left the city altogether I'm not sure how we could make a living. We could open a deep-freeze locker."

"I don't know much about freezers," he said.

This dialogue was as much a part of his visits to the country, he thought, as the swimming and the drinking; and it would be brief. "Then you don't like the place?" she asked, and when he said no, she sighed and stepped from the dark hallway into the sun. He followed her and closed the door. She looked behind her as if he had closed the door on her salvation, and then she took his arm and walked beside him to the car.



"... and now for a look at the bright side of the news."

MRS. GARRISON, Ellen, and Jim ate their lunch that day on the terrace. Ingrid and Timmy ate in the kitchen, and Agnes Shay fed Carlotta in the nursery. Then she undressed the child, drew the blinds, and put her to bed. She lay on the floor beside the bed and fell into a sound sleep herself. At three, she woke and roused Carlotta. The child was sweaty and cross.

When Carlotta was dressed, Agnes took her down to the living room. Mrs. Garrison was waiting there. It was one of the rituals of that summer that she should spend an hour with Carlotta each afternoon. Left alone with her grandmother, the child sat stiffly in a chair. Mrs. Garrison and the little girl bored one another.

Mrs. Garrison had led an unusually comfortable life, so well sustained by friends and by all sorts of pleasures that she retained a striking buoyancy. She was impulsive, generous, and very kind. She was also restless. "What shall we do, Carlotta?" she asked.

"I don't know," the child said.

"Shall I make you a necklace of daisies, Carlotta?"

"Yes."

"Well, you wait here, then. Don't touch the candy or the things on my desk, will you?"

Mrs. Garrison went into the hall and got a basket and some shears. The lawn below the terrace ended abruptly in a field that was covered with white-and-yellow daisies. She filled her basket with them. When she returned to the living room, Carlotta was still sitting stiffly in her chair. Mrs. Garrison did not trust the child and she inspected the desk before she settled herself on the sofa. She began to push a threaded needle through the hairy flowers. "I'll make you a necklace and a bracelet and a crown," she said.

"I don't want a daisy necklace," Carlotta said.

"But you told me you wanted one."

"I want a *real* necklace," Carlotta said. "I want a pearl necklace like Aunt Ellen has."

"Oh, dear," Mrs. Garrison said. She put aside her needle and the flowers. She remembered her first pearls. She had worn them to a party in Baltimore. It had been a wonderful party and the memory excited her for a moment. Then she felt old.

"You're not old enough to have pearls," she told Carlotta. "You're just a little girl." She spoke quietly, for the memory of Baltimore had reminded her of other parties; of the yacht-club party at which she had sprained her ankle and the masquerade she had attended dressed as Sir Walter Raleigh. The day had got very hot. The heat made Mrs. Garrison sleepy and encouraged her to reminisce. She thought about Philadelphia and Bermuda, and became so absorbed in these memories that she was startled when Carlotta spoke again.

"I'm not a little girl," Carlotta said suddenly. "I'm a big girl!" Her voice broke and tears came to her eyes. "I'm bigger than Timmy and Ingrid and everybody!"

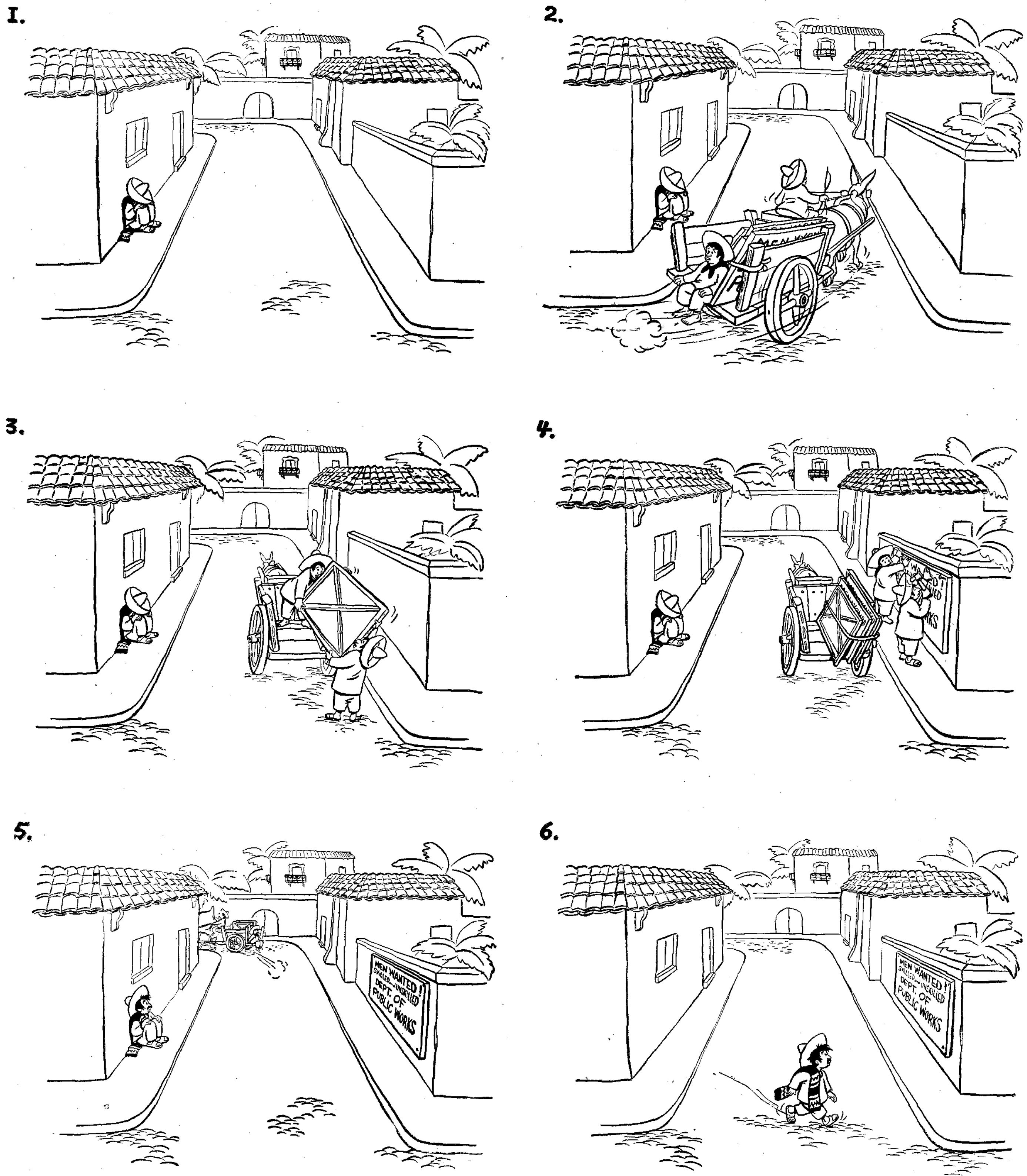
"You'll be big enough in time," Mrs. Garrison said. "Stop crying."

"I want to be a big lady. I want to be a big lady like Aunt Ellen and Mummy."

"And when you're as big as your mother, you'll wish you were a child again!" Mrs. Garrison said angrily.

"I want to be a lady," the child cried. "I don't want to be little. I don't want to be a little girl."

"Stop it," Mrs. Garrison called, "stop crying. It's too hot. You don't know what you want. Look at me. I spend half my time wishing I were young enough to dance. It's ridiculous, it's perfectly . . ." She noticed a shadow crossing the lowered awning at the win-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MEN WANTED! SKILLED—UNSKILLED DEPT. OF PUBLIC WORKS

dow. She went to the window and saw Nils Lund going down the lawn. He would have overheard everything. This made her intensely uncomfortable. Carlotta was still crying. She hated to hear the child cry. It seemed as if the meaning of that hot afternoon, as if for a second her life, depended upon the little girl's happiness.

"Is there anything you'd like to do, Carlotta?"

"No."

"Would you like a piece of candy?"

"No, thank you."

"Would you like to wear my pearls?"

"No, thank you."

Mrs. Garrison decided to cut the interview short and she rang for Agnes.

IN the kitchen, Greta and Agnes were drinking coffee. The lunch dishes had been washed and the turmoil that attended dinner had not begun. The kitchen was cool and clean and the grounds were still. They met there every afternoon and it was the pleasantest hour of their day.

"Where is *she*?" Greta asked.

"*She's* in there with Carlotta," Agnes said.

"*She* was talking to herself in the garden this morning," Greta said. "Nils heard her. Now she wants him to move some lilies. He won't do anything. He won't even cut the grass."

"Emma cleaned the living room," Agnes said. "Then *she* comes in with all those flowers."

"Next summer I go back to Sweden," Greta said.

"Does it still cost four hundred dollars?" Agnes asked.

"Yes," Greta said. In order to avoid saying *ja*, she hissed the word. "Maybe next year it won't cost so much. But if I don't go next year, Ingrid will be twelve years old and she'll cost full fare. I want to see my mother. She's old."

"You should go," Agnes said.

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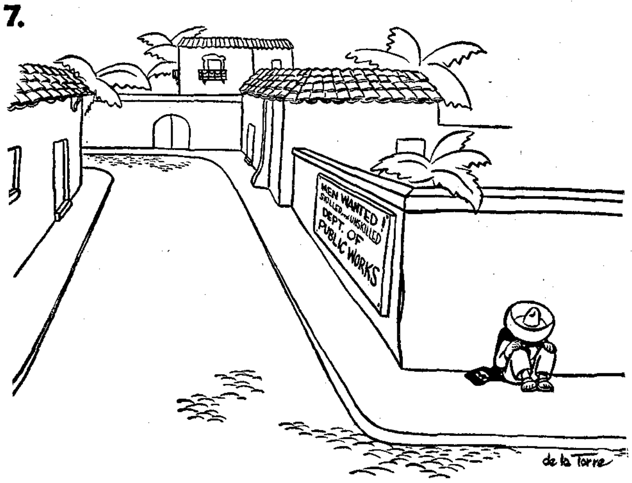


"I went in 1927, 1935, and 1937," Greta said.

"I went home in 1937," Agnes said. "That was the last time. My father was an old man. I was there all summer. I thought I'll go the year after, but *she* said if I go she fires me, so I didn't go. And that winter my father died. I wanted to see him."

"I want to see my mother," Greta said.

"They talk about the scenery here," Agnes said. "These little mountains! Ireland is like a garden."

"Would I do it again, I ask myself," Greta said. "Now I'm too old. Look at my legs. Varicose veins." She moved one of her legs out from underneath the table for Agnes to see.

"I have nothing to go back for," Agnes said. "My brothers are dead, both my brothers. I have nobody on the other side. I wanted to see my father."

"Oh, that first time I come here," Greta cried. "It was like a party on that boat. Get rich. Go home. Get rich. Go home."

"Me, too," Agnes said. They heard thunder. Mrs. Garrison rang again impatiently.

A STORM came down from the north then. The wind blew a gale, a green branch fell onto the lawn and the house resounded with cries and the noise of slammed windows. When the rain and the lightning came, Mrs. Garrison watched them from her bedroom window. Carlotta and Agnes hid in a closet. Jim and Ellen and their son were at the beach and they watched the storm from the door of the boathouse. It raged for half an hour and then blew off to the west, leaving the air chill, bitter, and clean; but the afternoon was over.

While the children were having their supper, Jim went up to the corn patch and set and baited his traps. As he started down the hill, he smelled baking cake from the kitchen. The sky had cleared, the light on the mountains was soft, and the house seemed to have all its energies bent toward dinner. He saw Nils by the chicken house and called good evening to him, but Nils didn't reply.

Mrs. Garrison, Jim, and Ellen had cocktails before they went in to dinner, then wine, and when they took their brandy and coffee onto the terrace, they were slightly drunk. The sun was setting.

"I got a letter from Reno," Mrs. Garrison said. "Florrie wants me to bring Carlotta to New York when I go down on the twelfth for the Peyton wedding."

"Shay will die," Ellen said.

"Shay will perish," Mrs. Garrison said.

The sky seemed to be full of fire. They could see the sad, red light through the pines. The odd winds that blow just before dark in the mountains brought, from farther down the lake, the words of a song, sung by some children at a camp there:

"There's a camp for girls
On Bellows Lake.
Camp Massassoit's
Its name.
From the rise of sun
Till the day is done,
There is lots of fun
Down there . . ."

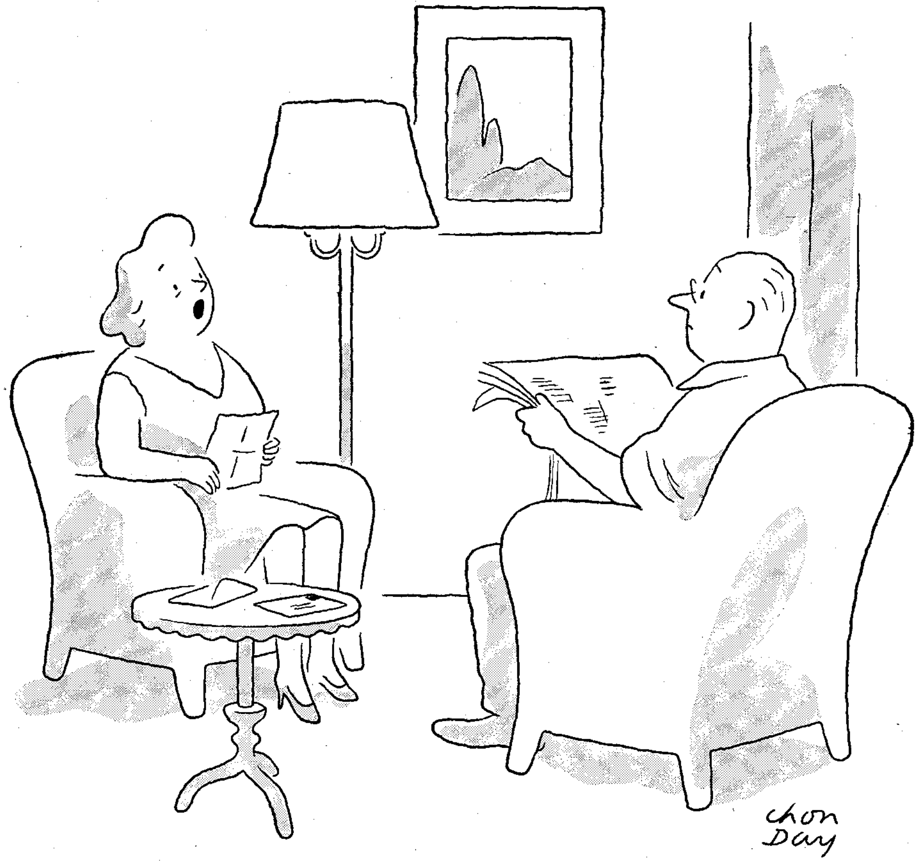
The voices were shrill, bright, and trusting. Then the changing wind extinguished the song and blew some wood smoke down along the slate roof to where the three people sat. There was a rumble of thunder.

"I never hear thunder," Mrs. Garrison said, "without recalling that Enid Clark was struck dead by lightning."

"Who was she?" Ellen said.

"She was an extraordinarily disagreeable woman," Mrs. Garrison said. "She took a bath in front of an open window one afternoon and was struck dead by lightning. Her husband had wrangled with the bishop, so she wasn't buried from the cathedral. They set her up beside the swimming pool and had the funeral service there, and there wasn't anything to drink. We drove back to New York after the ceremony and your father stopped along the way at a bootlegger's and bought a case of Scotch. It was a Saturday afternoon and there was a football game and a lot of traffic outside Princeton. We had that French-Canadian chauffeur, and his driving had always made me nervous. I spoke to Ralph about it and he said I was a fool, and five minutes later the car was upside down. I was thrown out of the open window into a stony field, and the first thing your father did was to look into the luggage compartment to see what had happened to the Scotch. There I was, bleeding to death, and he was counting bottles."

Mrs. Garrison arranged a steamer rug over her legs and looked narrowly at the lake and the mountains. The



"It must be wonderful up there! Amy says they sleep with their blanket turned on every night."

• •

noise of footsteps on the gravel drive alarmed her. Guests? She turned and saw that it was Nils Lund. He left the driveway for the lawn and came across the grass toward the terrace, shuffling in shoes that were too big for him. His cowlick, his short, faded hair, his spare figure, and the line of his shoulders reminded Jim of a boy. It was as if Nils' growth, his spirit, had been stopped in some summer of his youth, but he moved wearily and without spirit, like a broken-hearted old man. He came to the foot of the terrace and spoke to Mrs. Garrison without looking at her. "I no move the lilies, Mrs. Garrison."

"What, Nils?" she asked, and leaned forward.

"I no move the lilies."

"Why not?"

"I got too much to do." He looked at her and spoke angrily. "All winter I'm here alone. There's snow up to my neck. The wind screams so, I can't sleep. I work for you seventeen years and you never been here once in the bad weather."

"What has the winter got to do with the lilies, Nils?" she asked calmly.

"I got too much to do. Move the lilies. Move the roses. Cut the grass. Every day you want something different. Why is it? Why are you better than me? You don't know how to do anything but kill flowers. I grow the flowers. You kill them. If a fuse burns out, you don't know how to do it. If something leaks, you don't know how to do it. You kill flowers. That's all you know how to do. For seventeen years I wait for you all winter," he shouted. "You write me, 'Is it warm? Are the flowers pretty?' Then you come. You sit here. You drink. Goddam you people. You killed my wife. Now you want to kill me. You—"

"Shut up, Nils," Jim said.

Nils turned quickly and retreated across the lawn, so stricken with self-consciousness that he seemed to limp. None of them spoke, for they had the feeling, after he had disappeared behind the hedge, that he might be hiding there, waiting to hear what they would say. Then Ingrid and Greta came up the lawn from their evening walk, overburdened with the stones and wild flowers that they brought back from these excursions to decorate their rooms above the garage. Greta told Jim that something was caught in a trap in the corn patch. She thought it was a cat.

Jim got the rifle and a flashlight and went up the hill to the gardens. As he approached the corn patch, he could hear a wild, thin crying. Then the animal, whatever it was, began to pound the dirt. The stroke was strong, as regular as a heartbeat, and accompanied by the small rattling of the trap chain. When Jim reached the patch, he turned his light into the broken stalks. The animal hissed, sprang in the direction of the light; but it could not escape the chain. It was a fat, humpbacked coon. Now it hid from the light in the ruined corn. Jim waited. Against the starlight he could see the high, ragged stand of corn and when a breeze passed through the leaves they rattled like sticks. The coon, driven by pain, began to strike the ground convulsively and Jim held the light against the barrel of the rifle and fired twice. When the coon was dead, he unstaked the trap and carried it and the carcass out of the garden.

It was an immense, still, and beautiful night. Instead of returning to the drive, he took a short cut through the garden and across a field toward the tool house. The ground was very dark. He moved cautiously and awkwardly. The heavy carcass smelled like a dog. "Mr. Brown, Mr. Brown, oh, Mr. Brown," someone called. It was Agnes. Her voice was breathless and fretful. Agnes and Carlotta were standing in the field. They were in nightgowns. "We heard the noise," Agnes called. "We heard the gun going off. We were afraid there had been an accident. Of course I knew Carlotta was all right. She was right beside me. Weren't you, dear? But we couldn't sleep. We couldn't close our eyes after we heard the noise. Is everything all right?"

"Yes," Jim said. "There was a coon in the garden."

"Where's the coon?" Carlotta asked.

"The coon's gone on a long, long journey, dear," Agnes said. "Come now, come along, sweet. I hope nothing else will wake us up, don't you?" They turned and started back toward the house, warning one another of the sticks and ditches and other perils of the country. Their conversation was filled with diminutives, timidity, and vagueness. He wanted to help them, he wanted urgently to help them, he wanted to offer them his light, but they reached the house without his help and he heard the back door close on their voices.

—JOHN CHEEVER

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Susan Peters, still confined to her wheel chair, is taking horseback riding lessons as another step in her progress.—*Los Angeles Daily News.*

That we must see.

BOBANCE, MAN OF TASTE

OFTEN, in the last twenty years, I have thought of Assistant Lieutenant Bobance, retired, under whom I served in Burgundy in 1927 in a successful campaign that has never been confided to military history. Usually these thoughts occurred while I sat at a restaurant table with a glass in my hand. The wine in my glass was often good, but even when it was excellent I was aware that Assistant Lieutenant Bobance would not have approved of my method of wine-tasting. I was paying for my drinks, and that was a violation of the Bobance strategic doctrine.

The only blood for which my old commander thirsted was the blood of the grape, and he seldom thirsted long. He was a master of concealment and surprise, and since the publishing mode continues to be for military biographies, I have felt impelled to set down this tribute to a great soldier.

The fact is that Assistant Lieutenant Bobance and I used to drink Vosne-Romanée, Romanée Conti, Chambolle-Musigny, and the veritable Richebourg without paying a sou. Together we reeled in the white dust of the Burgundian roads, sweating through every pore vintages that I shall never again be able to afford. One evening, when he fell on his face only fifty feet from his own door, Mme. Bobance helped me drag him into the café of which he was the proprietor and cried that she was an unhappy woman. "What a life!" she wailed. "What a life he leads me! Instead of encouraging the clients to drink in his own house, he gets black with them outside. Our competitors profit from my misfortunes." Actually, I spent very little money outside of the Bobances' inn, where I was stopping, but Bobance had never seen fit to enlighten Madame; he did not wish to reveal our procedure.

Assistant Lieutenant Bobance, retired, was a portly man with a round head and a face like a mustachioed tomato. He was not of the countryside in which he kept his inn, l'Auberge de l'Ecu d'Or. The Assistant Lieutenant was a Lorrainer, a native of Nancy, and the Burgundians considered him neither a good weather prophet nor a good judge of wines. For the rest, they admitted that Assistant Lieutenant Bobance was a cultivated man who had been in Indo-China and who, to hear him tell about it, had been a great hero in the war. There was only one war to talk about then, that of 1914. But they did not invite him into their cellars and ask him for his opinion, because he could not tell you whether the wine of a new *cru* would gain finish in five years or perish ignominiously. Oenologically speaking, he had lacked early advantages. So the Assistant Lieutenant could only dream of all the good wine stored in the cellars of the vicinity while he drank his own sour *vin ordinaire*. He could also, of course, drink *les apéros* from behind the bar, but his wife was always watching and ready to make a scandal, because apéritifs are dear. And, after all, they aren't the same thing.

I think that when I entered the inn of the Ecu d'Or, Assistant Lieutenant Bobance recognized me not as the funnel through which the best wines of the Côte d'Or were to trickle gratuitously down his throat but merely as a fat American in knee pants, demanding board and lodging. Instantly he told me that the tariff of the house was twenty-five francs—amounting to a dollar—a day for a room and three meals. When I appeared astonished, he thought I had sensed the swindle. He had, in truth, quoted a rate two-thirds higher than his normal one. "Wine included," he said hastily. "All the wine you can drink with meals. The good wine of the district." This was a lie, because it was the very worst wine of the district. I accepted his terms and became a guest of the Ecu d'Or.

MY bedroom was over the cow barn. The chamber next to mine was tenanted by a Polish couple. The husband went to work on the railroad at five o'clock in the morning, and since they used their limited time intensively, I got my best sleep late. When I rose, at eight or nine, I would have my cup of chocolate and a piece of bread in the café of the inn and then walk out among the vineyards. It was September and the roads were warm and dusty; the grape leaves looked yellow on the hills. On the roads around the Ecu d'Or, the signposts are like wine cards: pointing to the south, they say Vougeot, Chambolle, Vosne-Romanée, Nuits-St.Georges, Beaune. The inn was within the communal limits of Gevrey-Chambertin. I had no practical reason for being in that region. In Paris, the Côte d'Or had seemed an interesting place to be, and it was on the direct line between the capital and Marseille, where I was to board a liner in a couple of weeks. But since the French believe that there must be

ASK MAMA FOR KEENIES
THE DELICIOUS BREAKFAST CEREAL
cobean

a logical reason for everything, word got about that I was an American wine buyer. The *vignerons* were too tactful to ask direct questions. It is my impression, however, that Assistant Lieutenant Bobance told them plenty.

After dinner on my second evening, he cajoled me into playing a game rather like parcheesi, with nuances in the rules that I never quite understood. Because of the nuances, which he explained to me very carefully as the situations calling for them arose, he won five consecutive games. At the end of each, I bought him and myself a drink. Three or four farmers from the district watched us from another table. Each had one drink, which he made outlast our five. As I started out to cross the courtyard to my room, carrying my candlestick, I could see that Bobance had joined the farmers at their table.

The following day, the Assistant Lieutenant proposed that we take an afternoon walk together. He said he supposed I was interested in wines. I said, naturally, that I was. Bobance informed me that some of the local proprietors had a coöperative winery. One of them, a M. Rameau, had been in the café on the previous evening and had suggested that the Assistant Lieutenant bring me to the winery for a visit. I said that I would be charmed. When Bobance went into the kitchen to announce that he was taking the afternoon off, I could hear Madame's whining voice raised in some objection. Then the rich parade-ground voice of the Assistant Lieutenant: "I will pass you a few slaps!" And Mme. Bobance, shrilly: "What a life! What a life!" Bobance emerged, breathing hard, and we set out.

The narrow white side road that we took ran through fields of sourish grapes, not fully ripe. We nibbled them as we walked. After about a third of a mile we came to an *estaminet*. The sweat rolled down the lobes of Bobance's ears and he looked as if he might collapse. "It's worse than Morocco," he said. "And besides, I really ought to see how my competitors' affairs march." So we went into the *estaminet* and I bought a drink. This happened a couple of times before we arrived at the *Caves Syndicales des Viticulteurs Réunis du Vicinage*, a low concrete structure, the rear of which was built into the side of a hill. I recognized M. Rameau when he came to greet us as one of the men who had been at the Ecu d'Or.

"It was extremely nice of you to come on such a hot afternoon," he said ceremoniously. "Come into the interior, where it is cool."

In there, for a moment, I couldn't see at all, but I could feel Bobance nudge my ribs with his elbow. "Not too much enthusiasm for the first wine," he mumbled in my ear. "The afternoon is long."

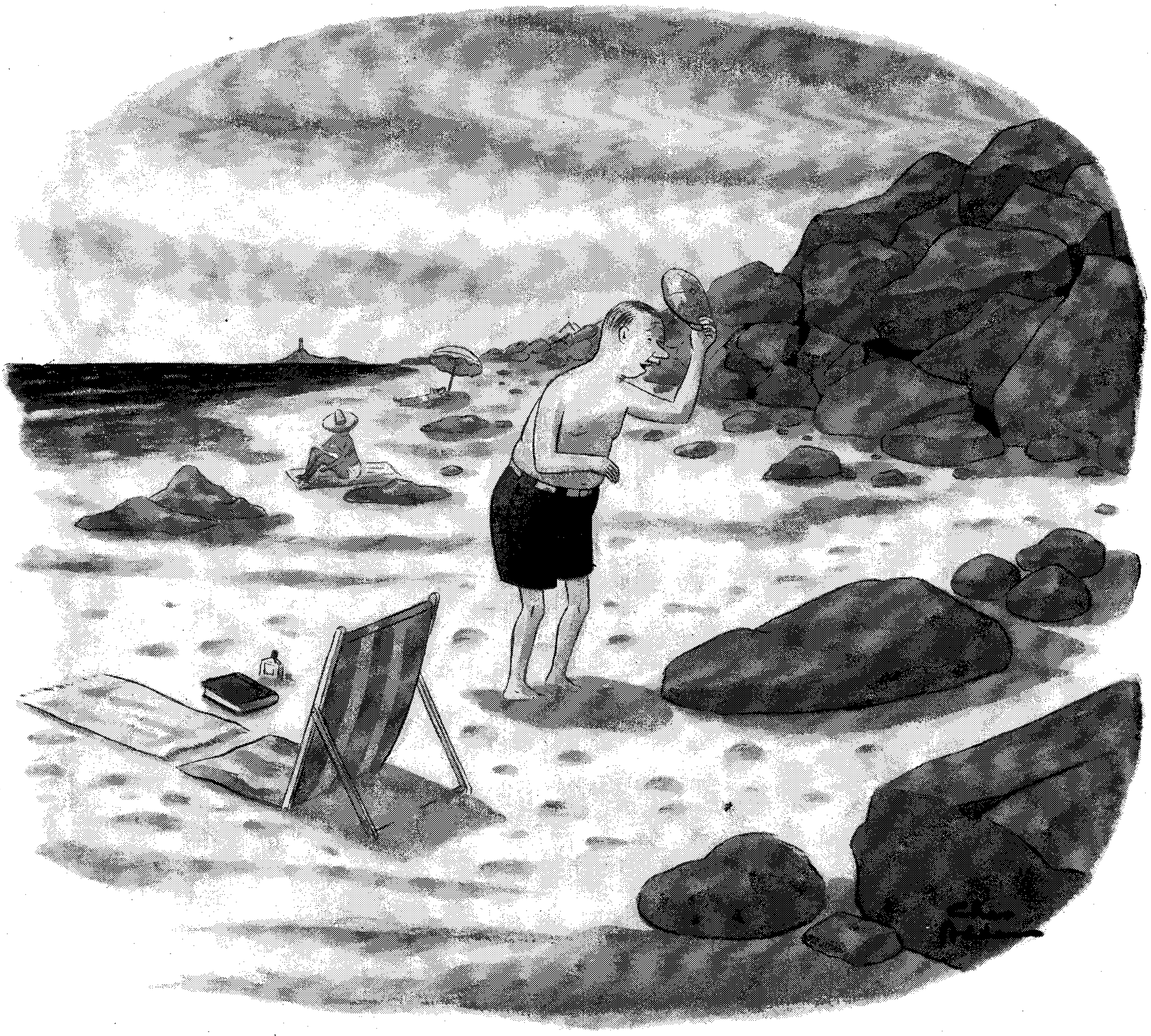
M. Rameau, who had disappeared into the shadows, returned with three large metal drinking cups and led the way to the first barrel he proposed tasting. Using a syphon, he drew off three drinks. I was the putative buyer, but it would have been discourteous to omit Bobance from the round. Moreover, my landlord obviously had influence over me. I drank. "There is no room for discussion about that," I said. "It's a good wine. Honest. A taste of the earth. But still, all the same, a bit young, eh?" M. Rameau was not displeased. "Over here," he said, "we have another *cru*, les Violettes. You are going to see." The three of us drank deep. I withheld my comment momentarily, but smacked my lips. "Another shot?" M. Rameau asked gaily. He had Bobance's empty cup in his hand before he finished his question. We all drank, and I said, "It has finesse, agreed, but it lacks a little of body."

M. Rameau led us on. We had forgotten the heat outside, and I sensed that M. Rameau, after his third drink, found us sympathetic. Like Bobance, he was willing that our quest for perfection should lead to many casks. To ensure this result, I relied upon an alternation of comments: "It has bouquet, it has velvet, but it lacks, all the same, of vigor" and "It has strength, all right, it is a mouthful, it warms you the heart, but concede, my dear Rameau, that it is, all the same, rough." Almost any wine must fall in one or the other category. How many hours we remained submerged in the darkness of the cave I could not estimate. My voice sounded mechanical in my ears, like a phonograph record of a French lesson. From somewhere in the dark, Rameau continued to hand out full cups; I pushed them back into the shadows empty. Since we often lingered over one cask, it sometimes happened that I made contradictory comments on the same *cru*. Rameau politely ignored such anomalies. Bobance, invisible, was only a continuous gurgle in the obscurity.

"These are honest wines," Rameau said. "They are bottled in the commune of origin, not like the wines in the big warehouses in Beaune and Nuits-St. Georges. They haven't been worked, mixed with stuff from other vineyards." He was drawing wine of a sort he called le Clos St. Jacques. I drank some, and to save my soul I could not say anything against it. I knew Bobance would be angry, but I had to end the game. From being so long in the cave, I was beginning to feel like a stalagmite. "This wine," I said, "is perfect. It is the most remarkable wine of France." The effect upon Rameau was incredibly felicitous. "You are exactly of my advice!" he shouted. "This wine is grown upon my own three acres! Of all the wines in the cellar, you pick precisely the wine of Rameau. We must celebrate this with *marc!*" So we began drinking the *marc*, the old Burgundian brandy, distilled from Rameau's wine.

Days later, it seemed, we staggered out into the light. Green-and-orange jellyfish, rising before my eyes like Roman candles, obscured my vision at first, but after a while they cleared away and I could see that it was still daylight, with the sun low in all four quarters of the sky and a little rabbit hopping along the road and Assistant Lieutenant Bobance running after it shouting, "*Faisons la carrousse!*"

ON succeeding afternoons, Bobance and I visited other cellars. The entire countryside soon knew about me. Rameau had spread the word that I was a Daniel among winetasters. As yet I had not mentioned buying even one case of wine. None of the proprietors wished to offend me by introducing the subject. When we ran out of strictly local cellars, I hired the village taximan to drive Bobance and me to Nuits-St. Georges, eight miles away. My legend had preceded us. We were welcomed to the cellars of the largest wholesale firm. Bobance was a little frightened. After all, he would have to continue to live in the district when I was gone. But after the first six free drinks, he was all right. I asked the *chef de cave*, "Is this wine of homogeneous origin or has it been worked, *hein?*" "Of course it has been worked," he said. "By blending good wines, you get a better wine." I said that I preferred straight wines. He admitted that he had some vintage



"Pardon me, Madam. I wonder if you've seen a pair of glasses around here."

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Burgundies and led us on to untampered-with *crus* of Romanée and Vosne-Romanée.

"You know," I said kindly, after drinking about three pints, "you do yourself a great disservice. If you had château bottling, as they have in Bordeaux, people would have more faith in the authenticity of your wines." The *chef de cave*, a hairy, grizzled man with rheumy eyes and a face like Vercingetorix, rose in the air like a gamecock. "Bordeaux!" he howled. "Bordeaux! *La mise en bouteille au château!* What a filthy deception. Ah, Monsieur, if you only knew what they do to the wine *in* the châteaux!" He laughed bitterly. "They mix glucose in their wine!" he shouted. "They mix Algerian vinegar in their wine! Besides, it is known that only a girl with the greensickness can find any taste in the very best of clarets. Come with me! I will show you wine." He dragged us off to a cask of Richebourg that was just about to be bottled. We filled ourselves with Richebourg as a mosquito sucks blood. And the *chef de cave* stood over us, enormous, ominous, with a wooden mallet in his hand, as if forcing us to drink hemlock. "Ah, ah!" he repeated. "Tell me, is there wine in Bordeaux like that? *Their* châteaux! *Their* châteaux! Ah, oh, euh, ah!"

That was the night Assistant Lieutenant Bobance fell on his face. And later, as I lay on my bed over the cow barn, I could hear Mme. Bobance screaming, "What a life! What a life!" And Assistant Lieutenant Bobance: "Peace, woman! Peace! It was only a tour of *dégustation*. We went to taste a little wine."

On a return trip, which I made to the Côte d'Or not very long ago, I failed to find my old chief. I had lunch at the inn he formerly conducted, but the new proprietor said M. Bobance, from whom he had bought the place, had moved to Dijon and drunk himself to death. "After the death of Madame, he was inconsolable," he said.

—A. J. LIEBLING

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TEACHER

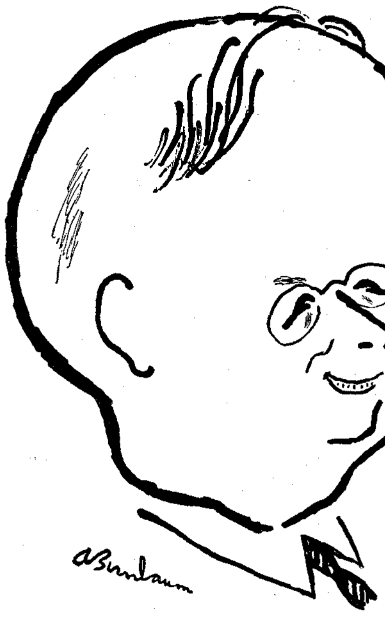
As counsellor in damp camp, experienced. Box D-872.—*Adv. in the New Rochelle (N.Y.) Standard-Star.*

Someone with a cheerful disposition and a rubber poncho.

PROFILES ⁂

DEMOCRACY'S FRIEND

II—SMEARS, SNEERS, SNARLS, SNORTS, AND SNAPS



Leon Milton Birkhead

THE years just before America entered the second World War were exhilarating ones for the Reverend Leon Milton Birkhead, a Unitarian minister and the head of Friends of Democracy, Inc., who was, and still is, much perturbed about the seeming lack of loyalty of many of his fellow-citizens toward their democratic form of government. For ten years, he has been diligently calling attention to the activities of all Americans of an extreme Right Wing or extreme Left Wing point of view, whom he lumps together, no matter how disagreeable his matchmaking may be to them, as enemies of democracy. Birkhead founded his outfit in Kansas City, Missouri, in 1937, but it did not begin to function on a really large scale until he set up a New York branch of it in 1939, at the time of the clash between American interventionists and isolationists, and the hasty reshuffling of ideological bedmates that resulted in this country from the unexpected bundling of Stalin and Hitler. Birkhead, an outspoken interventionist, who even a year before the fighting in Europe began was taking the affirmative in debates on the topic "Should the United States declare war against Nazi Germany?," was delighted when the Nazi-Soviet agreement put American Fascist-sympathizers and American Communist-sympathizers together in the isolationist fold, and Friends of Democracy, which in its turbulent existence has published and distributed forty million pieces of pro-democratic literature, promptly got out a leaflet in which Hitler, Mussolini, and Stalin were called "three birds of a single feather" and "the three arch troublemakers of the world." This document ended with the exhortation "AMERICANS! AWAKE! UPHOLD AMERICAN DEMOCRACY! Resist the menace of Nazism, Fascism, and Communism! Don't put your hands up for HITLER, MUSSOLINI, or STALIN." Nowadays, it sometimes irritates the extreme nationalists in this country, who often insist that Birkhead is a Communist or a Communist stooge, to be reminded that way back before Pearl Harbor, when their disapproval was mostly being lavished on President Roosevelt, Birkhead was resolutely growling at the very Russian statesmen whom they now abhor but were then disposed to regard as a pretty nice bunch of fellows.

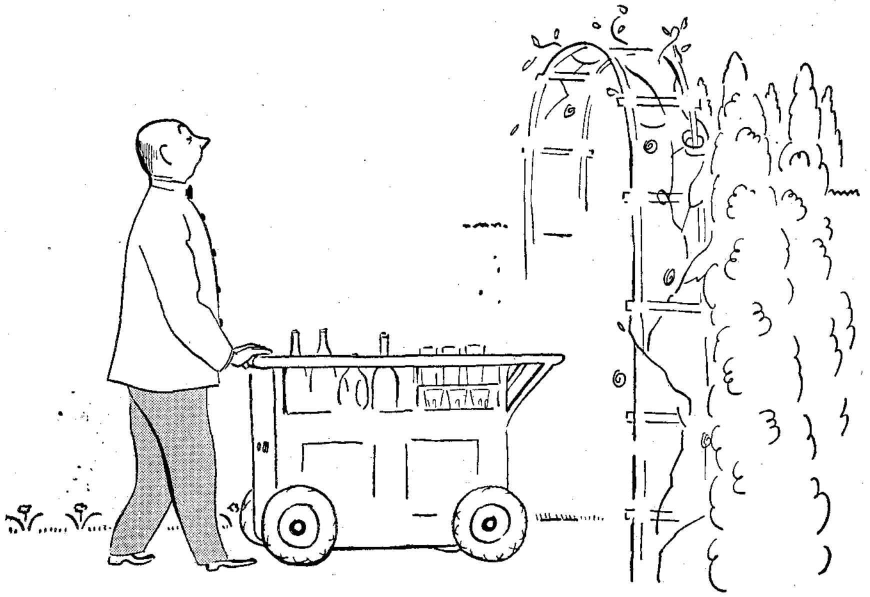
Birkhead feels that he is obliged to attack all manifestations of what he considers anti-democratic propaganda. He also believes that totalitarian-minded Americans can be prevented from upsetting democracy if their motives, objectives, attitudes, and affiliations are given widespread notice. Accordingly, Friends of Democracy devotes most of its time to bestowing on the enemies of democracy what its director likes to describe as "pitiless publicity." Birkhead spends nine-tenths of his time calling uncomplimentary attention to the propagandists of the extreme Right, an apportionment precisely the reverse of that favored by the House Un-American Activities Committee. Birkhead does this because he is convinced that Fascism, which would obviously come from the Right, is a greater threat to American democracy than Communism, which would come from the Left, and that the job of attacking Left Wing extremists is occupying all the time and effort of a dozen public and private agencies, whereas only a few groups are keeping tabs on Right Wing extremists. Considering that he has been mixed up in liberal and progressive movements for more than forty of his sixty-two years, Birkhead has been given a remarkably clean bill of health by the House Committee. In 1944, that body, then under the chairmanship of Martin Dies, published a report that ostensibly dealt with supporters of the National Citizens Political Action Committee but in effect constituted an almanac on the organizational affiliations of all Americans whose names had ever appeared on the letterhead of any left-of-center group. This report was issued for the private edification of congressmen, but copies of it reached quite a number of full-time anti-Communists, who regard Mr. Dies' findings as a guidebook of nearly Biblical importance. Birkhead was mentioned only four times in the volume—in connection with two Left Wing organizations he no longer belonged to—which, by Dies Committee standards, should make him practically a reactionary.

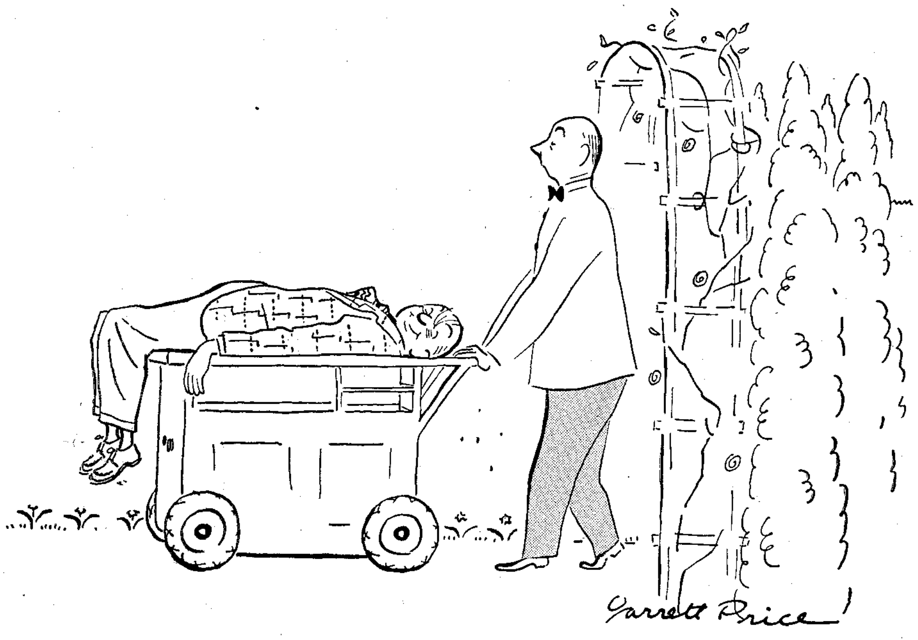
Birkhead has set forth his own criteria for judging the enemies of democracy in two pamphlets published this year—"How to Identify an American Communist" and "How to Recognize an American Pro-Fascist." In the first, he remarks that "if an individual or an organization can be classified as coming within a major portion of these categories, that individual or organization can surely be said to be following the lead of the Communists." Among the categories are "advocacy of a foreign policy which coincides in all important respects with that advocated by Soviet Russia and which changes policy with changes in the U.S.S.R. line," "arguing that any foreign or domestic policy which does not fit into the Communist pattern is advanced for ulterior motives and not in the best interests of the people and world peace," "continually charging critics of Communism and the Communist Party with being Fascists and Red-baiters, no matter whether the criticism comes from liberals, conservatives, reactionaries, or those who actually can be called Fascists," "arguing for a class society by pitting one group against another, putting special privileges ahead of community needs, as, for example, claiming that labor has privileges but no responsibilities in dealing with management," and "declaring that capitalism and democracy are decadent because certain non-inherent injustices exist under these systems." As for pro-Fascists, Birkhead listed, in the second of the two pamphlets, twelve "characteristics of those who fit into the pattern." Among them are racism ("a cornerstone of the pro-Fascist movement everywhere. In America, it takes the form of 'White Supremacy' "); anti-Semitism and anti-Catholicism; anti-alienism, anti-refugeeism, and anti-everything foreign;

nationalism; isolationism and anti-internationalism ("in the sense that internationalism is a voluntary association of equal peoples"); Red-baiting ("anyone who is not a 'one-hundred-per-cent American' and an extreme Nationalist is apt to be dubbed a Communist"); and anti-democracy (" 'Democracy is decadent,' the Fascists everywhere declare"). In an introductory note, Birkhead said, "There are very few in the United States who admit being Fascists. Those who do fit into what might be called 'The Fascist Pattern' almost invariably proclaim that they are anti-Fascist, anti-Nazi, and anti-Communist."

Birkhead stalks his adversaries, before exposing and, if possible, demolishing them, with the persistence of a big-game hunter on a safari. His enthusiasm for the chase sometimes causes him to step heavily on crackling twigs, and occasionally to pepper with shot what at first glance appears to be a savage tiger but on close examination turns out to be a stray kitten. Since he is only one of many huntsmen on the trail of anti-democratic game, it is often difficult to tell whether the quarry has been brought down by him or by one of the others. The circumstantial evidence indicates that Birkhead is a pretty good shot. Before the war, one of the conspicuous isolationists was Father Charles E. Coughlin, priest of the Shrine of the Little Flower in Detroit, who had achieved national prominence in the thirties by engaging in several distinctly secular activities. As a radio commentator, Coughlin offered a weekly homily that attracted an audience of over three million; as a magazine editor, he put out a weekly distillation of opinion, *Social Justice*, that attained a circulation of a quarter million; as a politician, he helped, in 1936, to put up a Presidential candidate, William Lemke, who polled 891,858 popular votes, though not one electoral vote. Two years before this, Birkhead had begun, from the pulpit of his church in Kansas City, to attack his clerical colleague, and during the next four years he delivered quite a few lectures on Coughlin, challenged him to a debate on anti-Semitism (he got no answer), and sent telegrams to some influential people complaining about Coughlin's public utterances. One went to Edward A. Mooney, Archbishop of Detroit and the priest's immediate superior; another went to Cordell Hull, then Secretary of State, to whom Birkhead suggested that Coughlin, in view of his seeming eagerness to disseminate Nazi propaganda, should be invited to register with the Department as an agent of a foreign government. In February, 1939, Birkhead invaded Coughlin's territory and, in a speech to a Detroit audience, called the priest a "national menace." A little later, following the discovery of the existence of the Christian Front—an exclusive fraternity, some of whose younger Brooklyn members were so fascinated by firearms that they stole a few from the National Guard, presumably to hang on the walls of their clubrooms, and who seemed to consider Coughlin their chaplain, if not their front man—Birkhead telegraphed the Federal Communications Commission that if the priest were allowed a free hand much longer, there might be "revolution, civil war, and bloodshed."

At about the same time, Birkhead happened to go to a cocktail party in New York, and the hostess, as she was passing a tray of canapés, asked if any of her guests, most of whom were ladies and gentlemen of impressive means, agreed with her that something really ought to be done about that man Coughlin. The guests did agree, and one man proposed raising a campaign fund of a million dollars, presumably the smallest sum that could come into his mind. Birkhead, who was then running the Friends of Democracy office on a precarious, hand-to-mimeograph basis, murmured that his outfit might be able to accomplish something useful with as little as ten thousand dollars. No more was said of his niggardly proposal or the other man's grandiose one, and the conversation swirled on to another subject. The next morning, Birkhead was agreeably surprised when a messenger turned up at his office bearing two checks for five thousand dollars apiece, from a couple of people who had

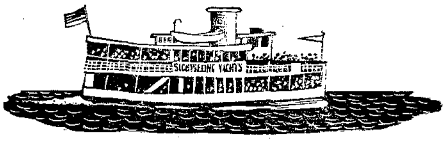




been at the party. They had earmarked their donations for the Coughlin campaign.

Thus unexpectedly endowed, Birkhead began to assemble source material for a comprehensive case history of the priest. In March, 1940, Friends of Democracy published and distributed to fifteen thousand prominent Catholics about the country an illustrated brochure entitled "Father Coughlin Self-Condemned" and consisting in the main of photostatic reproductions of items from *Social Justice* and similar publications, with editorial footnotes by the Friends of Democracy. To make sure that his primer on Coughlin would not suffer the inattention awarded most unsolicited mail, Birkhead had it designed in heroic size—eleven by sixteen inches. He considers that his mission is primarily educational, and he therefore offered no specific recommendations for action in his mailing piece. He merely demonstrated that Coughlin had the uncanny knack of making pronouncements on world affairs that, in tone, point of view, and even sentence structure, were remarkably like those of Joseph Goebbels. Birkhead wound up the booklet by calling Coughlin "a major disruptive force in the social and political life of the United States today" and "not only a danger to the integrity of the Roman Catholic Church but also to the elemental qualities of a civilized world: freedom of conscience, tolerance, charity, brotherly love, and respect for human dignity and personality." A few weeks afterward, Archbishop Mooney appointed a clerical committee to supervise Coughlin's radio programs. The priest soon lost his zest for broadcasting, and went off the air that summer. The circulation of *Social Justice* skidded, and the magazine stopped publishing early in 1942. Birkhead, totting up the cost of the brochure, plus researchers' salaries and a good many telegrams, found that his pursuit of Coughlin had consumed all but two hundred and forty dollars of his ten-thousand-dollar campaign fund. Thereupon—perhaps for the only time in the history of organizations supported solely by contributions—he returned to each of the two donors a hundred and twenty dollars. Father Coughlin has been soft-spoken ever since, even about Birkhead, whom he used to denounce bitterly in *Social Justice*. Asked recently to state his opinion of Birkhead, Coughlin replied with a variation of a classical maxim: "*De vivis nil nisi bonum.*"

Coughlin's involuntary self-condemnation was the first in a series of seven elaborate brochures that Friends of Democracy has issued, all of them outsize. In this way, Birkhead has honored with special mention—because of activities he thought particularly inimical to democracy—Gerald L. K. Smith, who, Birkhead decided in 1936, was the most likely potential American counterpart of Hitler; Henry Ford, who, Birkhead thought in 1940, had not satisfactorily explained away a series of anti-Semitic articles that were published in Ford's Dearborn *Independent* in the early twenties and are still being circulated as pamphlets by certain troublemakers; Charles A. Lindbergh, who, Birkhead thought in 1941, was entirely too popular in Nazi Germany; the America First Committee, which, Birkhead thought shortly before Pearl Harbor, was serving, wittingly or unwittingly, as a Nazi transmission belt; Joseph P. Kamp, head of the Constitutional Educational League, whom Birkhead has frequently denounced as a "peddler" of propaganda fancied by extreme Right Wingers; and Joseph E. McWilliams, the former pinup boy of the local Christian Front, who, in 1940, when Birkhead's dossier on him appeared, was running for Congress in Yorkville as the candidate of the American Destiny Party. The cover of the McWilliams exposé, a ten-by-fourteen-inch job, consisted of the words "Bundist," "Klux-er," "rabble-rouser," and "Fascist" printed over and over again. McWilliams did not like the quadruple distinction that had been conferred upon him, and he sued Birkhead for twenty thousand dollars damages, or five thousand per accusation, but he lost both the case and the election.



THROUGH the years, Birkhead has probably expended more ammunition on the Chicago *Tribune* than on any other target. He has never issued an oversize booklet on that publication, but he has put out many modest-sized pieces of literature dealing with it, plus, for that matter, quite a few about its seaboard cousin, the New York *Daily News*. Birkhead and the *Tribune* have exchanged a good deal of strong language. Friends of Democracy has mailed out a series of open letters in *Tribune* territory beginning "Dear Fellow Middle Westerners." In one dated June 29, 1945, the organization quoted a number of examples of the *Tribune's* violent attitude toward the Atlantic Charter, the 1943 Moscow Conference of Foreign Secretaries, and the international conclaves at Teheran, Cairo, Quebec, Bretton Woods, Dumbarton Oaks, Yalta, and San Francisco. "Is there need for any more," Friends of Democracy inquired, "to show what the Chicago *Tribune* is up to? Every particular one of the efforts to unify the forces of freedom against the forces of Fascism is met with sneers, snarls, snorts and hoots, rasping notes of warning, wails, snaps, and ranting. Do you get the point of it all? Well, we think we do too." Birkhead has been thus briskly spanking the *Tribune* and its publisher, Robert R. McCormick, for a decade, heedless of the counsel of his friend H. L. Mencken, who wrote to him in August, 1941, "I warn you against the enmity of Colonel McCormick. When the blowoff comes at last, if you are on his list, he'll pen you up on a deserted island in Lake Michigan."

McCormick may not have Birkhead on a list, but there is no doubt that he often has him on his mind. Birkhead has

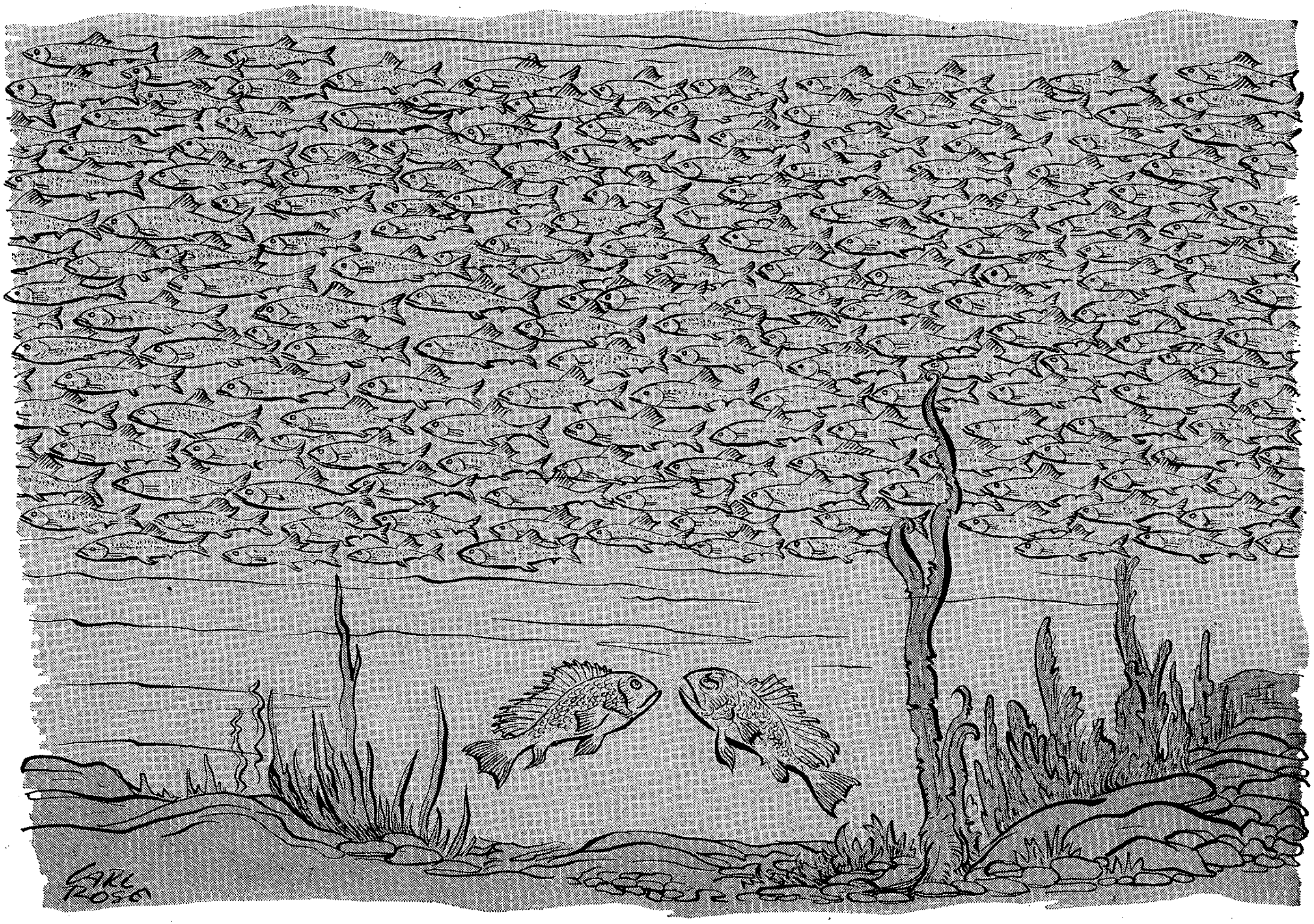
SUMMER STOCK

The scene: Some lake-front summer. Characters
Are seasonal, move slowly against trees,
A beach, blue water. The artful canvas shows,
Up left, the usual lovers and canoes,
And as we gaze, the lights blink down and down.
The switchboard man is ready with his moon.

For some time no one speaks. We can almost hear
The message of that painted lake—remember
There the stage-struck leaves, the anxious air.
Now we are sure that summer is forever.
Offstage and out of time, a screen door slams,
The prompter nods, and, see, the play begins.

—William Gibson

• •



"Sheep!"

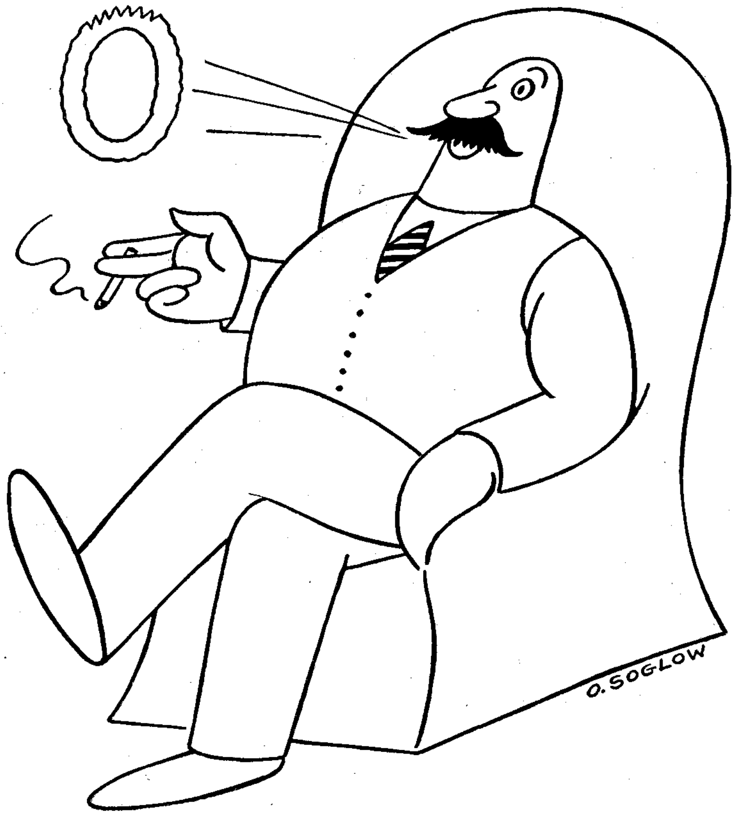
• •

been favored by the *Tribune* with so many sneers, snarls, snorts, hoots, rasps, wails, snaps, and rants that some friends of Friends of Democracy have concluded joyfully that he must have given McCormick real cause to fret. The *Tribune* has called Birkhead a disgraced, discredited, renegade, and dissident preacher, and a liar; it has run a cartoon depicting him holding the leash of a pet rat tagged "Communist front propaganda sheet." In addition, in case any of its readers have momentarily forgotten who McCormick thinks Birkhead is, it will often throw in some such completely inaccurate description as "an ex-parson who defiled his pulpit until his parishioners, disgusted with his preaching of free love, tossed him out." Birkhead reads the *Tribune* every day and is always diverted whenever it devises a new way of describing him. He was delighted when the *Tribune* immortalized him, after a fashion, by devoting a couple of surly paragraphs to him in its recent mammoth Hundredth Anniversary issue and then burying the edition in a time capsule. He was even more enchanted when the *Tribune*, early last winter, published a highly readable series of exercises in innuendo, in large part about him, entitled "The Smear Terror." It was written by John T. Flynn, a former liberal writer on economics for the *New Republic* who underwent, seven or eight years ago, a prodigious conversion and a change of publishers. A careful examination of the complex relations of Birkhead with the extreme Right and with the extreme Left cannot overlook the use of the word "smear." The extreme Left, in disparaging its opposition, is particularly fond of terming all adverse comment "Red-baiting," and the extreme Right is particularly fond of denouncing all enemy activity as "character assassinating," but both extremes, as well as some people in the middle, dote even more on "smear." In "The Smear Terror," Flynn smeared Birkhead, you might say, by charging that he was a smearer, and Birkhead in turn dismissed "The Smear Terror" by smearing it as a smear. Flynn's thesis is that Birkhead and a few other terrorists are simply puppets, financed by some shadowy power that Flynn is unable to make out, despite the acuteness of his vision, and that these puppets are engaged in a nationwide conspiracy to vilify respectable Americans (presumably including Flynn and McCormick) by contriving to assassinate their characters.

Birkhead's opinion of the *Tribune* was most strikingly expressed in 1942, in a couple of full-page newspaper advertisements, paid for by Friends of Democracy, which accused McCormick of hampering the war effort. The first of these ads threw in, for good measure, his first cousin, the late Joseph Patterson of the *News*, and William Randolph Hearst, who, though not related to his fellow-publishers, is thought by some genealogists to be a first philosophical cousin. This ad, which came out in May of that year, was headed by a banner in heavy type asking, "AND WHAT DO YOU CALL 'AIDING THE ENEMY,' GENTLEMEN?" The text consisted partly of quotations from their papers that indicated the threesome's extreme displeasure with the government's conduct of the war and partly of a lively running commentary on their sentiments. The annotations were contributed by Laura

Z. Hobson, a friend of democracy who has since written "Gentleman's Agreement." Neither of these ads enjoyed the circulation Birkhead wanted them to have. Friends of Democracy tried to run the first one in the New York *Times* and *Herald Tribune*, but both papers refused it. It was accepted by the San Francisco *Chronicle*, and subsequently *PM* published it free. A few months later, Mrs. Hobson composed the second ad, which, since it concerned itself exclusively with McCormick, was gleefully accepted by the Chicago *Sun*.

Friends of Democracy also gave special treatment that spring and summer to the *News*. Birkhead's son, Kenneth, who is his assistant, worked out, with two other associates, an ingenious method of replying to *News* editorials on their date of issue. The first edition of the *News* hits the street the preceding evening. If Kenneth found in it an editorial he considered worthy of speedy rebuttal, he would clip it and take it to an engraver to be reproduced. Then he and his collaborators would write an analysis of the editorial, and alert a small corps of volunteers who had agreed to do emergency service. At midnight, Kenneth and his co-authors would pick up the engraving, go to a print shop, and have their answer printed on sheets of paper alongside the reproduction of the offending editorial. At five or six in the morning, they would deliver bundles of the finished product to their waiting distributors, who would take up positions at various newsstands. People who bought the *News* at the stands were handed a complimentary copy of Friends of Democracy's reply. This stunt proved to be tiring and rather expensive, so before long Friends of Democracy devised a new one. Instead, the staff cut *News* editorials from the early edition, stapled them to a mimeographed retort, and mailed them special delivery to a list of department-store advertising men whose ads were appearing in that day's *News*, so that they would find on their desks Friends of Democracy's reaction to that morning's editorial. It may have been coincidental, but during 1942 and 1943, when Friends of Democracy was carrying on this energetic educational program for executives, the *News'* department-store advertising fell off by, respectively, 493,092 and 883,971 lines, whereas that of the *Mirror* rose by 264,931 and 443,960 lines. In 1944, when Friends of Democracy, for the sake of variety, began using a third anti-*News* tactic, that paper's department-store advertising rose by 399,780 lines, and the *Mirror's* fell by 964,398 lines. This scheme involved handing to pedestrians, usually near newsstands at subway entrances, at all hours of the day, a series of printed homilies about the *News*. One of these, entitled "BEWARE!! POISON!!!," was pressed into the palm of a well-dressed lady who was walking her dog outside Carlton House. She happened to be Mrs. Cissie Patterson, publisher of the Washington *Times-Herald*, sister of the *News'* publisher, and a member in good standing of what Birkhead has often called "the McCormick-Patterson Axis." A few minutes later, Mrs. Patterson and her dog, their teeth bared, swept into Birkhead's office, which is at 137 East Fifty-seventh Street. They stayed there for half an hour, during which, while the dog sniffed suspiciously at desk drawers, Mrs. Patterson chided Birkhead for his inability to admire her brother Joe's patriotism and gave him her view of current events, the only detail of which he now remembers clearly is that she alluded to her cousin Bertie McCormick as the greatest military strategist in the world.



BIRKHEAD's office has been so often denounced in communiqués issued by the world's greatest military strategist as a sinister den of well-heeled blackguards that the Chicago *Daily News*, evidently feeling that it should get into the act, once sent a staff man to New York to inspect it and to report back. "Its floors are carpetless," he wrote, "its windows not even modestly covered with Venetian blinds." Except for a few strands of ivy, the office is conspicuously austere. It is staffed by twenty-two salaried employees and a varying number of volunteers. Friends of Democracy has three other offices: one in Kansas City, the city in which it was incorporated, with two paid workers; one in Boston, with three; and one in Chicago, with two. Like most organizations of the sort, Birkhead's has a national committee—forty-one men and women, whose names appear on its letterhead—and a national chairman. The chairman is Rex Stout, the Nero Wolfe man, whose most recent mystery, concerning the murder of a man who is scheduled to speak at a public dinner by a prospective member of his audience, was written not long after its author, a man of notorious impatience, had sat through a five-hour fund-raising dinner put on by Friends of Democracy. A good many of Birkhead's associates, including Stout, believe that the organization's most useful function is its constant collecting, reading, analyzing, cross-indexing, and filing of subversive literature published in this country. The New York office is cluttered with stacks and files of newspapers, magazines, and pamphlets. It also is a repository for illuminating reports sent to Birkhead by volunteer agents all over the country, who keep him posted on suspect new organizations springing up in their areas, as well as on the antics of some old ones; who contribute specimens to his library of suspect literature; and who attend meetings of suspect groups on his behalf. Few of these volunteers—who are mostly lawyers, ministers, journalists, and students—are known to one another, or anyone else, as agents of

The RCA Metal Detector "blows the whistle" on any particle of metal that may have crept into the package.

RCA *Electronic* Metal Detector— arrests "stowaways" in packaged products!

It stands guard over everything from breakfast cereals to after-dinner mints, from cigarettes to cough drops . . . eliminating the chance that a bit of foreign metal might slip by. It helps American industry—that employs every precaution to assure product purity—to protect automatically the foods you buy.

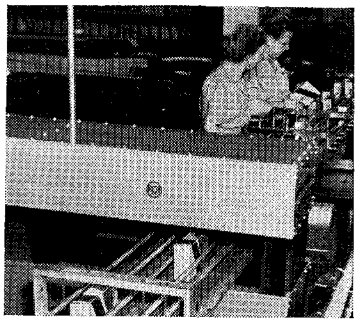
High-frequency radio waves form an invisible wall—sound the alarm, if any metal is accidentally present. Even metallic flakes with a diameter of 70-thousandths of an inch cause rejection by this amazing RCA achievement.

The RCA Metal Detector was developed by RCA product engineers in co-operation with RCA Laboratories—world center of radio and electronic research. The same pioneering and research that produced this Metal Detector keep *all* RCA products at the top in their fields.

So when you buy anything made by RCA—an RCA Victor radio, television receiver, Victrola radio-phonograph, phonograph record or radio tube, you get one of the finest instruments of its kind science has achieved.

When you're in New York, don't miss seeing the radio and electronic wonders at RCA Exhibition Hall, 36 West 49th Street, across from Radio City. Free admission. *Radio Corporation of America, RCA Building, Radio City, New York 20.*

"Victrola" T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



The RCA Metal Detector operates through a rejection device, or by stopping the conveyor belt or by giving an alarm. The RCA Metal Detector also saves machinery from damage by "tramp" metal. For details, write to RCA, RCA Bldg., Radio City, New York 20.

RADIO CORPORATION of AMERICA

THEATRE GUILD PRODUCTIONS
OKLAHOMA!
Based on Lynn Riggs' "Green Grow the Lilacs"
Music by RICHARD RODGERS
Book & Lyrics by OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN, 2nd
Directed by ROUBEN MAMOULIAN
Dances by AGNES de MILLE
Wilton Clary • Mary Hatcher • Max Willenz • Ruth Weston
ST. JAMES Thea., W. 44. Mats. Thurs. & Sat.
THE NATIONAL COMPANY OF
OKLAHOMA!
NOW AT THE
FORREST THEATRE, PHILADELPHIA
THE LONDON COMPANY OF
OKLAHOMA!
LONDON—THEATRE ROYAL, Drury Lane
S. N. BEHRMAN'S New Comedy
JANE
based on a story by SOMERSET MAUGHAM.
LONDON—ALDWYCH THEATRE
CAROUSEL
Music by RICHARD RODGERS
Book & Lyrics by OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN, 2d
Directed by ROUBEN MAMOULIAN
Dances by AGNES de MILLE
with Henry Michel, Iva Withers, Ann Crowley
Eric Mattson, Jean Casto
NOW AT THE
SHUBERT THEATRE, CHICAGO
ORDER BY MAIL FROM BOX OFFICES

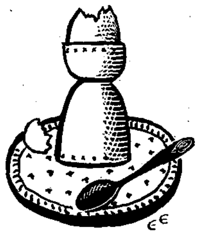
"A ribaldly entertaining evening"
—George Jean Nathan
MAX GORDON
presents
BORN YESTERDAY
The Nation's Brilliant
Comedy Smash
by GARSON KANIN
AIR-COND.
NEW YORK • Lyceum Theatre
CHICAGO • Erlanger Theatre

"TOPS IN TOON—SCOTCH AND SO-DA-LIGHTFUL."—Walter Winchell
CHERYL CRAWFORD presents A NEW MUSICAL
BRIGADOON
Book and Lyrics by ALAN JAY LERNER • Music by FREDERICK LOEWE
with
DAVID BROOKS • MARION BELL • PAMELA BRITTON
LEE SULLIVAN • GEORGE KEANE
WILLIAM HANSEN • JAMES MITCHELL
Dances by AGNES de MILLE • Staged by ROBERT LEWIS
Scenery by OLIVER SMITH • Costumes by DAVID FFOLKES
ZIEGFELD Thea. 6th Ave & 54th St, Eves 8:30; Mats Thurs & Sat 2:30

"Eloquent, fresh and surprising humor"
—GIBBS, The New Yorker
BROCK PEMBERTON presents
JAMES STEWART in
The Pulitzer Prize Play by MARY CHASE
"HARVEY"
with JOSEPHINE HULL
Directed by ANTOINETTE PERRY
48TH ST. Thea., E. of B'y. N. Y. City. Mats. Wed. & Sat

"CONTINUOUSLY FASCINATING."
—Guernsey, Herald Tribune
"THE MEDIUM"
and "THE TELEPHONE"
Air-Cond. BARRYMORE, 47 St. W. of B'way. Mats. Wed. & Sat.

Birkhead's. Two of them operating in the same locality nullified each other's efforts one night when they happened to attend the same meeting. They sat close to each other and quickly aroused each other's dark suspicions as they began furtively taking notes and stealing sly, mistrustful glances at each other. Both of them were so distracted that they were unable to make a coherent report on the meeting. Friends of Democracy's files have been consulted by representatives of Army and Navy Intelligence, of the Department of Justice, of the Civil Service Commission, and of private agencies whose motives for inquiring into the background of an individual or group seem to Birkhead honorable and democratic.



Friends of Democracy is supported by the contributions of around eleven thousand people, nearly all of whom pay in only three dollars a year—the cost of a subscription to a four-page semi-monthly bulletin called *Friends of Democracy's Battle*, consisting mostly of terse notes on the activities of Right Wing extremists and on Birkhead's counter-activities. Friends of Democracy has never taken in more than a hundred and fifty thousand dollars in any one year and has often taken in considerably less; about half its income is usually collected at its annual fund-raising banquet. The organization likes to give a little flavor to these hidebound repasts by introducing a theatrical interlude. In 1945, it got some friendly radio actors to deliver harangues in the style of a few of its favorite enemies. Birkhead helped coach the cast. The performance of a man whom he had tutored to impersonate Gerald L. K. Smith was a particular success. "Why, the fellow even got so he could breathe like Smith between the shouting," Birkhead recalls proudly. At the 1946 dinner, Friends of Democracy conducted a poll for what it called the Ignoble Prize, an award to the American citizen who had done least for democracy. Representative John E. Rankin was declared the winner, followed by, in the order named, Senator Bilbo, Colonel McCormick, Mr. Smith, John O'Donnell, and Upton Close. This year, the *pièce de résistance* was a skit dramatizing what might become of American friends of democracy if it did happen here, but the audience seemed to enjoy much more an unscheduled treat by John Roy Carlson, the author of "Under Cover" and "The Plotters" and Birkhead's chief investigator, who, in the midst of a speech he was making, pointed dramatically to one of the guest tables and shouted that an "undersized informant" in the service of Friends of Democracy's foes was seated there. Carlson did not specify which of the ten people at the table he meant, and none of them, not even the undersized ones, did any more than blink. A couple of days afterward, Birkhead told a friend that neither he nor Carlson knew who the diminutive guest thus assailed was, but that they had seen him before under incriminating circumstances and were certain he was a spy.

BIRKHEAD regards spying and counter-spying as deplorable but absolutely essential to his work. The individuals and groups about whom he most eagerly craves information are, logically, those least anxious to give him any, and the people who have the most curiosity about Friends of Democracy's plans are apt to be those whose curiosity Birkhead is likewise least anxious to satisfy. Accordingly, he and his enemies are often obliged to gather intelligence about each other covertly. Friends of Democracy is automatically suspicious of all strangers who enter its office and shift their eyes. Some of Birkhead's employees complain that the Boss, as they call him, is entirely too candid with casual visitors. Birkhead, however, considers himself an accurate judge of whether a caller is pro-democracy or anti-democracy. "Fellow in to see me this morning," he remarked to a friend who dropped in at his private office one afternoon. "I'm sure he was a stooge. I could tell from the way he looked around." A few moments later, through the half-opened door of his office, Birkhead recognized two young women waiting on a bench outside for an audience with him. "The one on the right is a Communist," he murmured. "She doesn't know that I know her. She's probably here trying to trap me into signing a petition or something. The one on the left is editing a new Fascist magazine. It's a deep, dark secret. I know all about it." Some of Friends of Democracy's own espionage is carried on as a vocational sideline by six young women whose regular work is reading the opposition's periodicals. A year or so ago, one of them sat in on a fairly restricted conference, in Chicago, of a group of Right Wing ladies whose ideas followed closely the novel teachings of Mrs. Elizabeth Dilling. Just before the meeting came to order, Birkhead's girl spied a roster of

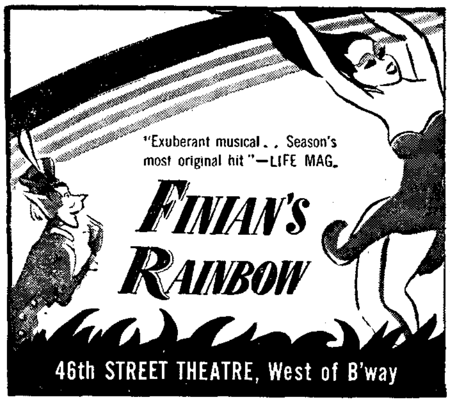
Broadway's 3 Biggest Hits!

John Loves Mary
The Gay New Comedy Success
Air-Cond. MUSIC BOX, W. 45 St., Mats. Wed. & Sat.

HELEN HAYES
In the New Comedy Hit
"Happy Birthday"
Air-Cond. BROADHURST, W. 44 St., Mats. Wed. & Sat.

The Musical Smash
"ANNIE GET YOUR GUN"
Air-Cond. IMPERIAL, W. 45 St., Mats. Wed. & Sat.

ALFRED de LIAGRE, Jr. presents
JOHN VAN DRUTEN'S
the Voice of the Turtle
NEW YORK — Morosco Theatre
LOUISA HORTON • BOYD CRAWFORD • PEGGY FRENCH
LONDON — Piccadilly Theatre
MARGARET SULLAVAN • WENDELL COREY • AUDREY CHRISTIE


"Exuberant musical . . Season's most original hit"—LIFE MAG.
FINIAN'S RAINBOW
46th STREET THEATRE, West of B'way

LELAND HAYWARD presents
RALPH BELLAMY • KAY FRANCIS
STATE OF THE UNION
THE HOWARD LINDSAY and RUSSEL CROUSE
PULITZER PRIZE COMEDY
with Myron McCormick Minor Watson Margalo Gillmore
HUDSON THEATRE, 44th Street, East of B'way
Evgs. 8:35. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:35. Air-Cond.

"New York's grandest evening of merriment."—Atkinson, Times
BOBBY CLARK
DRAMA CRITICS PRIZE WINNER
in VICTOR HERBERT'S
Sweethearts
SHUBERT, 44th St. W. of B'way. Mats. Wed. & Sat. Air-Cond.

conference delegates lying on a table. She surreptitiously snatched it up and stuffed it down her bosom. A few moments later, the chairlady noticed that the list was missing, locked the door to the assembly hall, and announced that a valuable and incriminating document was lost and that everybody would have to be searched. In the ensuing hubbub, a number of women clawed at each other. Quiet was finally restored after a dignified old lady had climbed on a chair and stated loudly that she didn't know much about the gathering but had attended it because she understood it had been called in an effort to defend the Constitution of the United States, that she could see no reason for getting so wrought up about mislaying a harmless little old list of the names of ladies joining together for that purpose, and that, as far as she was concerned, if they wanted to search her, they had better get a warrant first. The chairlady decided to give up, and Birkhead's spy made off with the list, a copy of which Friends of Democracy sent to the F.B.I. Not all the efforts of Birkhead's young ladies are so productive. One researcher, while going through a virulently reactionary magazine, noticed an advertisement offering advice to prospective songwriters who wanted their works published. She suspected that the ad was merely a device for getting the names of new people to propagandize. After a long struggle, she composed a lyric, which she sent in to the advertiser. She waited eagerly for a flood of scurrilous documents, but all she got was a cordial note from the woman who had placed the ad, saying that the lyric showed promise but needed considerable revision.

OF all the operatives on the Friends of Democracy payroll, the dramatic John Roy Carlson is easily the most celebrated. He has been working for Birkhead since 1940. His salary is only fifty dollars a week, but he has done all right for himself with his royalties on seven hundred thousand copies of "Under Cover" and sixty thousand of "The Plotters." Both Left Wingers and Right Wingers are given to revealing triumphantly that Carlson is not his name but merely one of many aliases he has employed at some time or other since 1938. Carlson's bland reply is that he is a confidential investigator, and many confidential investigators use pseudonyms. On at least one occasion, Carlson's choice of a pseudonym has seemed to indicate that his familiarity with Left Wing activities is not enormous; while posing as a war veteran in order

Starting Aug. 4
The Starlight Roof
AT SUPPER
Ginny Simms
•
DINNER AND SUPPER
Jack Fina
and his Orchestra
Mischa Borr
and his Orchestra
alternating at Supper
Cover from 10:30, $2
SUNDAY DINNER-DANCE
(no cover)
Mischa Borr and his Orchestra
Selective dinners and à la carte
THE
Waldorf-Astoria
PARK AVENUE
AT 50TH

"ONE OF THE FUNNIEST SHOWS OF ALL TIME."—Collier's Magazine
MELVYN DOUGLAS & HERMAN LEVIN present
CALL ME MISTER
The Nation's Top Musical Revue
Music and Lyrics by HAROLD J. ROME
Sketches by ARNOLD AUERBACH
Production directed by ROBERT H. GORDON
▶ NEW YORK — MAJESTIC THEATRE
▶ CHICAGO — BLACKSTONE THEATRE
[BOTH THEATRES SCIENTIFICALLY AIR-CONDITIONED]
"Broadway's Biggest Revue Hit!"—LIFE MAG.

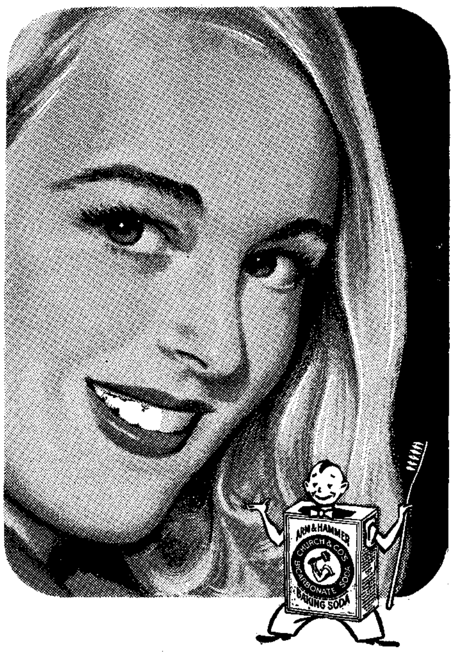
MOTION PICTURE
RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL
Rockefeller Center
Cary GRANT • Myrna LOY • Shirley TEMPLE
"The BACHELOR and the BOBBY-SOXER"
An RKO Radio Picture
SPECTACULAR STAGE PRESENTATION

Castleholm
Summer Garden Open. Luncheon & dinner a la carte. Entertainment after 9 P.M., except Monday. No cover or min. Cocktail Lounge. Air-conditioned. Reservations for parties.
344 W. 57th St. • CI 7-0873
MOST POPULAR SWEDISH RESTAURANT FAMOUS FOR Smörgåsbord

GIN and TONIC
MADE WITH
BILLY BAXTER
TOTAQUINE SODA
MAIL $7.00 for 4 Doz. 10 oz. BOTTLES
DELIVERY PREPAID - Dealers Quoted
THE RED RAVEN CORPORATION, CHESWICK, PA.

KEEP YOUR TEETH
SAFELY
CLEAN

Our soda, Arm & Hammer Brand or Cow Brand Baking Soda, is a *good* dentifrice that cleans teeth *safely*. Odorless, soluble in water, and free from grit, it has a gentle cleansing action that helps brighten teeth and *safely* restore them to their natural color.



This effective dentifrice is pure bicarbonate of soda, U.S.P. standard. It meets the exacting requirements of the Council on Dental Therapeutics of the American Dental Association, and has had the Council's acceptance for years.

Our soda has a helpful alkaline reaction which tends to loosen film and adherent deposits, and leaves the mouth feeling fresh, wholesome. Try it today and use it twice every day to clean your teeth *safely*. Your grocer has it, just a few cents a package.

ARM & HAMMER
CHURCH & CO'S
BICARBONATE SODA
BAKING SODA
COW BRAND
BAKING SODA
BICARBONATE OF SODA

Accepted
COUNCIL ON DENTAL THERAPEUTICS
AMERICAN DENTAL ASSOCIATION

Write for free booklet

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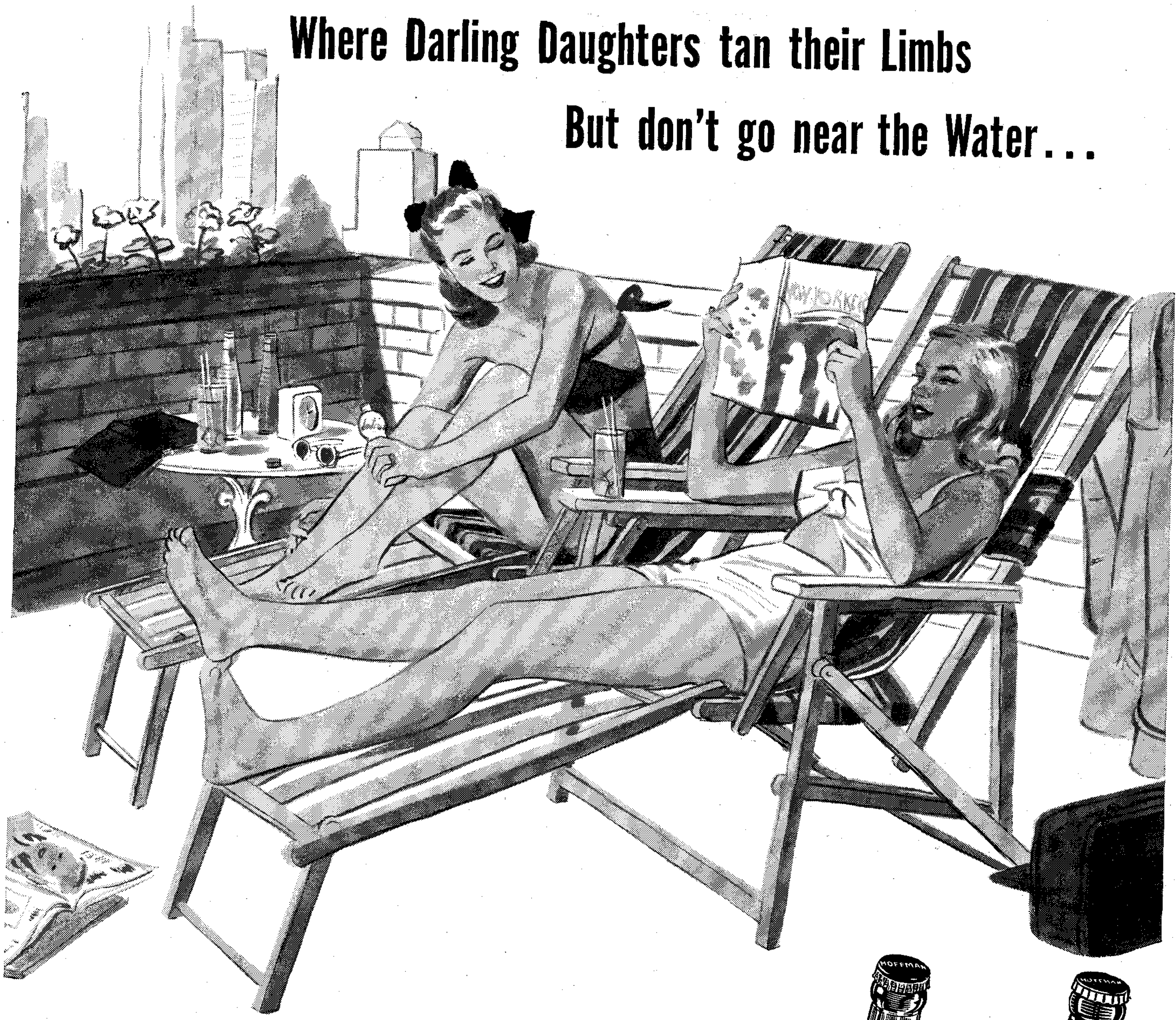
to gather material for "The Plotters," he adopted the name "Robert Thompson, Jr.," even though the name "Robert Thompson" was already being prominently used by the head of the Communist Party in New York State. Carlson's real name is Avedis Derounian. He was born in Greece in 1909, of Armenian parents, came to this country with them twelve years later, and was naturalized in 1926. Shortly after he got here, he decided that Avedis was too difficult a name for most Americans to handle gracefully, so he began calling himself Arthur. He is known as Art to his associates at Friends of Democracy. He adopted his pen name early in 1942. The "John" was in honor of an F.B.I. man with whom he had worked on several investigations, the "Roy" was a tribute to a Friends of Democracy employee, and the "Carlson" was an amendment calculated to put the opposition on the lookout for a man of Scandinavian origin and thus, presumably, fair-skinned and light-haired, whereas Derounian is actually dark-complexioned and black-haired. He is a slight, innocuous-looking, quiet-voiced man. "I've got the kind of face that isn't easily remembered," he remarked recently in partial explanation of his success. "People are always slapping me on the back by mistake. In Salt Lake City, a girl took me for a guy she'd met on a picnic in some damn canyon or other. In Boston, a stranger rushed up to me and said, 'I've got that script ready for you.' Just the other day, in a haberdashery store in Pershing Square, when I was pricing some shirts, the salesman complained that I'd asked him the same question half an hour before, and when I swore I'd never been in the joint before in my life, he said, 'Why, with a face like yours, you could be taken for anybody. You ought to make a perfect spy.' "

In 1938, when Carlson was earning a not overly prosperous living as a magazine editor and writer named Derounian, he picked up an anti-Semitic leaflet in a subway station and became curious about its source. He succeeded in tracing the leaflet to its source, which turned out to be the headquarters of a small group of an emphatically reactionary hue. He started seeking out and checking up on similar organizations, and in no time at all he was doing free-lance research on groups of that nature. He met Birkhead when he dropped in at the Friends of Democracy office in 1939 to compare some of his findings with some of the organization's. "Under Cover" was one of those startling literary successes. Such practiced appraisers of the monetary value of the written word as Rex Stout and Paul Gallico had read parts of it in manuscript and said that the subject matter was interesting but the stylistic limitations of the book were so great that its sales would be negligible. After eighteen publishers had turned it down, E. P. Dutton & Co. cautiously ran off an edition of five thousand copies. The hesitancy of the other publishers, who saw it in its early stages of development, was understandable. The book seemed a likely producer of libel suits, for it contained many disturbing allegations about many people, and, moreover, the manuscript consisted of a rough draft of half a dozen chapters and a suitcase full of assorted documents out of which Carlson planned to construct the remainder of the work. Carlson *has* been sued for libel and two decisions have gone against him. He has posted a ten-thousand-dollar bond, pending the outcome of his appeal of one of these unfavorable verdicts; in the other case, his publishers, co-defendants, were assessed one dollar, plus costs of ninety-nine dollars and fifty cents. Carlson is a plodding and thorough investigator, but on occasion he is apt to be impulsive in his estimates of other men, and his attitude is not always consistent. For instance, he has taken Gerald Smith severely to task for having used an alias to obtain some literature from Friends of Democracy.

Carlson's literary success has been substantially helped along by the trumpeting of Walter Winchell, who has campaigned as sedulously for Carlson's books as if he had written them himself. Many of Carlson's and Birkhead's most articulate critics have charged that Winchell is in professional cahoots with them. Two years ago, the *American Digest*, a gospel of brotherly love published in Englewood, Colorado, said of Friends of Democracy, "It would be interesting to know how much money this Moscow gang has paid to the Walter Lipschitz 'Lotions of Hate' program which befouls the airways every Sunday evening with its blasphemy and key-hole scandal of gutter filth." (The same issue of this publication referred to Tyler Kent, a United States foreign-service man who during the war was convicted in England of selling military secrets to Germany, as "America's No. 1 hero," and it referred to a propos-

Where Darling Daughters tan their Limbs
But don't go near the Water...



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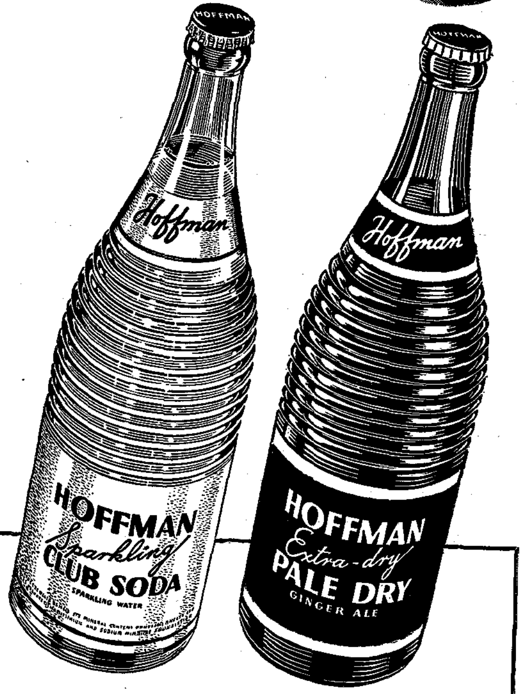
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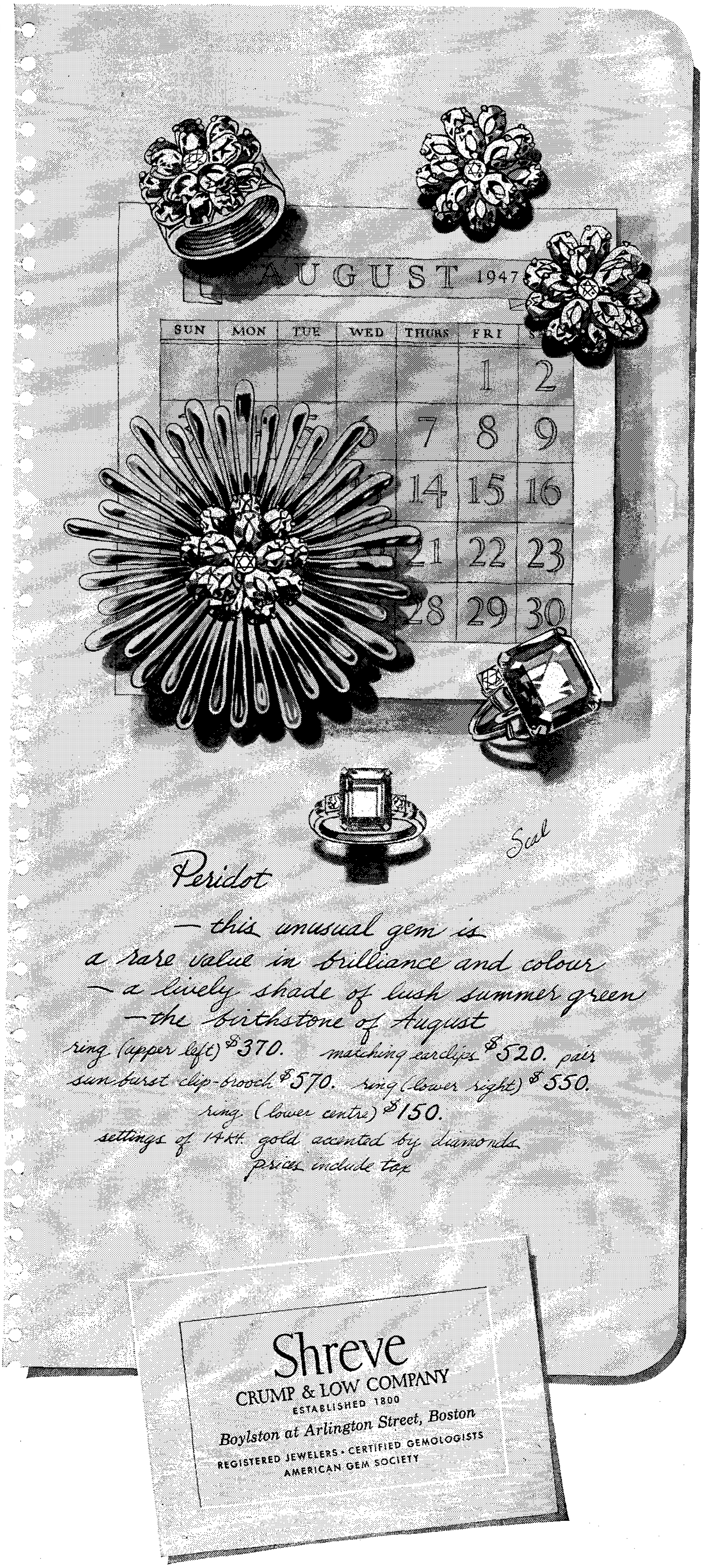
al by President Truman that unemployed American veterans be granted a twenty-five-dollar dole for twenty-six weeks as an "un-American attempt to confiscate the earnings of hard-working citizens for the benefit of drunken debauchery.") Friends of Democracy has never given any money to Winchell, whose income is around five times that of the organization, and Carlson did not even meet his best salesman until several months after "Under Cover" had become a best-seller. Then the author was taken to Winchell's office at the Stork Club one night by P. Hal Sims, the bridge player, who is a Friends of Democracy committeeman. Carlson, a man of simple habits, had never been to the Stork Club, and he took careful note of the fact that the check for Sims' dinner came to seven dollars. "I had a wonderful chat with Winchell," the investigator later confided to a friend. "We sat with him for two or three hours, and I don't think I got in more than fifty words. Even when he was eating, he didn't stop talking. He gave me his dessert. It was '*crème* something'—you know, ice cream and cream puff and goodness knows what else. It tasted very delicious." Most of the critics who do not believe that Friends of Democracy underwrites Winchell believe that Winchell underwrites it. There is only a slight and purely technical basis for this belief. After Winchell had been speaking and writing favorably of the outfit for quite a while, Birkhead remarked one day, when his exchequer was low, that it sure would be nice if Winchell made a contribution to it. The chairman of Friends of Democracy at that time was Louis Bromfield, who told Birkhead he'd see what he could do. Bromfield called at the Stork Club that night, and the next day presented Birkhead with a fifty-dollar bill, the only negotiable bit of evidence to substantiate the theory that Friends of Democracy is backed by Winchell gold.

NOW that Birkhead has a few other expert investigators to do his field work, he wages his war for democracy in a fairly sedentary fashion. Occasionally, though, like any well-organized general, he puts on a field uniform and goes out to see for himself what conditions at the front are. He recently made a brief swing through the Middle West and on his return ordered his staff to put a double watch on Gerald Smith; the fellow had just come into a lot of money, he reported, and there was no doubt he would find some troublesome way of disbursing it. In his time, Birkhead did a good deal of investigating himself, and he estimates that he has attended over three hundred cloistered meetings of the extreme Right or Left. He much prefers the Right Wing gatherings. "The Communists are so *dull*," he once complained. "They don't have any good rabble-rousers, like Smith or Joe McWilliams. All the Communists have are stodgy old orators, like Bill Foster and Bob Minor." One day last year when Birkhead was in Chicago, he learned of a meeting to be held that night by a group of prominent Right Wingers, among them Mrs. Dilling; Frederick Kister, head of the Christian Veterans of America; Ellis O. Jones, author of a poetic admonition to President Truman entitled "Get Some Gentiles, Harry," and one of the twenty-six Americans indicted for sedition by the federal government during the war; and Maximilian J. St. George, counsel for several of the sedition defendants and author, with Lawrence Dennis, one of the defendants, of a book called "A Trial on Trial," which, naturally, expounded the defense viewpoint. Birkhead went to their rally and bought a copy of the book from a stack on sale at the door. At the meeting, Kister announced that Mr. St. George would be glad to autograph anyone's copy. "When the meeting broke up," Birkhead said afterward, "I stepped forward and held out my book. St. George, not knowing who I was, greeted me warmly. He shook my hand heartily and, with his pen poised over the flyleaf, asked my name. I just couldn't resist saying 'L. M. Birkhead.' He jumped back. His hand began to shake. He inscribed his signature quaveringly." Birkhead is immensely pleased by any violent reaction that his name or presence arouses in his adversaries. One rainy night in Boston several years ago, he sneaked into a party some Coughlinites were throwing on their leader's birthday. Two middle-aged women, seeing him standing forlornly at the doorway, said to a man stationed there expressly to bar people like him, "You've just *got* to let this poor, wet old man come to our party," and agreed to vouch for him. He had scarcely been seated when a speaker started to boast that, because of their vigilance, this one time, at least, there were no heretics in the crowd. "Then the speaker began to denounce Birkhead," he recalls. "I guess they could hardly hold a meeting without denouncing me."—E. J. KAHN, JR.

(This is the second of a series of three articles.)



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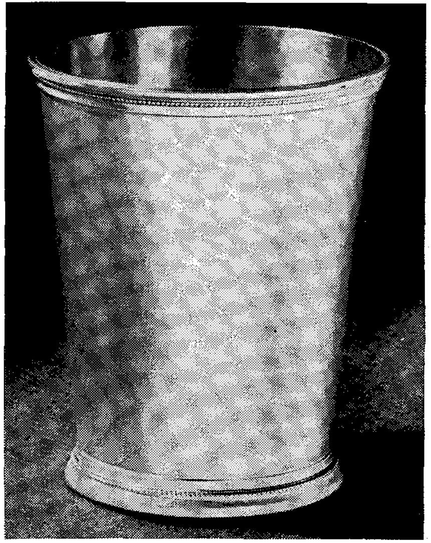

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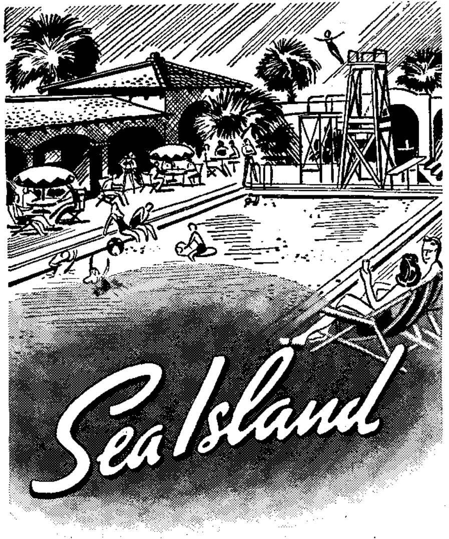

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THE RACE TRACK

Seven Out of Eight

I WAS more enthusiastic over the way First Flight looked than over the way she ran in the mile-and-a-sixteenth Monmouth Oaks at Monmouth Park last week. She was not particularly fast—as a matter of fact, her time was several seconds slower than the track record for the distance—and the three-year-old fillies she beat were no great shakes, but in any case she won. She has now finished first in all but one of her starts (six last year and two this), but she has been rather unlucky in other ways. Last summer, after an uncommonly long siege of the coughing sickness, she rapped a knee against her stable door and nearly put herself out of training altogether. This spring, because she had more coughing sickness and leg trouble, there was some doubt whether her speed had been affected and when she would run again. Consequently, I was delighted to see her do a quarter of a mile in 0:22⅗ in her first appearance of the season, at Belmont a fortnight ago. She didn't have to hit that pace at any time in the Oaks, however; Arcaro, who was up, merely rated her behind the leaders till she came to the stretch turn; then she went around them and won as easily as you please. I'm looking forward to seeing her next month in the Alabama Stakes at Saratoga, where she ought to go well. To my way of thinking, First Flight is still the most beautiful filly in training, even though that unusual, shield-shaped white marking in the center of her forehead is larger and looks more blurred than it did last year.

AT the time of writing, all I know about the fifty-thousand-dollar Massachusetts Handicap, at Suffolk Downs on July 30th, is that Stymie is entered in it and has a good chance to win. By the time you read this department, he may have picked up another fat prize and increased his margin over Assault (who is not running) as the biggest money winner of all time. At the end of last week, Stymie, by carrying off the Empire City Gold Cup, had piled up $678,510 to Assault's $623,370; the week before, Assault was on top, after his victory in the Butler Handicap.

This rapid switching of places for the honor of having won more money than any other horse is something new. During the past hundred years, the position changed hands only fourteen times. Domino, who is now merely a name in pedigree lists to horseplayers but whose epitaph over his grave in Lexington, Kentucky, reads, "Here lies the fleetest runner the American turf has ever known, and one of the gamest and most generous of horses," headed the list, with $193,650, for the longest time—from 1895 to 1920, when he was passed by Man o' War, who racked up $249,465. Sun Beau, whom you may remember, didn't do badly, either. For nine years after 1931, when he rolled up the then eye-popping total of $376,744, there was a huge sign near his stable announcing, "Here lives the world's greatest money winner." Some horses, Whirlaway among them, stayed on top of the heap for five years; others were there for only a season. One of the latter was Kingston, who gave way to Domino in 1895. He started in a hundred and thirty-eight races, won eighty-nine of them, finished second in thirty-three, and was out of the money in only four. (What a horse to bet on to show!) He totted up $138,917, small pickings compared to the $162,225 that Stymie has won this season alone.

The nineties may have been gay, but the tracks were not exactly lavish with prize money. For that matter, as recently as ten years ago there was just one hundred-thousand-dollar race—the Santa Anita Handicap. Now there are eight. At that time, the only fifty-thousand-dollar events were the Kentucky Derby, the Belmont Stakes, the Massachusetts Handicap, the Preakness, and the Widener. Now there are about two dozen. The Metropolitan and the Questionnaire (both won this summer by Stymie, who made $39,875 for his trouble) were in those days worth $5,000 and $1,500, respectively. If Stymie had won the 1937 counterparts of the races he has won this year, his earnings for the season would have been around $23,000, instead of more than seven times that. I daresay that horse owners can thank ardent competition between the tracks, as well as the pari-mutuels, for the change. —AUDAX MINOR

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OF ALL THINGS

THE status of the United Nations site at Turtle Bay has been clarified. The territory is inviolable, but New York City firemen may come in if needed, and no nonsense about veto power.

•

Despite the President's urging, Congress made no further plans for flood control. Perhaps our lawmakers are saving this important matter for a rainy day.

•

The science bill passed by Congress is designed to promote research for the war on disease. Someday science may even discover a cure for that serious malady Congressional homesickness.

•

General Robert E. Wood of Sears, Roebuck thinks that western Europe is finished and that twenty or thirty million inhabitants had better move away. No doubt our great-hearted congressmen would gladly let twenty or thirty of them enter the U.S.A.

•

One argument against the proposed admission of Hawaii to the Union is that the islands are two thousand miles from California. Still, a number of other states have found it possible to overcome that grave handicap.

•

A Soviet writer claims that Americans vastly exaggerate the power of the atomic bomb. According to this Russian, the thing is just a piece of nuclear fiction.

•

The farmer's share of each dollar the consumer spends for victuals has declined in recent months and currently stands at fifty-two cents. Somebody must be feeding well on that forty-eight-cent gap between raiser and eater.

•

The cruel sport of kicking the British Empire when it is down goes right on. Now the Egyptians are threatening to conquer Egypt.

•

The National Education Association has gone on record as being against teachers' strikes. A few disgruntled pedagogues are probably wondering if education is really progressive.

—HOWARD BRUBAKER

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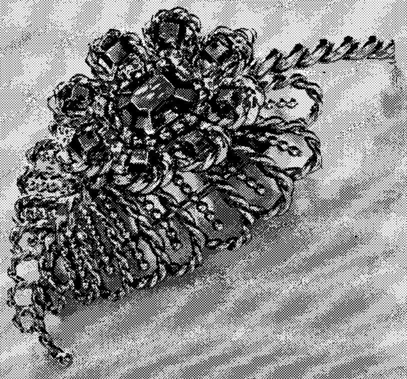

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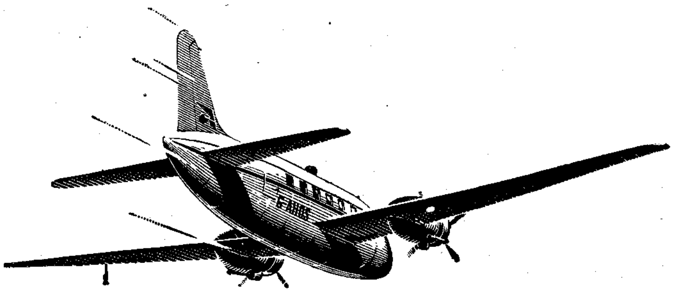

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LETTER FROM BERLIN

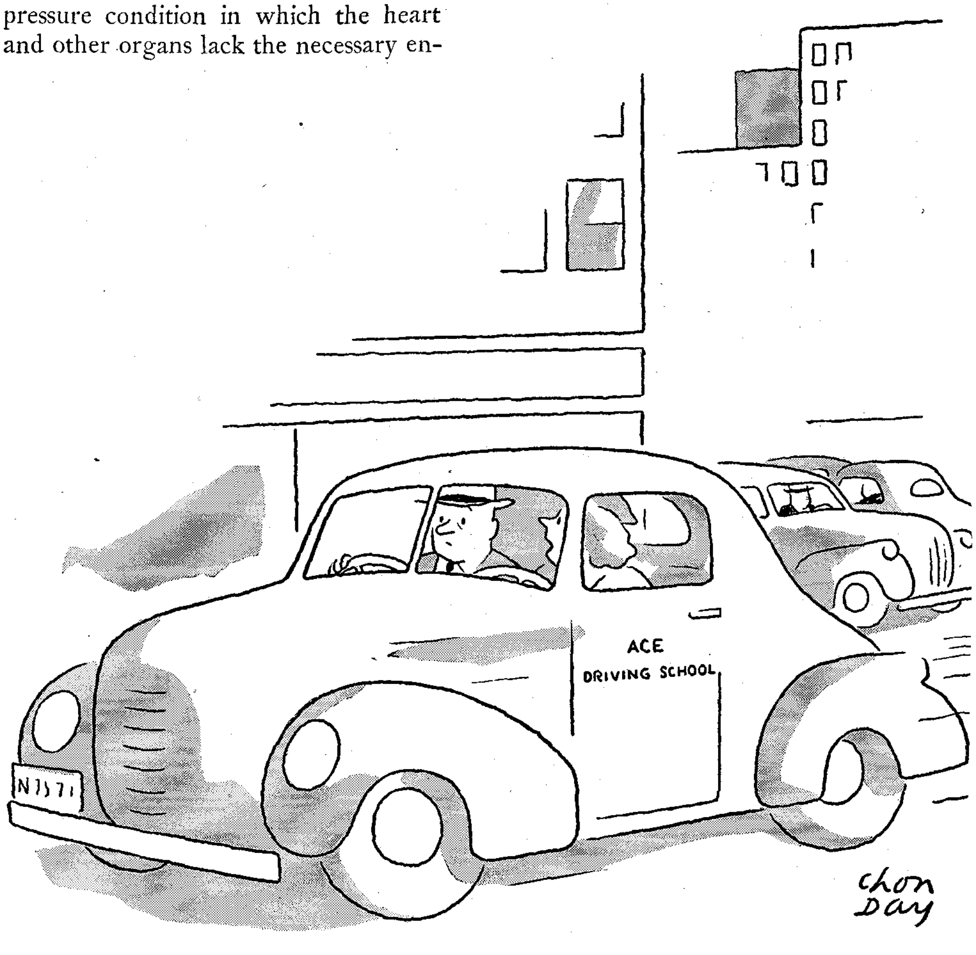
JULY 12

THE Unter den Linden section of Berlin is like a coffin a mile long, with two dead Germanys inside. When the Kaiser lost Germany's war of European conquest, his empire died in the now gutted Unter den Linden Palace. When Hitler lost his war of world conquest, his Third Reich died in the now equally gutted Wilhelmstrasse Chancellery, just around the corner from the mortuary thoroughfare. This is the symbolic mile of Berlin that millions of Russian, British, and American armed men fought against. There is still a kind of awful majesty about it—spacious, wrecked, and historical, with nothing left but its name, not even its old linden trees. The meaning of its devastation has not yet grown stale. It looks like what it was meant to be—the greatest, most humiliating example of punishment to fit the crime that the modern Germans have suffered. Most Germans regard it and the other of their country's ruins not as punishment but as a sort of martyrdom.

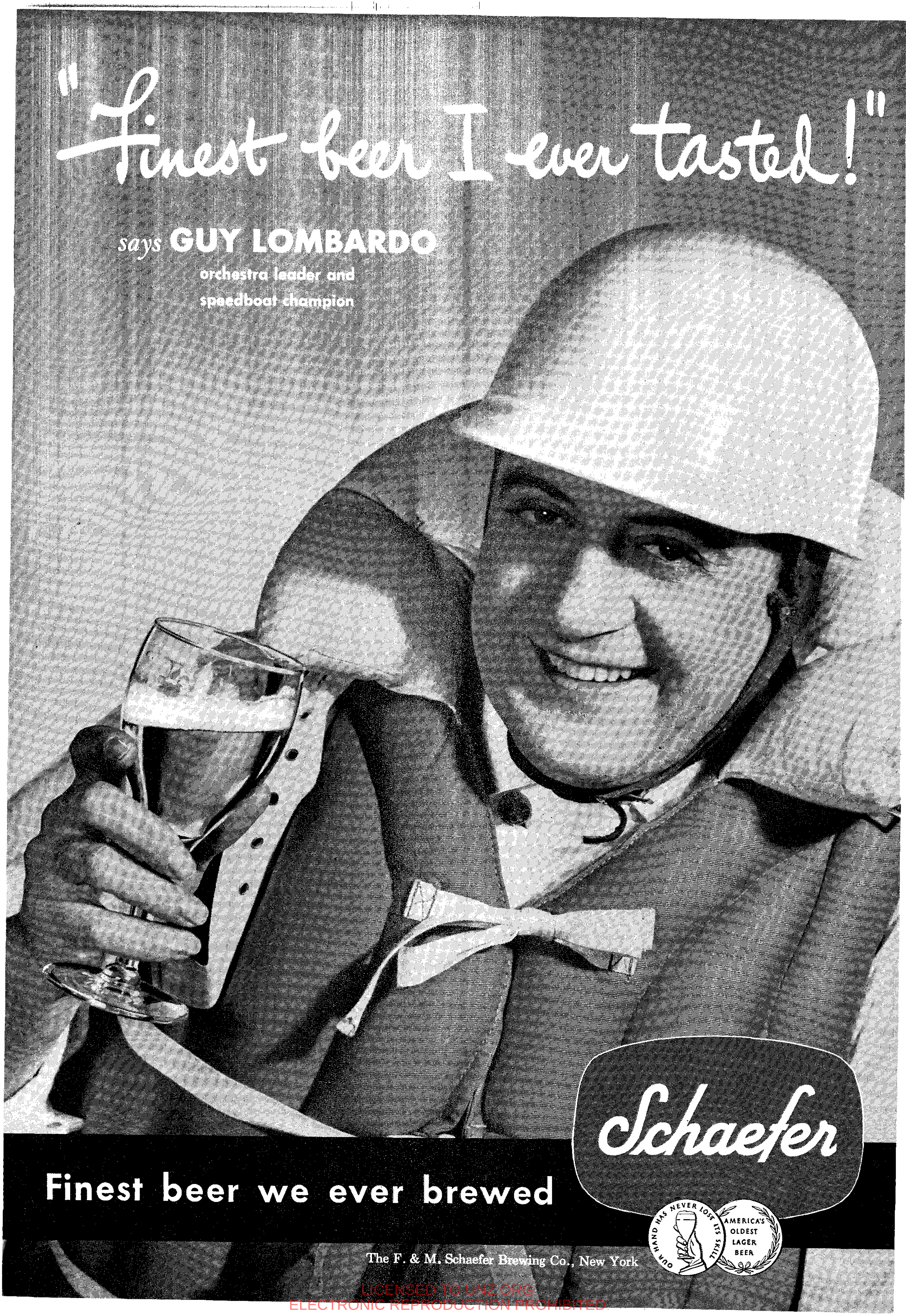
The new Germany is only what is left of Hitler's dead Germany. Three and a half million of his Nazis important enough to be judged by a Denazification court have been, or still are being, tried in our American Zone alone. But the bulk of a country's population cannot be put in jail. The bulk of Germany, as the Germans themselves phrase it, still "thinks brown," meaning *Braunhaus*, or Nazi. The exceptions belong to that infinitesimal group of anti-Fascists who survived the war in Germany or who have returned from exile. They usually hold political or editorial posts, but their number is so small that they are more critics than leaders of today's Germany. The new Germany is bitter against everyone else on earth, and curiously self-satisfied. Bursting with complaints of her hunger, lost homes, and other sufferings, she considers without interest or compassion the pains and losses she imposed on others, and she expects and takes, usually with carping rather than thanks, charity from those nations she tried to destroy. Naturally, no hungry *Hausfrau* will admit that she wanted a war that brought her nothing but food queues. The Nuremberg Trials put the spotlight on the brilliant, foul complexities of the big Nazis' master plans, but the average German can truthfully state that such remarkable ideas certainly never occurred to him. The significant Berlin catch-all phrase is "That was the war, but this is the peace." This cryptic remark means, in free translation, that the people feel no responsibility for the war, which they regard as an act of history, and that they consider the troubles and confusions of the peace the Allies' fault. People here never mention Hitler's name any more. They just say darkly, "*Früher war es besser* [Things were better before]," meaning under Hitler. Only a few Germans seem to remember that, beginning with the occupations of 1940, some of them had the sense to launch the slogan "Enjoy the war. The peace will be terrible." It is.

DURING the May and June food shortage, Berliners lost so much weight that three of them can now sit in the Untergrund seats designed for two. The first evidence they show of hunger edema is a swelling over and under the eyes, then comes vertigo, and then swelling around the joints, especially the knees. On Berlin's streets, you see old men sitting on the curb or among the ruins, holding their heads until the dizzy spells pass, and old women whose spindly shanks bulge like melons at the knees. According to one Berlin doctor, hunger edema is a low-blood-pressure condition in which the heart and other organs lack the necessary energy to do their work. The blood pressure of middle-aged edematous Berliners averages somewhere between eighty and ninety. The cure—aside from eating, of course—lies in doses of real coffee, at six hundred marks a pound on the black market, and of a German drug called symptol, both of which lift blood pressure; and in a drug called strophantine, for the kidneys. The same doctor says that quadripartite zoning has paralyzed the distribution of medicines in Germany. Berlin doctors have petitioned for a change in Paragraph 218 of the German penal code, which makes abortion a crime. They want it altered temporarily to permit legal abortion in hospitals, during the first three months of pregnancy, in the case of what they elaborately describe as "women in a desolate condition, with no windowpanes or adequate furniture in bombed-out living quarters, and unlikely to be able to nurse their infants."

The first thing we Americans were going to do when we got our German zone and Berlin sector running was give a good, rousing democratic education, especially in history, to those crazy young Nazis. Germans are still laughing at what some of them call our six-day-bicycle-race notion of teaching Hitler *Jugend* how to become demo-



"How long will it be before I learn to aim the car?"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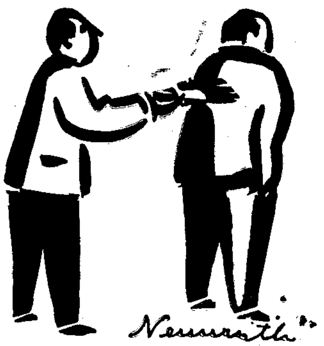
crats. At the end of twenty-four months, the achievements of our military government's educational program are, according to several of our disheartened experts in that line, pretty sad. Certainly one big hitch is that no history at all is being taught in most Berlin schools, because it was agreed that any version of history taught in any sector of Berlin must first be approved by all four of the Allied *Kommandatura*, whose dissensions even over the history they themselves are making is itself a chapter of history. The events that led up to the history-teaching impasse seem to have been: (1) last year the Russians offered their official version in a pamphlet accenting, naturally, the materialistic concept of history; (2) unwilling to accept this, we Americans painstakingly put together a pamphlet of our own, accenting our broader view of history, which we finally handed to the Russians in May; *and (3) by that time, according to* German professorial gossip, the impatient Russians had published several editions of their original pamphlet and the German teachers in their sector were busy teaching it. In addition, the French have prepared a lively history of nineteenth-century libertarian movements, illustrated by topical paintings by Delacroix and others. This volume, however, is called chauvinistic by the three other Allies. The British have produced a weighty, two-volume world history, the first volume of which ends with man's discovery, in the middle sixteen-hundreds, of the principle of the pendulum. We Americans have finally published a very brief selection of world-history dates, prepared by German teachers, which begins with Greece in 500 B.C. and ends in 1939 with the discovery of how to produce atomic fission by, among others, two German scientists, both refugees from Nazi Germany.



Whether the Western three of the Berlin *Kommandatura* know it or not, five courses in history are now being taught in Berlin University, which is in the Russian sector. According to a philosophy professor there—who is himself teaching a heavily attended course called Political and Social Problems Today, all of them viewed in accordance with the materialistic concept of history—a favorite course is the History of the Constitutions, Beginning with the French Revolution. At the Fachschule für Tischler und Innen Architekten, Berlin's trade school in the Russian Friederichshain district, present-day materialistic history is being lived, if not taught. Of three technical books the seniors need most, few possess more than two, owing to the scarcity of the books, their price, and the students' poverty. In the school black market, each book costs a hundred and fifty marks, half a white-collar worker's monthly salary. Most of the students are young war veterans—manually skillful chaps who were machine-gunners, sappers, signal-corps technicians, and such. The majority of them have to skip classes at least two days a week to work their black-market connections, from which they obtain the Swiss sunglasses, American cold cream, and ersatz French perfumes that are this summer's fastest-moving items and that enable them to live. *Many student veterans of the fight*ing in Russia who saw Communism at close range say, "*Ich bin vom Kommunismus satt* [I have had my bellyful of Communism]." Others, who only helped wreck Europe and know its misery to the full, say, "Communism is the natural hope now of everyone to whom it offers a gain, not a loss, a loss being what it offers to the rich Americans." A third group of students say that they are sick of politics and all parties and want only "to be individualists for the first time in our lives." Almost none of them thinks that Germany has a chance of developing "the luxury of a democracy."

WHICH way Germany will lean—East or West—is obviously the vital question. Or will there be two Germanys—a Russian one with Berlin as her capital, and a Western one with Frankfurt as her capital? The school of thought that assumes Germany will lean toward the West believes that Germany will function as a neo-Fascist European wing of an increasingly reactionary United States—a sort of foreign legion for us, in case of trouble with Russia. They think that there is no chance of Germany's going Communist, because millions of Germans are still such good Nazis that they regard Moscow as Hell and Stalin as the Devil. The school of thought that assumes Germany will go Communist gives the following arguments: Only the pontifical positivism of Communism will suit the authoritarian German mind; Russia is now next door on the East, and the pull from the East on Germany is the magnetism of adjoining territories, whereas the appeal from the West, which really means the U.S.A., is interrupted and almost drowned by the Atlantic Ocean; and above all, in the historical cycle, Russia is on her way up and moving on the world, whereas the democracies have passed their peak of power and are in a state of flux. Germany has twice recently lost her chance to be great on her own. The megalomaniac Germans may well opt, as their last chance to be great, to go Communist and thus be great not under Russia but with Russia—if they have their way.

According to both schools of thought, England and France are merely holdovers from their own pasts, not influences in the future. Indeed, it is possible that the old European civilization, which they largely created and balanced, has been destroyed by Germany's two wars. It would seem that Europe's future shape will be determined by what are, in the strict, classic sense of the word, the three least civilized nations—the United States, Russia, and Germany, or what the first two make of Germany, the barbarian of the Continent.

MOST Berliners with anything good and unbroken, such as Biedermeier furniture or fine white Meissen porcelain, are selling it, piece by piece, to live. The buyers are those who still have remnants of their fortunes, and they are buying mostly art, as an investment. In marks at least, if not in cigarettes, prices are very high. Germans have been selling Germans a lot of rather nice old Japanese ivories left over from the friendly days of the Berlin-Tokyo entente. Among the modern art works best liked are those of Germany's two most noted anti-Nazi woman artists, the lithographer Käthe Kollwitz, who died during the war and whose work, such as her "The Prisoners," now fetches around ten thousand marks apiece; and Renée Sintenis, still handsome and working, and still Europe's most gifted *animalier*. Casts of her prewar three-inch-high bronze "Young Donkey" sell for around thirty-five hundred marks, and her rarer, hand-high nudes bring fifty-five hundred marks and up. Frau Sintenis's studio in the Nollendorf Platz quarter was repeatedly bombed, and she was finally burned out. In the fire, she

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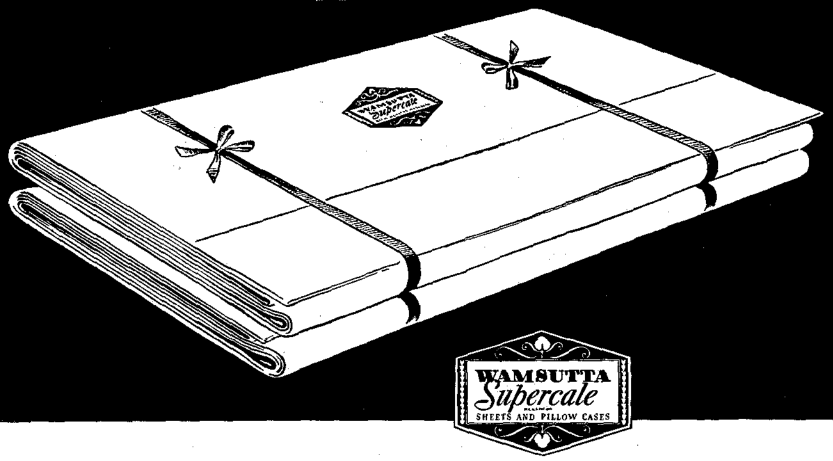
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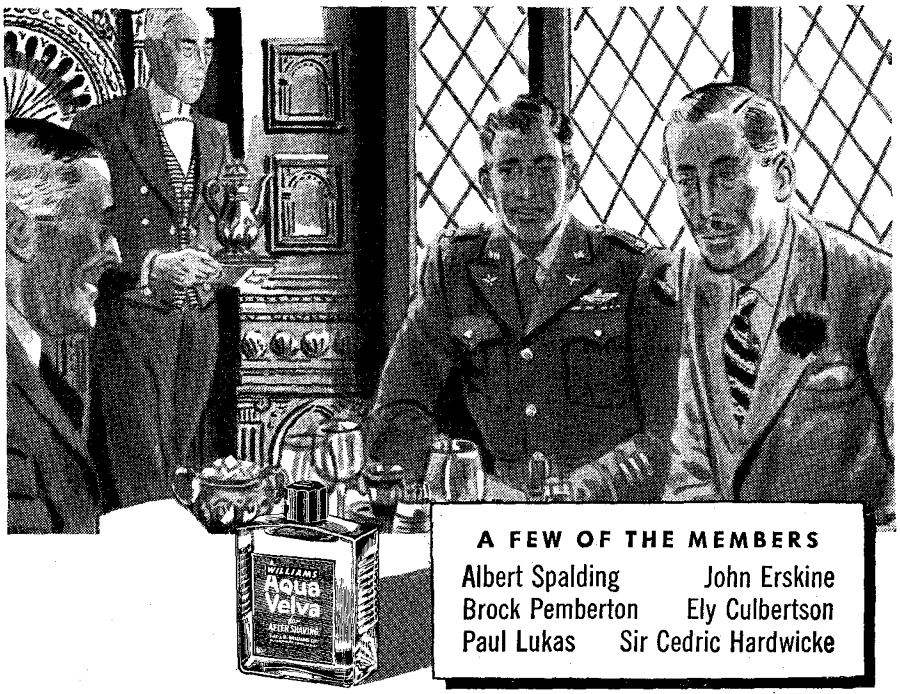

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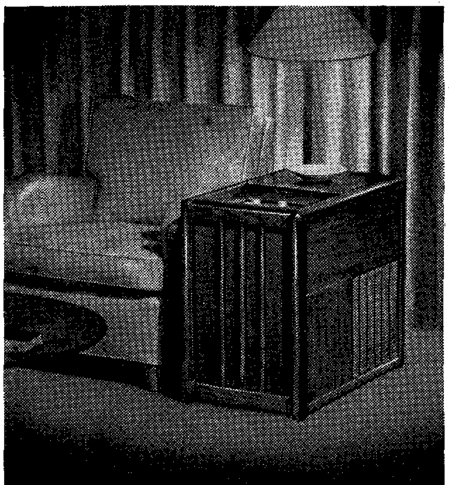

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suffered an injury that resulted in the amputation of one of her right-hand fingers, though in no loss in her ability to sculpt. Her new works, especially her horses, which have the romantic beauty of dwarf Remingtons, are collectors' items.

GERMANY has hardly been in a condition, physical or mental, to produce many new books, but ninety-seven recently published books by German anti-Nazi resistance writers were shown not long ago at the Charlottenburg Palace book fair. Unquestionably, the most important is "Der S.S. Staat," a book about the German system of running concentration camps, by Eugen Kogon, who was a prisoner for seven years at Dachau. This enormous, highly documented tome is written with a historian's sobriety. It details how those horrible S.S. cities functioned—organization, labor turnover, postal service, uniforms, feeding, finances, punishments, crematories, and S.S. management psychology. The final chapter, "The German People and the Concentration Camps," is subtitled " 'We Did Not Know.' " They still claim they do not know. This book could tell them. It will doubtless be the least purchased new book in Germany.

IT would sometimes seem that the only people who really want war between Russia and the United States are the Germans. Back on Decoration Day, our Berlin Command staged a small morning parade at Tempelhof Field, accompanied by a modest fly-by of planes, which afterward buzzed over Berlin. By evening, the city was seething with the rumor that the war had started at last—whether in the Arctic Circle or in the Dardanelles, nobody seemed quite sure.

The G.I.s here say that the war after the atomic-bomb war will be fought with spears. —GENÊT

•

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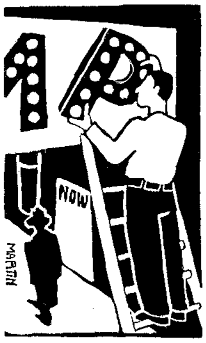
THE CURRENT CINEMA

Fair Enough



WITHOUT Myrna Loy and Cary Grant, "The Bachelor and the Bobby-Soxer" would probably be as hard to stomach as its title. Since the two of them *are* on hand and conduct themselves with their usual ingratiating competence, it has a mild geniality, even though the material they have been given is thin and tired. The picture, reworking a familiar dodge, goes in heavily for the farcical situations arising from the infatuation of a seventeen-year-old girl for a man twice her age. Fortunately, the bemused maiden, played by Shirley Temple, has not the hopelessly barbarous manner of so many previous Hollywood ingénues of the bobby-sox persuasion, and the strange talk that seems to be one of the more dismal preoccupations of modern kiddies is not overly stressed.

In order to set up Mr. Grant as Miss Temple's middle-aged swain, Sidney Sheldon, the author of the script, has had to tear the arm of coincidence almost out of its socket. He offers us a lady magistrate who, after setting free an artist charged with assault and battery, discovers that the embattled fellow has swept her young sister off her feet during a course he has been giving on art at the local high school. Miss Loy, cast as the magistrate, seems much handsomer than most of the judicial types whose pictures I've seen in the papers, and she further distorts reality by being consistently charming. Later, some wild manipulations of the plot afford Miss Loy the opportunity of sentencing Mr. Grant to keep company with Miss Temple until she's got over her love for him. This gives him a chance to run through several reasonably funny scenes, in which he displays all the nervous embarrassment that adults usually feel in the presence of the emotional young. Rudy Vallée, who spells Mr. Grant in the comedy sequences, is, though not quite up to the mark he set in Preston Sturges's "The Palm Beach Story," fairly droll as a prim assistant district attorney who wants Miss Loy for his own. Altogether, I should say that "The Bachelor and the Bobby-Soxer" is passable summer fare. It won't make you laugh immoderately, I'm afraid, but it won't, as so many allegedly light items from Hollywood do, make you want to set your neighborhood theatre on fire.

THE career of Joe Howard, vaudevillian and composer, has included a quixotic number of marriages, but there's little more than a hint of Mr. Howard's interesting marital adventures in "I Wonder Who's Kissing Her Now"—yet another musical biography. Instead, we are offered a dreary account of how he progressed from playing an organ in a church in Weehawken to writing and performing in shows on Broadway. There's a great deal of nostalgia for the old days of vaudeville, and a whole rackful of Mr. Howard's tunes are played and sung. They're nice songs, all right, but hardly sufficient to make up for all the awful deficiencies that we've become accustomed to in movies dealing with musicians. As Mr. Howard, Mark Stevens looks and acts much like Lew Ayres when the latter was playing Young Dr. Kildare. The medical life is pretty remote from the Keith circuit, and I'm not sure this is the proper approach to the character of Mr. Howard. To provide Mr. Stevens with a singing voice, the producers have installed a vocalist on the sound track who is often reminiscent of Al Jolson but doesn't recall Mr. Howard at all. Similarly, Lenore Aubert, who is striking indeed in an endless variety of gowns, has been furnished with a singing stand-in who sounds a lot more advanced in years than Miss Aubert can possibly be. June Haver and Martha Stewart round out the trio of women Mr. Stevens is concerned with in the film. —JOHN McCARTEN

•

No person shall be convicted of reason unless on the testimony of two witnesses to the same overt act, or on confession in open court.—*From Article III, Section 3, of the U.S. Constitution as reproduced in United Nations document E/CN4/ AC. 1/3/ Add. 1.*

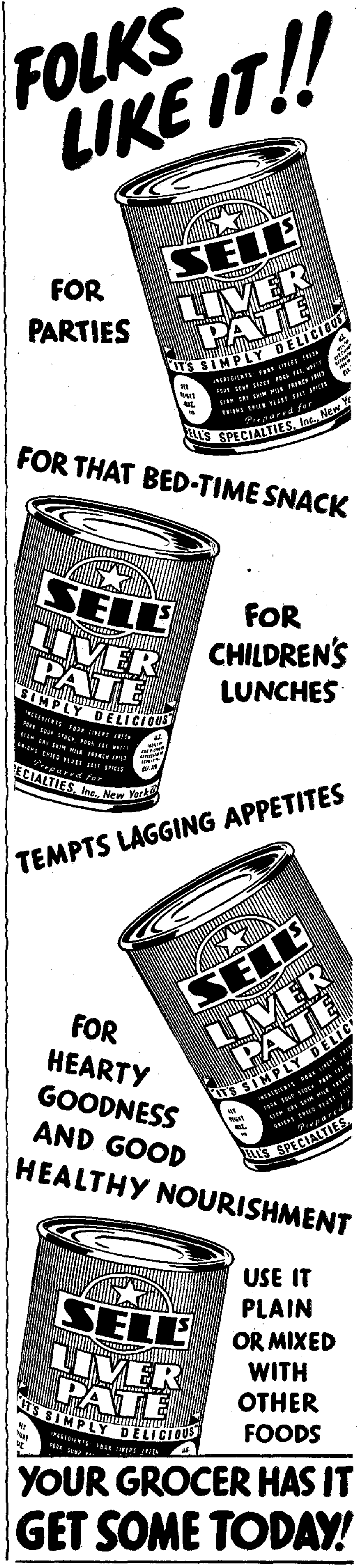
Not much danger of it these days.

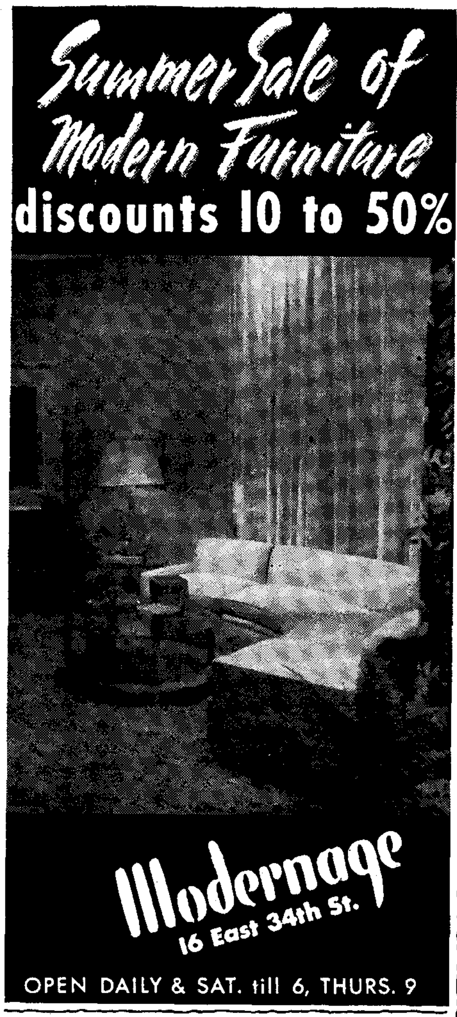
•

BLOCK THAT METAPHOR!

[*From the World-Telegram*]

Getting back to the Wanamakers, we might mention that stories now current in Southampton that Bea and Rod are separating and planning a divorce have just enough substance to give the gossips a toehold on some lip-smacking surmises.





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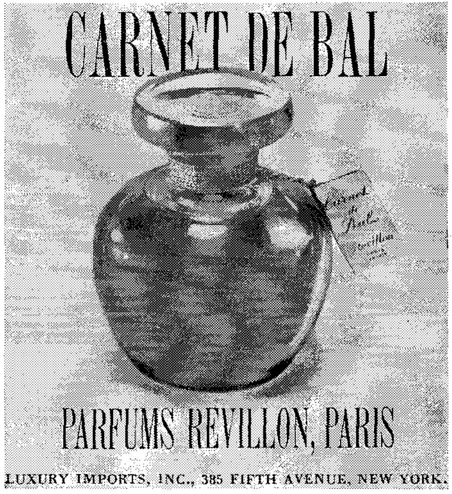

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SCHOOL FOR WAITERS

IN a vague sort of way, I had felt for a long time that the place existed. Several times, I had tried to pin them down about it, but invariably they denied it—just didn't know what I was driving at, they said. And then, about ten days ago, I happened to be talking to Pierre, who bows the customers in and out at the Alabaster Room. Suddenly, I felt the moment was ripe.

"Pierre," I said, "I've been going to restaurants for many years. And I've noticed that the waiters all have certain little tricks—little ways and means of doing things that generally can be counted on to drive the customer crazy. It seems to me that these little tricks have a certain similarity. They follow a definite pattern, and it's hard to believe that it's accidental. There must be someplace where they are taught these things. They couldn't just blunder into them, every one of them. Come on, Pierre—I've known you a long time. Tell me."

He hesitated a few seconds, looked around cautiously, then came a step nearer. "Meet me outside the restaurant at midnight," he whispered. "Wear a plain dark suit."

NEEDLESS to say, I was at the rendezvous on time. Pierre appeared almost instantly; with a nod he beckoned me to follow him. At the corner, he motioned me into a cab; the driver started off with no word of instruction. Pierre produced a blindfold and fastened it around my head. "I am sorry to do this," he said, "but you will understand."

We rode for about ten minutes, in silence. Then we stopped. Pierre helped me out of the cab, and we crossed the sidewalk and went down three or four steps. There was the clank of chains and the sound of a heavy door opening; then a coarse voice said, "Well?" Pierre gave what was evidently the password. "*Sauce maison*," he said.

Then he took off my blindfold. For a moment, I could see nothing. I heard the sound of the chains again as they dropped back into place, and then, vaguely, I discerned another door in front of me.

"Do not speak," said Pierre. "Just watch."

The door opened. What met my eyes was merely a restaurant, or at least it seemed to be a restaurant—gleaming tables, waiters and captains, velvet rope. Outside the rope, about a dozen men and women in evening clothes were standing, although the restaurant itself was empty.

"Why don't they let them sit down?" I whispered to Pierre.

"Sh-h-h! They are not customers. They are merely hired for the waiters to practice on." Suddenly, he pointed to a tall, distinguished figure who was just emerging from a side door. "Professor Ziegler," he whispered. "Head of the school. Trained abroad."

I looked at Ziegler with interest. He was handsome, impassive, and had eyes that could look through one to the wall. He snapped his fingers. Immediately, a couple in evening clothes detached themselves from the group and were admitted inside the rope. A captain came forward to meet them.

"Yes, sir," said the captain to the man in evening clothes.

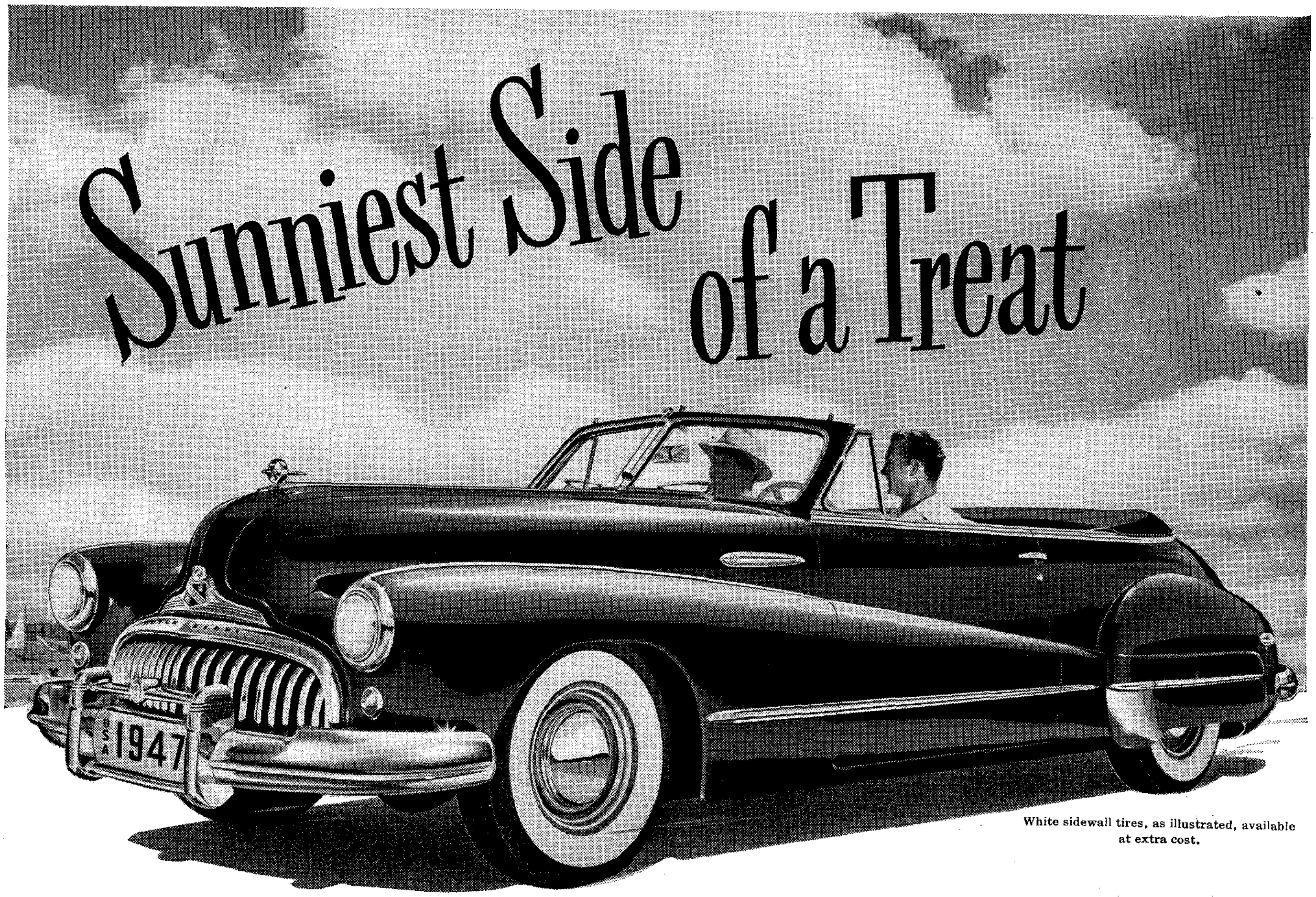
Ziegler winced. "No, no!" he cried. "'Yes, sir' is never used at this point—it would make too much sense. 'Yes, sir' is said only when filling the water glass or putting down a plate. That is the time to say 'Yes, sir'—when it can't possibly mean anything at all. Right now, you look carefully at the lady and gentleman for about five seconds. Then you say, 'Two?'"

"But I can see that there are two," said the captain. "Why do I ask them such a silly question?"

"Idiot!" spluttered Ziegler. "The single word 'Two?,' used at this moment, has several possible meanings, all designed to aggravate the customer. It can mean, for example, 'You piker, you! If you were anybody of consequence, anybody with money, you would certainly bring six or eight people along, not just a lousy one. Phooey!' Or it can mean 'Just two, eh? I know what you're after, you little sneak. Just you and that girl. What are you up to with her, anyhow?'

"See what I mean? Or else it can imply that although there are only two people standing there, the customer is planning to smuggle three or four more in behind your back. So this is by way of warning him that we are on guard against any chicanery—he'd better not try anything.

"The customer may accept any one of these meanings; it does not matter, because all of them are calculated to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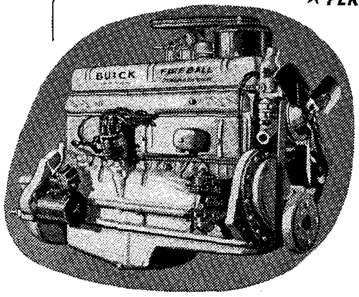

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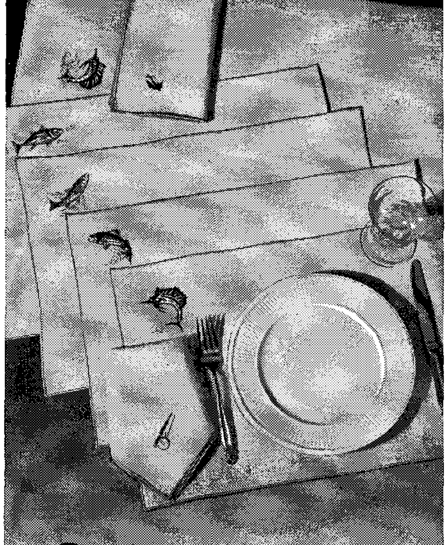

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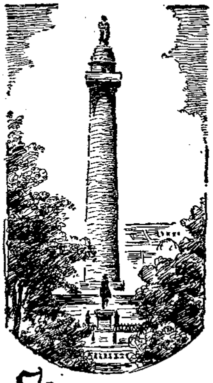

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unsettle him just a trifle upon entering. That is the purpose."

Ziegler paused for a moment and waited for this to sink in.

"All right! The couple is seated. I will now show you how to get the order wrong. Of course, it would be a simple thing for the waiter to take the order and personally tell the man who is going to prepare it. But with that method it would come out right entirely too often. We have a different system. Let me have a captain, an assistant captain, a waiter, a chef, and an assistant chef. Line up!"

In a few seconds, the five men were in line.

"These men have worked with me before," said Ziegler, "and understand the system. Let the lady order a dish. Anything! Don't worry—you won't get it."

"Breast of guinea hen under glass," said the lady.

"Good!" said Ziegler. "Now, each of the men will pass the order on to the next man, and we will see what it becomes. Remember to speak rapidly and unintelligibly."

"Breast of guinea hen under glass," said the first man.

"Quick!" commanded Ziegler.

"Breast of glass under guinea hen," said the second man.

"Best glasses should be brought in again," murmured the third man.

There was a pause.

"Quick! What did he say?" called the impatient Ziegler.

"I couldn't understand him," said the fourth man.

"Of course you couldn't. Make something up! Quick!"

"A hamburger!"

"Next man!"

"A ham sandwich!"

"Good!" This from Ziegler again. "The lady orders breast of guinea hen under glass and receives a ham sandwich. Exceptionally good!"

He actually smiled for a moment, then immediately turned businesslike again.

"Class in Point Killing!" he called. "I will dispense with the little things, such as moving a glass one-tenth of an inch for no reason at all. Point Killing, please! The gentleman will tell the lady a story! Any story!"

The man at the table picked up at once. He was obviously experienced. "It seems that out at the race track the other day, a horse came up to the two-dollar window and said, 'I want to bet on myself in the third race.' The man at the window was pretty surprised. 'What's

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that you said?' he asked. 'What's the matter?' asked the horse. 'Are you surprised I can talk?' 'No,' said the man. 'I'm surprised that—' "

Instantly, the waiter cut in. "Oysters for Madame?" he asked.

"Fine!" said Ziegler. "Not only does he kill the story, but the oysters are not for Madame at all. They are for the gentleman, who ordered clams."

He stopped for a second and took a breath.

"I do not want to give you too much in one session," he said, "but I would like to say just a few words about Vision Blocking. This is a science that really cannot be taught to you; it requires an instinct, and you either have it or you haven't. Let me have a beautiful girl and a homely woman!"

They were provided at once. Ziegler crossed with them to the other side of the room.

"Sit here," he said to the girl, "You wait a moment" to the woman. Then he came back to the diners at the first table. "All right," he said to the man. "You know what to do."

The man turned to his companion. "Look at that girl sitting over there. Isn't she pretty? Right over there."

With the first spoken word, Ziegler made a quick move. In an instant, he was standing squarely in front of the pretty girl.

"Oh, dear!" said the man. "That waiter's right in front of her. He'll move in a second."

Ziegler made a lightning gesture toward the homely woman. In a flash, the pretty girl was out of the seat and the other woman had taken her place.

"You see?" said Ziegler. "*Now* I move!"

The entire room burst into applause. Ziegler bowed.

"Now, then!" he said. "Class in Avoiding the Diner's Eye!"

—George S. Kaufman

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Important Notice

On June 9, the United States Post Office Department, to honor the Doctors of America, issued a commemorative maroon blob, which pictured a maroon blob. It was printed on the rotary presses; the color of the maroon blob was maroon.—*Linn's Weekly Stamp News.*

Thank God for *that*, anyway.

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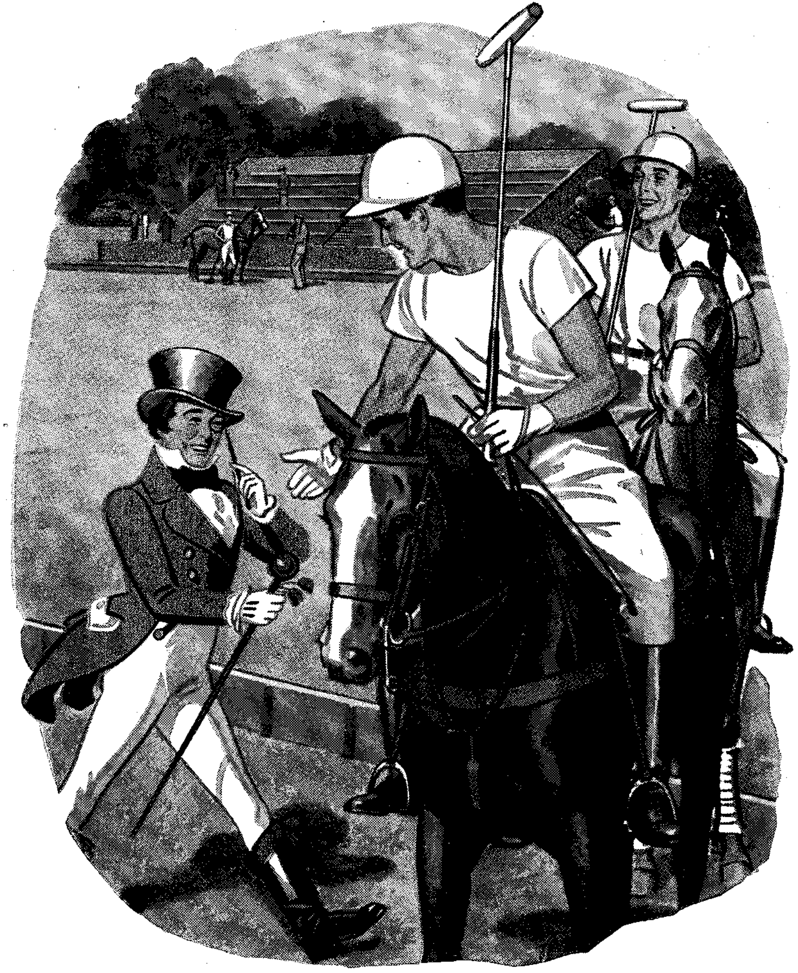
A THOUGHT FOR THIS WEEK

[*Jimmy Powers in the News*]

Whenever they start to make fun of Harvard men, just remember that it was a Harvard man who invented the catcher's mask.

"Am I glad to see you!"



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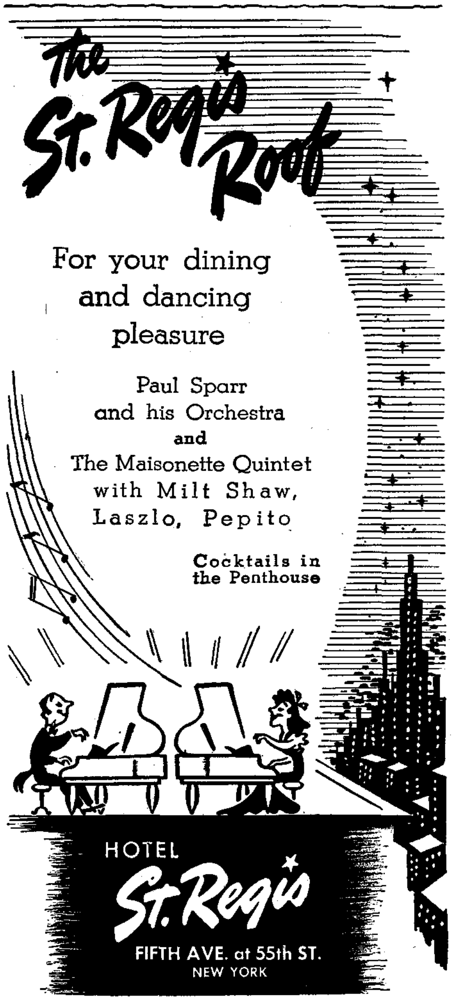
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For your dining and dancing pleasure
Paul Sparr and his Orchestra
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NEW YORK

LETTER FROM LONDON

July 22

OVER last weekend, the English press combined to criticize, in the strongest possible terms, the Government's latest move toward austerity—an understandable showing of righteous, non-party indignation, since this unpopular new restriction has been directed solely against the press. During the fuel crisis last winter, the weekly journals were suspended as an economy. Now, Mr. Dalton, Chancellor of the Exchequer, has selected the dailies as the first (and so far, indeed, the only) victims of his plan to tighten up everyday life. The cut in imports of newsprint that he has put in force means that the penny papers, if they want to keep up to the circulation figures they reported for June (they are not allowed to exceed them), must return to their skinny wartime size of four pages instead of being able to spread out in two extra pages three times a week, as they have been doing for some time. The papers, therefore, are faced, as of yesterday, with the gloomy alternatives of putting out a four-page edition and hanging on to their circulation or sticking to their former number of pages a week and greatly reducing the number of copies. The *Times*, which costs threepence and has been running to ten pages, has made a compromise decision. It will now slim down to eight pages, and, in a front-page notice to its readers, phrased as mournfully as an obituary, it has suggested that they should resume the wartime habit of lending their precious copies to less fortunate friends.

The sound and fury in Fleet Street have naturally been considerable. The little *Mirror*, whose slogan is "Forward with the People," snarlingly intimated that the new step is one taken backward with the Government, and added that the Government's action in cancelling the papers' newsprint contracts with Canada is "shabby and disreputable." Lord Layton, the owner of the *News Chronicle*, wrote an editorial that appeared under the intensely black headline "Newsprint: A Grave Mistake Has Been Made." The lively *Daily Express* announced that its new, amputated edition will be "streamlined," adding an irritable editorial note to the effect that this latest arbitrary economy is "tantamount to censorship of a free press." What infuriates the readers no less than the newspaper owners is that the cut will mean a saving of under four million dollars during the next six months, a trifling amount when set against a trade deficit that is likely to be around nine hundred million dollars for the same period of time. In return for this saving—which might have been accomplished less harmfully some other way—the British will again have to peck at a sort of sketchy hors d'œuvre of information just when the solid presentation of all the news the country can get about itself and the rest of the world was never more important. It is certain that the small, independent newspapers, because of loss of advertising and their proportionately heavier operating costs, will feel the financial drought resulting from the restrictions more severely than the big-circulation groups. The Government has thus made it almost inevitable that a number of newspapers, some of them supporters of the Labour Party, will be mopped up by the large combines, whose politics are hardly Socialist. In spite of huffy denials by Stafford Cripps and other Ministers of charges of discrimination against the press, the newspapers have some excuse for their claim that the Government does not like them.

The *Express's* return to its June circulation figures will stop the Beaverbrook paper from reaching the four million mark, toward which it has been steadily climbing. Its tone remains steadily Tory, accompanied by loyal whoops for the Empire and the Royal Family. The *Express's* big rival, Lord Rothermere's *Daily Mail*, has for some time been outpaced in the circulation race but has lately been showing signs of increasing vigor under its new editor, Frank Owen. One of the diversions of Fleet Street has been watching to see which way the bitterly anti-Government *Mail* will be steered by Owen, a brilliant journalist, who used to edit the *Evening Standard* and whose politics are not those of his boss. Many Britons who do not care for a shrill, party version of the news, whether presented by the Socialist *Daily Herald* or the Tory *Daily Telegraph*, settle for the more moderate *News Chronicle*, which is liberal and intelligent, and often contains the best-written editorials of the lot.

WHATEVER their political coloring, all the penny dailies have been wrathfully inviting the Government to take note of the fact that they are now the smallest city newspapers in the world. At the moment, they probably also make the most depressing reading, for the Government's apparently sudden suspicion that a good part of the country does not know what is shortly going to hit it has resulted in a crop of official pronouncements, all sombre, on Britain's plight. Ernest Bevin is the latest Minister to be put to work waking people up to the unpleasant truth that a longer and stronger pull is needed if the country is to come through. Of all the Ministers, Bevin would seem to be the only one with a sufficient personality and a large enough following to get a response. "If more Socialists were like him, I'd vote that way next time," one Tory remarked not long ago, and the same opinion is voiced by all sorts of people who bare their teeth at the mention of Cripps or Shinwell. Shinwell is disliked by many because, they say sourly, the idea that he owes his still-firm occupation of the office of Fuel Minister to his good relations with the miners is not being supported by the disappointing coal-production figures. Good relations or not, Shinwell handed out some unusually sharp warnings to the miners the other day, instead of his customary soothing talk of more pay, shorter hours, and better rations.

There are, indeed, several signs that the Government, having unsuccessfully tried by cajolery and appeals to patriotic fervor to get more work done, may be going to see what cracking the big whip will do. Already, there are hints that there may have to be some direction of manpower—an emergency measure that was swallowed cheerfully enough in wartime but would now be likely to raise strong objections among the trades unions. There was also a recent suggestion that girls of eighteen should be called up for compulsory service in industry, just as their brothers are called up for service in the armed forces. (The extreme Left Wing Labourites, incidentally, are now clamoring to have the armed forces reduced, as the most pressing and obvious economy for a nation presumably at peace.) The idea of such conscription was immediately turned down by the authorities, but there are plenty of people who consider that it may come.

The Government's task of conveying the urgency of the situation to the nation is not being helped by the time of year at which the harsh news is put forth. Ordinary Londoners naturally tend to feel that things can't be all that bad when everybody is warm, when

IN LOS ANGELES

Where There's A HOME—

There's The TIMES!

Many an Angeleno who builds post-war airplanes wishes he had one to live in. A multi-million dollar demand for housing is just part of the rich market story in Los Angeles, where bank debits last year soared to $31,938,691,180—an increase of 194% since 1940. Los Angeles County is America's Fastest Growing Major Market—and the Los Angeles Times is its Number One newspaper . . . delivered to more *homes* than any other West Coast daily.

NOTE: *Due to the newsprint shortage and our primary obligation to supply a complete summary of news to our readers—we continue to ration advertising space.*

CIRCULATION—PUBLISHER'S STATEMENT FOR SIX MONTHS ENDING MARCH 31, 1947: Daily, 412,606; Sunday, 759,045.

LOS ANGELES *Times*

REPRESENTED BY WILLIAMS, LAWRENCE & CRESMER • NEW YORK, CHICAGO, DETROIT AND SAN FRANCISCO

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TROTTING RACES
Nightly

TONIGHT and every night except Sunday, a thrill-packed program of eight races, under the lights and under the stars.

PARI-MUTUELS. First race at 8:40 p.m. Daily Double closes 8:25.

SPECIAL RACE TRAINS leave Penn. Sta. at 7:03 p.m. and Flatbush Ave., B'klyn at 6:49. Or drive, via Triboro or Whitestone Bridge and Grand Central Parkway. Plenty of parking space.

ADM.
$1.25
(tax incl.)

WEATHER NEWS: Tune in WHN (1050 on your dial) at 6:31 pm or 7:00 pm if in doubt "weather or not" races will be run.

ROOSEVELT RACEWAY
Westbury, L. I.

every Oxford Street coster's barrow is a mound of Kentish white-heart cherries, when hot-weather appetites are satisfied by even a fairly low diet, and when young women's bare legs look right instead of appearing to be a chilly necessity dictated by lack of coupons.

THE engagement of Princess Elizabeth has provided a cheerful, summery break in the bleakness of the home news. On the whole, people have seemed pleased about the prospective bridegroom, who, in his few public appearances to date (such as at the Eton-and-Harrow cricket match at Lord's the other day), looked as though he had not yet quite achieved the necessary calm in the face of gaping crowds. To the miles of stuff written in periodicals about the pair, the *Times* added a painstaking column on Lieutenant Mountbatten's career that solemnly dug up the fact that in his last term at school he won a prize for French. It is also possible that the public has been enjoying the details of the engagement because it reminds them pleasantly and wistfully of the long years of prosperity for England that accompanied the marriage of their last female ruler to a handsome blond stranger from over the water.

—MOLLIE PANTER-DOWNES

•

"But generally speaking the New York male has a lot more to him than the Hollywood variety. . . . New Yorkers are much more gentlemanly than Hollywooders. Why, Eastern men send flowers, they dress better and act more intellectual."—*Cathie Downs, of Hollywood, quoted in the San Francisco News.*

Shucks, Cathie, brains ain't everything.

•

ANTICLIMAX DEPARTMENT

[*From the Providence Journal*]

The League of Women Voters of Providence will have a morning coffee, and meeting for members and guests Wednesday at the home of Mrs. Leonard B. Colt of 25 Brown Street. Coffee will be served at 10 o'clock, followed by a discussion on "Atomic Energy" and "Smoke Nuisance in Providence."

•

THE GOOD OLD DAYS

[*From "Courage," by Ralph Waldo Emerson*]

They can conquer who believe they can. It is he who has done the deed once who does not shrink from attempting it again. It is the groom who knows the jumping horse well who can safely ride him. It is the veteran soldier who, seeing the flash of the cannon, can step aside from the path of the ball.

SWING and SWAY

with
SAMMY
KAYE
AND HIS ORCHESTRA
on the cool
ASTOR ROOF
and presenting that sensational Radio Feature
"SO YOU WANT TO LEAD A BAND"

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Greenwich Village

ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

MARKETS AND MENUS

I KNOW of no better opportunity of making a fool of oneself, in a small way, than when, being under the necessity of stocking a pantry shelf against the emergencies of country life, one is confronted by a shopful of luxury canned items. I have noticed that many people tend to lose their heads among this dazzling merchandise, investing heavily in such things as *rognons de coq vinaigrette*, which turn out to be singularly unadapted to the family table. Having made my own share of mistakes in this line, I have by degrees learned which things really are useful and which merely look impressive in the cupboard, and I am prepared to pass on a list of non-perishables that will, I think, come in handy.

You simply cannot go wrong, for instance, if you lay in a supply of some delicately smoked oysters, like no others you ever tasted, packed under the brand name of Espey's Own. They are on the counters of all the leading department stores and of nearly all the up-and-coming food shops. Another notable hors d'œuvre is Rockland Plantation shrimp paste, from South Carolina, which comes in a jar and is almost as good as the freshly made product. A dab of the stuff can be laid with good effect on a beaten biscuit or a cracker and topped off with a touch of mayonnaise. I have found this paste only at the remarkably well-stocked Altman's Delicacies, but it may be carried by other establishments. At Nyborg & Nelson, the reliable Swedish delicatessen at 841 Third Avenue (51st), you can get the excellent and long-absent Kalas herring in wine sauce. The shop also carries small cans of Matjes herring, for those who are sure they like Matjes herring. Either fish goes extremely well with a dry Martini. As you may have guessed, you will find a variety of those Swedish hard breads (domestic) at this shop, too.

And that brings us to the problem of crackers and other durable breadstuffs for canapés. The dependable Merritt beaten biscuits are in many delicatessens, and I'm sure there's nothing I can tell you about Educator crackers or the Bent crackers. Then, too, Ivins put out a number of praiseworthy biscuits, and there is, of course, our old friend matzoth, which, buttered and crisped, has unsuspected virtues. It must be admitted, however, that most of our crackers are not to be spoken of in the same breath with English ones, so you may be glad to know that Carr's splendid water biscuits can be found again at Alice Marks, 9 West 57th Street, and Bloomingdale.

Altman, Hammacher Schlemmer, and Alice Marks have some new and unusually good sweet wafers put up by Cresca, which will probably be found soon in other shops, too. These delicate morsels are very like *Oblaten*, except that they are filled with either a soft, mocha-flavored mixture or a paste of sweet almonds. Both types seem to keep fresh indefinitely and should be a boon on days when nothing has come out of your own oven for tea.

Alice Marks also offers boxes of delicious chocolate nut-and-fruit-filled cookies, which are not certain to keep fresh for an eternity, like the Cresca wafers, but are still reasonably impervious to age. Old Denmark, 135 East 57th Street, has some exquisite Florentine wafers (lacy things, strewn with parched almonds) that store very well, and the collection of wafers and boxed cookies at Martin's Fruit Shop, 1042 Madison Avenue (79th), is worth investigating.

E. Waldo Ward, of California, packs one of the best sweet orange marmalades I know, as well as an equally admirable sweet-and-bitter variety, if that is the sort you like. Altman carries both kinds, and the New York Exchange for Woman's Work, 541 Madison Avenue (54th), has the bitter-sweet. The Exchange also stocks Rice's fine Florida honey, packed in jars with a generous section of the comb.

Canned vegetables, of course, should not be any concern of the country housekeeper, but, just in case of a misfortune in the garden, it might be well to lay in a few cans of those small, French-type peas sold by Du Barry Foods, 332 West 21st Street. You might also like to try some sliced zucchini in tomato sauce and cheese, put up by the Pulici Packing Co., an Italian firm in California. Altman, again, is the place for the latter.

Cooks seem no more eager to bother with homemade stock for sauces and stews in the country than they are in town, so it may be useful to know about a kosher clear chicken broth packed by Horowitz Margareten and sold at Gim-

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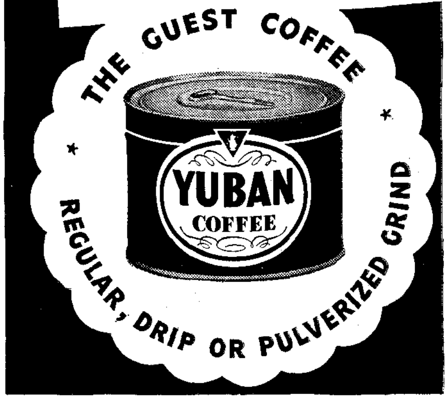

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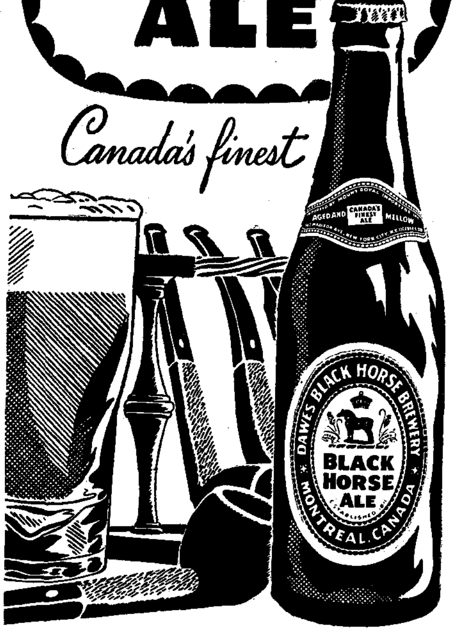

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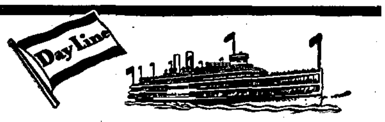

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UP THE HUDSON

Daily and Sunday

NEW YORK—ALBANY: Convenient connections for Catskill mountain resorts at Kingston Point and Catskill. Rail tickets accepted New York to Albany and Albany to New York. Steamer leaves West 42nd St. Pier 9:20 A. M. (D.S.T.).

ONE-DAY ROUND TRIPS: To Indian Point, Bear Mountain, Newburgh, Poughkeepsie (also West Point, except Sundays). Lv. West 42nd St. Pier 10:00 A. M. (D.S.T.).

See New York daily papers for complete timetable.

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proudly presents
one of the great singing stars of all time
Miss
LENA HORNE
FIRST NEW YORK CAFE APPEARANCE
SINCE HER SENSATIONAL MOTION PICTURE DEBUT
MISS HORNE WILL APPEAR NIGHTLY at 8, 12 and 2
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bel's. It has something of the richness of the homemade broth; in any case, it is better than the average clear canned soup and, consequently, does more for a sauce than most. While on the subject of broths, you might consider the jellied consommé sold by Du Barry Foods, which seems to me a good cut above the run-of-the-mill jellied soups.

If there is any room left in your larder, here are some random items for your consideration. Maison Glass, 15 East 47th Street, has those hard-to-come-by guava shells that make such a pleasant dessert when filled with Cointreau-soaked fresh fruit. . . . Schrafft's highly satisfactory chocolate sauce is again in circulation. . . . The first postwar shipment out of France of Amieux Frères sardines has found its way to Altman, Martin's Fruit Shop, and Du Barry Foods. . . . The New York Exchange for Woman's Work sells Stevens' nice canned corned-beef hash. . . . Altman carries Keating's baked beans, packed in glass jars, and I am told by people who know about baked beans that they might pass as your grandmother's own. . . . For a very special ending to a good dinner, there are the delicious Katherine Beecher butter mints, which you can find at Altman.

Schrafft, bless its heart, ever mindful of the hardships of urban existence, has come forth with a lifesaver for city housekeepers. The 13 East 42nd Street and 201 East 57th Street branches every day put up little quarter-pound packages of sliced white turkey meat, and others of boiled ham. It is the turkey that seems to me an especial convenience for very small families. There is not a smidge of skin or gristle in these elegant white slices, and they are not only just right for substantial sandwiches but thick enough to put to any number of other uses. A woman must be hopelessly in love with her kitchen stove not to rejoice at being able to stir up a bit of hash or make a salad without having to roast a bird for the purpose.

And now, to move on from stopgaps, I shall report on three summer wines, each of which is so delightful in its own way that a whole luncheon or dinner can be planned around it. I have not for a long time met up with a more engaging light wine than the 1942 Pinot Gris, an Alsatian of considerable sprightliness and charm, which has been brought over by Sherry Wine & Spirits, 678 Madison Avenue (61st). The same

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featuring
world's greatest Spanish dancers
ROSARIO and ANTONIO
with Carlos Montoya
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firm has also imported a delicately *pétillant* 1943 Vouvray of Marc Bredif that has all the enchanting freshness that one associates with the graceful little wines of Touraine, and a Moulin-à-Vent *rosé* of 1944 that to my taste is pink wine at its best. —S. H.

•

LETTER FOLLOWS

That I arrived at last—so much is clear;
You'll have my wire. Certainly I am here,
Caught in a pattern, stranded on a hill
In a house like an angular sort of ark
That has survived disaster. Lawns like gloves
Drawn smooth, unwrinkled, somehow fail to invite
The casual foot, and hedges mean defeat
If one is not a sparrow. Nothing moves,
Nothing is random. The garden is too neat
For comfort. The whole place is taciturn.
People are various from right to left,
Deliberate as they would be anywhere;
There's a man who has come here to write
And there's a woman who intends to paint;
Last night she wore a flower in her hair.
About the others, I have yet to learn.
From an upper window, I can see
A pasture with one ragged apple tree
The wind has bent into a question mark;
To find an answer much appeals to me,
But not that bird repeating his complaint
As though it were my fault he is bereft;
I wish I could enclose the whippoorwill.
Most of this is what I must not say,
Nor that it seems a year since yesterday;
What *can* I say? I must contrive to be
Intelligent and manage to convey
Assurance I'm contented. Oh, quite.

—GRACE HAZARD CONKLING

•

SHOW TONIGHT

The opening performance of the Raleigh Little Theater's new comedy, "The Great Magician," will be held tonight at 8:15 in the amphitheater—if it doesn't rain.

Prevented by rain from its scheduled opening last night, this streamlined version of medieval Italian comedy will offer Raleigh audiences something new in theatrical entertainment, according to Melvin Pape, director of the production.

During the intermission the audience will witness a swimming match in the amphitheater's orchestra pit.—*Raleigh (N.C.) News & Observer.*

Playing both ends against the middle, aren't you, Pape?

NOW—You Can SEE The Wind!

Smart, new, essential for homes and clubs—helps you keep weatherwise

BENDIX-FRIEZ
"Windial"*

It's new—there's nothing just like it. It's fascinating—every change in wind speed and direction is instantly apparent. It's highly useful—all sportsmen will find it essential. Compact... easily installed... operates on regular house current. Write for complete description. *TRADEMARK

Remote control transmitter easily mounts on roof. Distinctive, durable, scientifically accurate.

Handsome, edge-lighted dials register speeds of over 100 m.p.h. Smart metal case, controlled lighting.

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BOOKS

Jean-Paul Sartre: The Novelist and the Existentialist

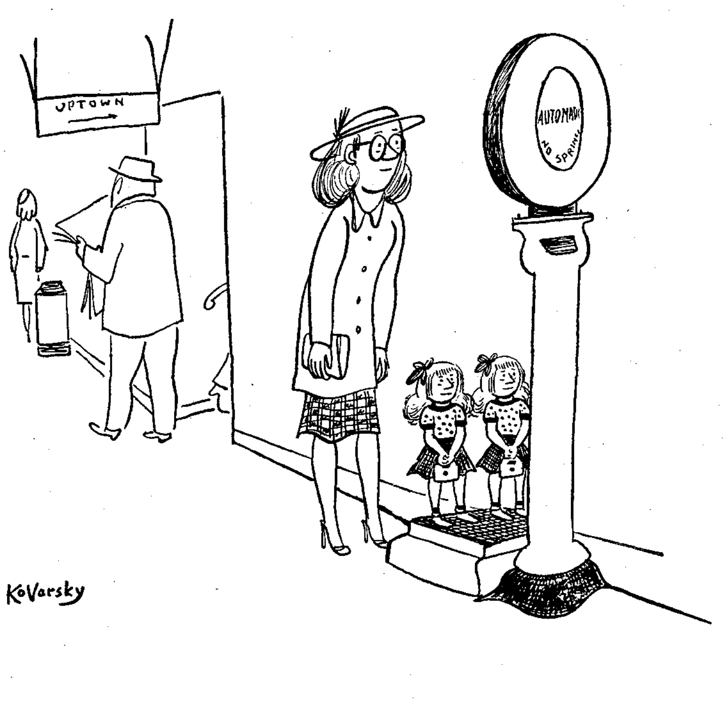
“The Age of Reason” (Knopf) is the first novel of Jean-Paul Sartre’s to be translated into English. It is the first installment of a trilogy under the general title “The Roads to Freedom,” of which the second installment in translation has been announced for the fall. “The Age of Reason” deals with a group of young people in Paris—*lycée* teachers and students, Bohemians and night-club entertainers—in the summer of 1938. The second novel, “The Reprieve,” which has already appeared in French, carries the same characters along but works them into a more populous picture of what was going on in France during the days of the Munich Conference. The third volume, “The Last Chance,” has not yet been published in French, so it is impossible at the present time to judge the work as a whole or even to know precisely what the author is aiming at.

“The Age of Reason,” however, stands by itself as a story. Sartre displays here the same skill at creating suspense and at manipulating the interactions of characters that we have already seen in his plays. His main theme is simply the odyssey of an ill-paid *lycée* teacher who does not want to marry his pregnant mistress and who is trying to raise the relatively large fee required for a competent abortion; but though the author makes this provide a long narrative, in which we follow the hero’s every move and in which every conversation is reported in its banal entirety, he stimulates considerable excitement, holds our attention from beginning to end, and engineers an unexpected dénouement which has both moral point and dramatic effectiveness. The incidents are mostly sordid, but, if you don’t mind this, entertaining. The characters are well observed and conscientiously and intelligently studied, so that the book makes an interesting document on the quality and morale of the French just before their great capitulation. An American reader is struck by the close similarity of these young people, with their irresponsible love affairs, their half-hearted intellectual allegiances, and their long drinking conversations, to the same kind of men and girls at the same period in the United States—just as the novel has itself much in common with certain novels that these young people produced. I do not believe, however, that this is the result of imitation by Sartre of the contemporary American novelists whom he is known to admire so much. It is rather that such young people everywhere have come to be more alike, so that the originals for Sartre’s Parisians must have been far less specifically Parisian than the Parisians of Balzac or Flaubert or Anatole France or Proust.

It is true also that the writing of the book shows few of the traditional traits that we have been used to in French fiction. It tells the story with a “functional” efficiency, but it is colorless, relaxed, rather flat. It loses little in the English translation, not merely because the translator knows his business, but because Sartre’s style does not put upon him any very severe strain. The conversation is mainly conducted in a monotonous colloquialism of catchwords, where some expression like “*C’est marrant*” does duty for as many emotions as our own ever-recurring “terrific;” and for this Mr. Eric Sutton has been able to find a ready equivalent in a jargon basically British with a liberal admixture of Americanisms. (In only one important respect has Mr. Sutton departed from Sartre’s text. The reader should be warned that Daniel, in the third chapter from the end, has decided to castrate himself, not, as the translation seems to suggest, to commit suicide by cutting his throat.)

Of Sartre’s imaginative work, I have read, besides this novel, only his plays and a few of his short stories. On this showing, I get the impression of a talent rather like that of John Steinbeck. Like Steinbeck, Sartre is a writer of undeniably exceptional gifts: on the one hand, a fluent inventor, who can always make something interesting happen, and, on the other, a serious student of life, with a good deal of public spirit. Yet he somehow does not seem quite first-rate. A play of Sartre’s, for example, such as his recent “The Unburied Dead”—which is, I suppose, his best play—affects me rather like “The Grapes of Wrath.” Here he has exploited with both cleverness and conviction the ordeal of the French Resistance, as Steinbeck has done that of the sharecroppers; but what you get are a virtuosity of realism and a rhetoric of moral passion which make you feel not merely that the fiction is a dramatic heightening of life but that the literary fantasy takes place on a plane which does not have any real connection with the actual human experience which it is pretending to represent.

I HAVE approached “The Age of Reason” purposely from the point of view of its merits as a novel without reference to the Existentialist philosophy of which Sartre is one of the principal exponents and which the story is supposed to embody. But, with the publication, also, of a translation of a lecture of Sartre’s called “Existentialism” (Philosophical Library) and a pamphlet called “What Is Existentialism?,” by William Barrett (Partisan Review), this demands consideration, too. It should, however, be said that neither of these discussions of the subject provides for the ordinary person the best possible key to Sartre’s ideas. The Barrett essay, though very able, is mainly an exposition of the ideas of Martin Heidegger, a contemporary German philosopher, from whom Sartre took some of his prime assumptions, and it



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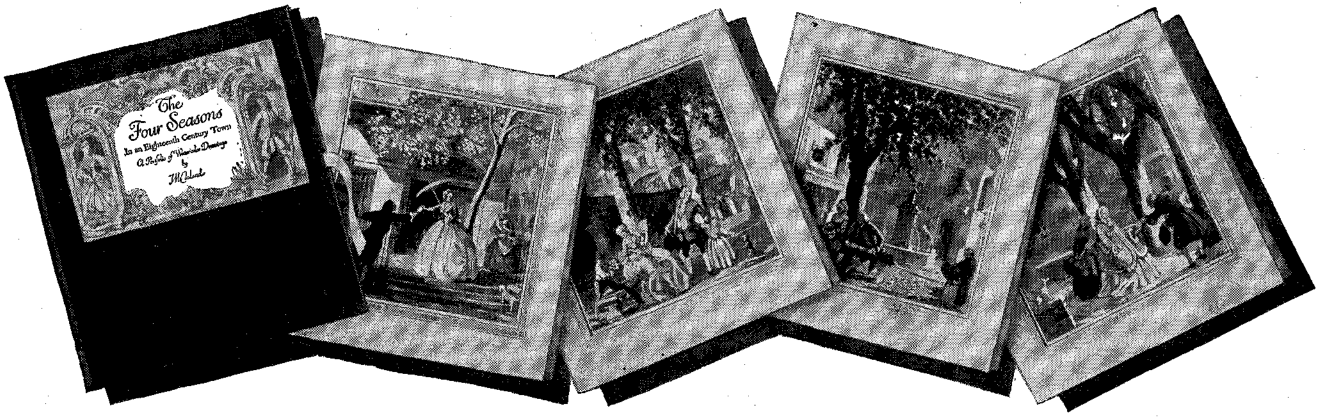

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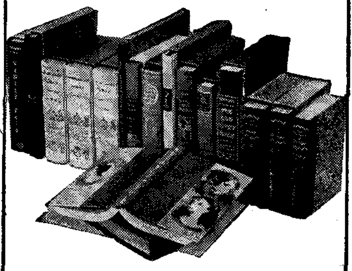

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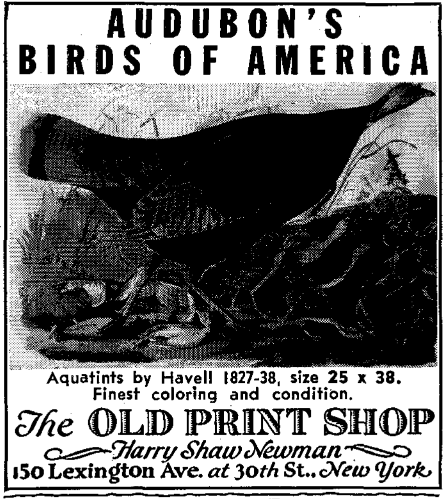
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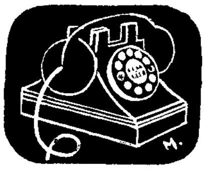
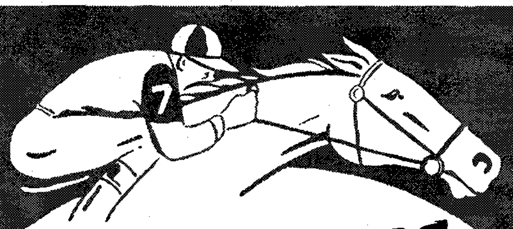
presupposes on the part of the reader a certain familiarity with the technical language of philosophy. The Sartre lecture has the special object of defending Existentialism against charges which have been brought against it by the Communists, so that it emphasizes certain aspects of the theory without attempting to state its fundamental principles. It would have been well if the publisher had included a translation of the article called "Présentation," in which Sartre explained his position in the first number of his magazine, *Les Temps Modernes* (October 1, 1945), and which gives the best popular account I have seen of what this literary school is up to. I can also recommend especially a short summary of the history of Existentialist thought and of its political and social implications—"Existentialism: A New Trend in Philosophy"—contributed by Paul Kecskemeti, a former U.P. foreign correspondent who is also a trained philosopher, to the March, 1947, issue of a magazine called *Modern Review* (published in New York by the American Labor Conference on International Affairs). This study has the unusual merit of not getting so deeply enmeshed in the metaphysical background of Existentialism that it fails to focus clearly on the picture of mankind on the earth which is the most important thing to grasp in a doctrine which is nothing if not realistic.



What is this picture, then? In Sartre's version—to skip altogether the structure of philosophical reasoning on which it is made to rest and which Sartre has set forth at length in a book called "L'Etre et le Néant"—it places man in a world without God (though not all Existentialists are atheists), in which all the moral values are developed by man himself. Human nature is not permanent and invariable: it is whatever man himself makes it, and it changes from age to age. Man is free, beyond certain limits, to choose what he is to be and do. His life has significance solely in its relation to the lives of others—in his actions or refrainings from action: to use a favorite phrase of Sartre's, the individual must "engage himself."

Now, this conception of man's situation may appear to the non-religious reader, if he has also the "historical" point of view, precisely what he has always assumed, and may cause him to conclude with surprise that he has been an Existentialist without knowing it. To a Marxist, when he has further discovered that Sartre assigns human beings to the categories of the social classes almost as relentlessly as Marx, it will be evident that Sartre has borrowed from Marxism, and he may ask in what way Existentialism is an improvement over Marxism. In a debate between Sartre and a Marxist, a record of which follows the printed lecture, the Marxist actually scores rather heavily. The one advantage, it seems to me, that the doctrine of Sartre has is that it does away with Dialectical Materialism and its disguised theological content. There is for Sartre no dialectical process which will carry you straight to salvation if you get on the proletarian train. He sides with the proletariat, but intellectual or proletarian has to put up his own battle, with the odds looking rather against him. Yet Sartre does insist like a Marxist that every member of modern society belongs to a social class, and that "every one of his feelings, as well as every other form of his psychological life, is revelatory of his social situation." This molding of the individual by class—and Sartre allows also for the effects of "origin," "milieu," nationality, and sexual constitution—produces the limitation on freedom which I mentioned in passing above. One finds oneself in a situation which one did not make for oneself, but, given that situation, one can choose various ways of behaving in it. The bourgeois—with whom Sartre is particularly concerned—can either go along with his class or rebel against it and try to get away from it. The Marxist may inquire how this differs from the classical Marxist formulation that "men make their own history, but . . . do not choose the circumstances for themselves," and how Sartre's practical doctrine of man realizing himself through action differs from Marx's conception of testing our ideas through action. To the reviewer, the conception of a wholly free will seems as naïve as the contrary conception of a wholly mechanistic determinism, and it is surely hardly less naïve to declare, as Sartre appears to do, that we are determined up to a certain point, but that beyond that we can exercise choice. If Marx and Engels, in exploring these problems, are somewhat less schoolmasterishly clear, they seem to me, in their tentative way, to give a more recognizable picture of what happens when what we take for the will tries to act on what we take for the world, and of the relation between man and his environment.

But the Existentialist philosophy of Sartre is the reflection of a different age from that which stimulated the activist materialism of Marx, and it has the immense advantages of sincerity and human sympathy over the very peculiar version of Marxism, totalitarian and imperialistic, now exported by the Soviet Union. Let us see it in its historical setting. Mr. Kecskemeti has shown in his essay how the neo-Kantian idealism of the pre-1914 period in Germany, which "admirably expressed the average German's awe in the presence of every kind of expert and official," had to give way, after the first German defeat, which shook this faith in specialized authority, to an effort to find principles of morality in the study of human conduct itself. So, eventually, the Germans got Heidegger. In the same way, Kecskemeti says, the defeat of the French in 1940 deprived them of all they had leaned on: they had at one stroke lost both their great traditions—the tradition of the French Revolution, which collapsed with the Third Republic, and the monarchist-Catholic tradition, which, through Pétain, had sold them out to the invaders. It is characteristic of the French that the destruction of French institutions should have seemed to them a catastrophe as complete as the Flood and caused them to evolve a philosophy which assumes that the predicament of the patriotic Frenchmen oppressed by the German occupation represented the situation of all mankind. They felt imperatively the duty to resist, with no certainty of proving effective, and they had, as Albert Camus has said, to formulate for themselves a doctrine which would "reconcile negative thought and the possibility of affirmative action." Hence the emphasis on the individual—since the Resistance was always an effort of scattered men and women—so different from the emphasis of Marx on the importance of collective action at a time when a great working-class movement was looming and gathering strength. Hence, also, the suffocating atmosphere of corruption, degradation, and depression which is a feature of Sartre's work and for which the French Communists, hopped up by the Kremlin to the cocksureness of propaganda, are in the habit of showering him with scorn. But such reproaches have no real validity, either artistic or moral: this atmosphere is Sartre's subject, and he has not allowed it to drug his intelligence or his conscience. This is the climate of the Occupation, and it is, in my opinion, his principal distinction that he has conveyed to us the moral poisoning of a France humiliated and helpless, in which people, brooding guiltily or blaming someone else, squab-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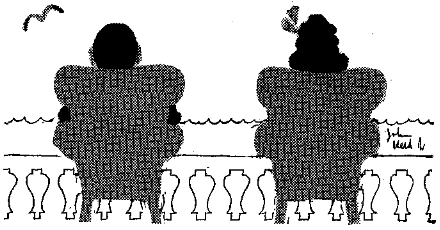
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bled horribly, betrayed one another, or performed acts of desperate heroism. For, says Sartre, though you cannot appeal to God, you have always a margin of freedom: you can submit, you can kill yourself, or you can sell your life dear by resisting. Where this freedom is now to lead Frenchmen since the Germans have been driven out, I do not think that Sartre has yet made clear. Though anti-bourgeois and pro-working-class, he is evidently not an orthodox Communist of the kind who takes his directives from Moscow. One has a little the feeling about him that his basic point of view has been forged, as his material has been supplied, so completely under pressure of the pain and constraint of the collapse and the Occupation that he may never readapt himself to the temper of any new period.

AND now how does "The Age of Reason" point the morals of Existentialist principles? Well, if you already know something of the subject, you will recognize some of its concepts turning up in the reflections of the hero as he walks drearily through the streets of Paris. And the conflict of classes is there: a seceder from the bourgeoisie, we see him revolving in a lonely orbit but experiencing gravitational pulls from a successful lawyer brother who represents the bourgeoisie, an old friend who has become a Communist and represents the proletariat, and a young girl of Russian émigré parents who represents the old nobility. It is not, however, this central character, so far as this volume takes him, who "engages himself" by a choice: his choices are all of the negative kind. It is the sexual invert Daniel, a neurotic and disconcerting personality, who, exercising his free will, resists his suicidal impulses and performs, unexpectedly and for devious reasons, a responsible and morally positive act. Here the difficult "situation" is a matter not of social class but of biological dislocation; and the triumph of Daniel's decision is to be measured by the gravity of his handicap.

Yet it is difficult to see how this story can have been very profoundly affected by Sartre's Existentialist theory. In such a production of his as his play "The Flies," the dramatist turns academic and rather destroys the illusion by making the characters argue his doctrine; but this novel might perfectly have been written if Sartre had never worked up Existentialism. It differs from the picture of life presented by the embittered French Naturalists after the French defeat of 1871, whose characters were invariably seen as caught in traps of heredity and circumstance and rarely allowed to escape—though Sartre's mood, as in his play "No Exit," is sometimes quite close to theirs. But this book does not essentially differ from the novels of other post-Naturalistic writers such as Malraux, Dos Passos, and Hemingway, for whom the international socialist movement has opened a door to hope and provided a stimulus to action that were unknown to such a Frenchman as Maupassant or to the Americans who paralleled his pessimism. In Sartre, as in these other writers, you have a study of the mixture in man's nature of moral strength and weakness, and a conviction that, though the individual may not win the stakes he is playing for, his effort will not be lost.

SINCE *Partisan Review* has published, also, in the same series as Mr. Barrett's pamphlet a translation of one of Sartre's long articles, "Portrait of the Anti-Semite," one should say something about his activity as a journalist. These essays which he contributes to his *Temps Modernes* seem to me among the most interesting work of their kind that has appeared during the current slump in serious periodical writing. In this field, Sartre can be compared only with George Orwell in England; we have nobody so good over here. Mr. Barrett, in an article on Sartre, has complained that he ignores, in his "Portrait," the Freudian springs of anti-Semitism. It is true that he makes no attempt to explain this phenomenon historically in its political and social connections; but he does pursue with merciless insight at least one of the psychological factors involved: the need of small, frustrated people to fake up some inalienable warrant for considering themselves superior to somebody. Sartre's whole essay, in fact, pretends to be nothing else than an elaborate development of this theme. It is no scientific inquiry but an exercise in classical irony, which might almost have been written, we reflect, by one of the more mordant eighteenth-century Encyclopedists. "The Age of Reason" of Sartre's novel is the intellectual maturity of the hero, but the phrase recalls also a period with which Sartre has a good deal in common. In these enormous and solid editorials that mix comment on current affairs with a philosophy which, whatever its deficiencies, is always clearly and firmly expressed, we are surprised and reassured to find ourselves chewing on something which we might have feared the French had lost. For it is Sartre's great strength in his time that he is quite free from the Parisian chichi of the interval between the wars. If Existentialism has become, like Surrealism, something of a *mouvement à exporter*, no one has probed so shrewdly as Sartre, in one of his articles in *Les Temps Modernes*, the recent attempts of the French to distract the attention of the world from their political and military discredit by exploiting the glory of their writers, or pointed out so boldly the abuses to which this practice may lead. If he sometimes has the air of pontificating, it is probably always difficult for a French literary man to resist becoming a *chef d'école*. And Sartre, bourgeois and provincial, has succeeded in preserving for the French qualities which they very much need and which it is cheering to see still flourish: an industry, an outspokenness, and a common sense which are the virtues of a prosaic intelligence and a canny and practical character. This does not, perhaps, necessarily make him a top-flight writer, but, in these articles of *Les Temps Modernes*, it does provide some very satisfactory reading.

—EDMUND WILSON

BRIEFLY NOTED

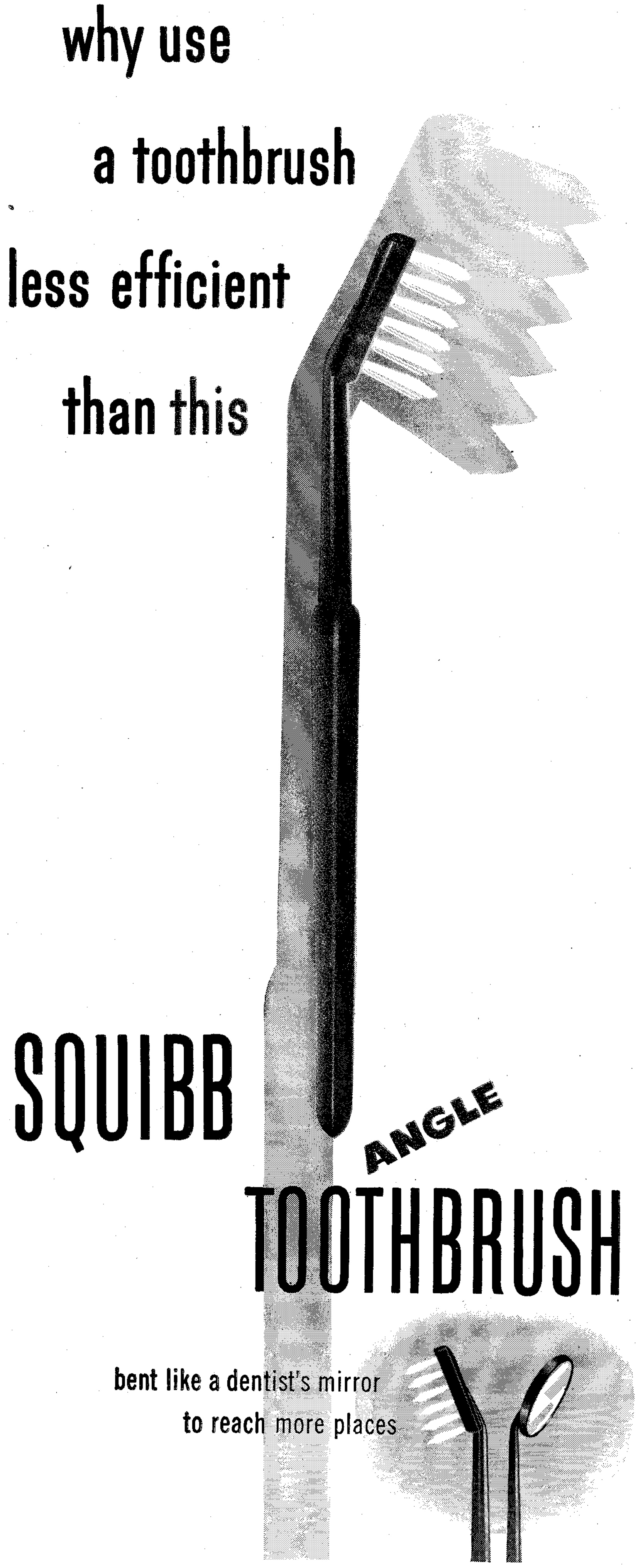
FICTION

CREATURES OF CIRCUMSTANCE, by W. Somerset Maugham (Doubleday). Fifteen smooth-as-cream short stories, set against the various backgrounds—London, English country houses, France, the Far East—that the author has used so often. There aren't many uncontrived situations in the collection, and there are even fewer unforeseeable developments, but Mr. Maugham has so deftly hand-polished his patent-leather entertainment that the age of the material hardly shows at all.

GENERAL

DEER CREEK, by Gulielma Fell Alsop (Vanguard). Memories of a childhood at the beginning of the century (and that was a long time ago), spent in a Brooklyn rectory and on a Pennsylvania farm. Written with an entire absence of art, this simple record of a day when the world's peace and the individual's dignity seemed equally inviolable makes a really lovely book.

FIVE CHIMNEYS, by Olga Lengyel (Ziff-Davis). A surprisingly dispas-



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sionate account of life in the Nazi murder camps at Auschwitz and Birkenau, by a Hungarian woman whose children and parents perished in the camp gas chambers and who was able to survive herself only because, being the wife and surgical assistant of a famous doctor, she was useful in the "hospital." The Nazis need no further indictment, but this book satisfies a human curiosity about the curriculum of a businesslike, man-made hell and about the mentality of the persons who administered it. Mrs. Lengyel witnessed the famous "scientific experiments" on camp inmates, and she was in daily contact with the notorious Kramer and his friend the blond sadist Irma Griese, who figures in a grisly chapter called "Love in the Shadow of the Crematory."

FOOTNOTES ON NATURE, by John Kieran (Doubleday). John Kieran has spent many years rambling through the woods and marshes of New York and New England, alert for a glimpse of the red-eyed towhee, the broad-leaved cattail, or the ebony spleenwort. In this affable, meandering book, he recounts his quiet adventures and tells of the friends who went with him on his excursions and of the flowers, birds, and beasts he and they spotted. Scarcely a paragraph is put together without a Latin tag, a literary allusion, or a snatch of verse, and the book as a whole is as pleasant a one as you could wish for.

THE NEW EUROPE, by William Z. Foster (International Publishers). A report on a recent tour of Europe, by the head of the American Communist Party. Mr. Foster unequivocally praises the new governments of Poland, Bulgaria, Albania, Czechoslovakia, and Yugoslavia, proclaiming them all democracies—a word he and his fellows use very, very loosely. He is chilly about England's Socialist experiment, and claims that the Social Democrats of Western Europe, aided by Anglo-American imperialism, are out to brew up a war with Russia. Mr. Foster's prose, like that of most other Left Wing polemicists, is a combination of flat statement and invective—invective so shopworn and so studded with such terms as "exploiters," "agents of Wall Street," and "bourgeois liberalism" that it loses most of its meaning.

EUROPEAN MASTER DRAWINGS IN THE UNITED STATES, by Hans Tietze (Augustin). A hundred and sixty handsome full-page plates, ranging from works of the fifteenth-century masters through those of the French Impressionists, and reflecting the widening of American collectors' interests, which have until lately run to paintings, as "prestige" items. This volume shows the wealth of material we have in this country now. The information, both critical and historical, accompanying the plates is succinct and illuminating.

CATS, compiled by Nelson Antrim Crawford (Coward-McCann). A good collection of short stories, essays, and poems about cats—in fantasy, in history, in love stories, in tragedy and humor, and as members of the family. Among the tales are a number of familiar ones, among them "Puss in Boots," Stephen Benét's "The King of the Cats," Saki's "Tobermory," and Poe's "The Black Cat." There are also several stories and poems that are not so well known, including a fine piece by Colette called "Thwarted Murderess." Illustrated by Diana Thorne.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

HE NEVER CAME BACK, by Paul Tabori (Dutton). A Nazi Gauleiter, just after the end of the war, manages to escape from Germany, assume a new identity, marry a U.N.R.R.A. representative, and get halfway across Europe before his conscience—and the American Army—catches up with him. The familiar chase formula, handled with a great deal of psychological embroidery.

TRAVELERS IN TIME, edited by Philip Van Doren Stern (Doubleday). Twenty-four stories dealing with voyages into the past, the future, and occasionally both, by such authors as H. G. Wells, Max Beerbohm, D. H. Lawrence, H. F. Heard, W. Somerset Maugham, and James Thurber. This anthology concentrates on fantasy and horror rather than on pseudo-science, and therefore turns out to be a lot more satisfactory than its title might indicate.

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LONDON, July 3.—Volume four of the British government's official history of World War I, covering the period from Aug. 8 to Sept. 26, 1918, on the Western Front, went to press today, the War Office announced. Volume three was published in 1939, and publication of the present volume was delayed by World War II.—*The Herald Tribune.*

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